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THE

NOVELS

OF

FREDERIKA BREMER.

VOL. IV.

THE NEIGHBOURS,

VOL. I.

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

1844.

THE

E I G H B O U R S.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

RESS OF "STRIFE AND PEACE," "THE H— FAMILY," "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

BY

E. A. FREIDLÆNDER,

(LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN,)

ESSOR OF LANGUAGES TO THE KINGSTON COLLEGE, &c. HULL, THOR OF A GERMAN GRAMMAR, IMPROVED AND SIMPLIFIED, IN FIVE SYNOPTICAL TABLES, ETC., ETC.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE NEIGHBOURS.

I.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, June 1. 18—

Here I am, dear Maria, in my own house, at my own home, at my own desk, with my own Bear. Perhaps you ask, "Who is the Bear?" Well, who else should it be but my husband? I call him "Bear," because the name suits him so exactly. I am sitting at the window. The sun is going down. Two swans are swimming on the lake tracking light furrows in its clear mirror. Three cows—*my* cows—stand quiet, fat, and ruminating on the green margin, of course, without thinking of any thing. What splendid creatures! Now comes the maid with her stool and milk pails. What delicious milk in the country! But what is not good in the country? Air and men, food and feelings, earth and heaven, all is fresh and animating. Now, I must lead you to my dwelling. No, I must begin further off,—at the hill from which, for the first time, I beheld the valley in which Rosenvik lies; the hill is situated a few miles within the district of Smaland. Do you see a dusty carriage upon that acclivity? In it sits the Bear and his wife; the *latter* peers out with

curiosity, for before her in all the beauty of a bright and tranquil evening, lies a most fair valley. Green forests spread their broad shades to the margin of the clear lake; corn fields surround the grey-tinted mountains, and white farm-steads glimmer here and there between the trees. Around the wooded heights columns of smoke ascend towards heaven; you might fancy it to be a volcano, but it is only peaceful Schwendeland. No matter, it is beautiful, and I am enraptured! I bend forward, thinking the while on Nature's happy family, on Paradise, on Adam and Eve, when suddenly the Bear embraces me with his great paws, and so hugs me that I almost give up the ghost, whilst he kisses me and hopes that I shall enjoy my new abode. I felt a little cross, but thought of the kind meaning of this caress, and could not be dissatisfied. In this valley, therefore, was my future home; here lived my family, here lay Rosenvik; here was I to live with my Bear. We drove down the hill, and the carriage rolled quickly forward on the level road. Björn* pointed out to me the dwellings which we perceived far and near. I heard as in a dream, but was suddenly roused from my reverie by my Bear saying, with a peculiar emphasis, "Here lives *ma chère mère*," and the carriage drove into a court-yard, and stopped before a large handsome house built of stone. "What, are we to stop here?" "Yes, my love." This was by no means an agreeable surprise. I would gladly have driven first to our own house, there in some degree to have prepared myself for the meeting with my husband's step-mother, of

* *Björn* is a Swedish Christian name, and also signifies *Bear*.

whom, from all that I had heard, and from the respect entertained for her by my Bear, I stood somewhat in awe. This visit appeared to me *mal a propos;* but my husband had his peculiar ideas, and I could read in his manner that it was by no means advisable to resist.

It was Sunday, and as the carriage stopped I heard the sound of a violin. "Aha!" said Björn, "so much the better," as he jumped clumsily from the carriage and lifted me out. Bonnet boxes and packages were never thought of. Björn took hold of my hand, conducted me up the steps to the handsome vestibule, and dragged me to the door, from whence the sound of music and dancing proceeded. "Indeed!" thought I. "Now, I suppose, I shall be obliged to dance in this costume." I wished to retire to a room where I might wipe of the dust from my face and bonnet, or where I could at least inspect myself in the glass. Impossible! Björn led me by the arm—assured me that I looked most lovely, and begged me I would reflect myself in his eyes. I was obliged to be so impolite as to tell him that they were sadly too small. He protested that they were so much the brighter, and opened the door to the ball-room. In a sort of merry desperation, I said to him, "Well, since you lead me to the ball, you shall dance with me yourself, you Bear!" "Gladly and for ever!" cried Björn, and saying this, we entered the room.

My terror soon subsided, when I beheld in a spacious apartment only a number of cleanly dressed men and maid servants, who jumped about merrily together. They were so occupied with dancing that they hardly observed us. Björn led me to the upper end of the

room, and there I saw upon an elevated seat a very ta and stout female of about fifty years of age, who wa playing energetically on a violin, and beating time t it with her foot. On her head she wore a singular hig cap of black velvet, which I shall call a casque, because a first sight the word came into my mind, and I do nc know a better. She looked kind but eccentric. Thi was the lady of General Mansfelt, my husband's step mother: she was *ma chère mère.* She soon cast he large dark eyes upon us, immediately left off playing laid fiddle-bow aside, and rose up with proud demean our, but cheerful, open countenance. Björn intro duced me. I trembled a little, bowed profoundly, an kissed the hand of *ma chère mère.* She kissed m on the forehead, and surveyed me for a time so keenly that my eyes fell beneath her gaze, after which, sh again impressed a hearty kiss on my lips and forehead and embraced me almost as roughly as my Bear. No came his turn. He kissed the hand of *ma chèr mère* most reverently; she offered to him her cheek and they seemed on very friendly terms. "Welcome my dear friend," said *ma chère mère,* with a loud mas culine voice; "it was very polite of you to come to m before you drove to your own residence. I thank yo for this attention, and should have given you a bette reception had I been previously apprised of it; but, a all events, I know "Welcome," is the best fare. hope my dears that you will stay to supper."

Björn begged to be excused; said that we wished t get home early; that I was tired, but that we did no wish to pass through Karlsfors without paying ou *respects to* our *chère mère.* "Very well!" sai

ma chère mère delighted, we will talk more of that presently; but I must first say a word to the young people here. "Hear me, good friends!" And *ma chère mère* tapped with the bow on the back of the fiddle, till a universal silence reigned in the room. "Children," she continued solemnly, "I have to tell you——Zounds! will you be still there? I have to tell you, that my dear son, Lars Anders Werner, has brought home Franciska Björn, whom ye see at his side, as his wedded wife. Marriages are made in heaven, my children; and we will pray to heaven to send a blessing on this married couple. We will all drink their health together this evening. Now, then, ye can go on dancing, children! Olof, come here; take the fiddle, and play as well as you can." Whilst a murmur of joy and congratulation ran through the assembly, *ma chère mère* took me by the hand, and led me and my Bear into another room, where she had ordered punch and glasses to be brought. Meanwhile she leaned both elbows upon the table, rested her chin on her clutched hands, and stared at me with a gloomy, rather than with a friendly look. My husband, who observed that this scrutinizing of his mother distressed me, began to converse about the crops and farming concerns. *Ma chère mère* sighed several times so profoundly that she almost groaned; appeared by a strong effort to command her feelings, and answered to the questions of her son. When the punch was brought in, she drank our health; whilst with serious look and tone she cried, "My son and daughter, your health!" She relaxed afterwards into a jesting tone—which became her well—and said, "Lars Anders, I don't

think you seem to have bought a pig in a poke. Your wife does not look amiss; and she has a pair of eyes that you might buy a fish for. She is little, very little, that's true; but 'little and good goes a great way.'"

I laughed, and so did *ma chère mère*. I began to reconcile myself to her strange manners. We chatted for a time very cheerfully, and I related several travelling adventures, which amused *ma chère mère* very much. Shortly after, we rose to take leave; and *ma chère mère* said, with a very gracious smile, "I will not detain you this evening, however much I like to have you with me. I can easily imagine that you are longing to be at home; to-morrow, if you like, remain there, but the day after, come and dine with me; you know very well that you will always be welcome. Now fill your glasses, and come and drink the health of the people. 'Sorrow one may keep to one's self, but joy should be in common.'"

With filled glasses we went into the dancing-room, and *ma chère mère* heralded the way. They awaited us with flowing goblets, and *ma chère mère* addressed the people as follows. "When one begins the voyage of matrimony with prudence and the fear of God, then applieth the adage, 'Well begun, is half done!' and on this, my friends, we will drink a toast to this married couple, whom you see before you; let us wish that both them and their descendants may live for ever in God's pasture land. Huzza!"

"Huzza! huzza!" resounded on all sides. Björn and I emptied our glasses, walked about and shook the people by the hands, until I was giddy in my head. When this was over, and we were ready for our journey,

ma chère mère, with a parcel or bundle in her hand, followed us on the stairs, and kindly said, "Take this piece of roast veal with you for your breakfast, children! Bye and bye you may fatten and eat your own calves. But don't forget, my daughter, to let me have my napkin back again. No, you shall not carry it, my child, you have enough to do with your bag and cloak; Lars Anders shall carry the roast meat." And, as if Lars Anders had been still a little boy, she gave him the small parcel, and showed him how he ought to carry it. He, however, did as she desired him; and her last words were, "Don't forget to let me have my napkin back again!" I looked at my husband, somewhat astonished, but he only smiled, and led me into the carriage. I was right heartily glad to have my introduction to *ma chère mère* so *a l'improvisto*. I felt that, if this had been done in a more prepared and ceremonious style, her look and manner would have had a more depressing effect on me.

I was glad of the roast veal, for I knew not how the larders of Rosenvik might be furnished. Right glad was I likewise to get home, anticipating the sight of a waiting maid and a bed prepared, for we had this day travelled ten miles * and I was quite tired. I was dozing a little during the quarter of a mile from Karlsfors to Rosenvik, and it was so dark when we arrived at eleven o'clock in the evening, that I could not clearly discern the appearance of my little Eden. The house appeared somewhat ancient and small in comparison with that we had just left. But that was nothing; my

* A Swedish mile is equal to six English.

Bear was so thoroughly kind and so thoroughly sleepy. All at once I woke up, all seemed to me like a fairy tale. I stepped into a beautiful and brightly illuminated apartment, in the centre of which I saw a covered tea-table glittering with silver and china, and near it stood the neatest maid in the pretty festive garb peculiar to the peasant girls in this part of the country. I gave a scream of delight, I was no longer sleepy. A quarter of an hour after I was installed as the hostess at the tea table, admired the furniture, the tea pot, the cup, the spoons, on which I read the initials of my own name and Björn's, and served tea to my Bear who appeared to be heartily delighted.

"And the evening and the morning were the first day."

When I opened my eyes the next morning, I saw that my Adam was already quite awake, and directed his look with a sort of devotional expression to the window, where a sun's ray had penetrated through an opening in the blue striped blind. A cat mewed.

"My beloved husband!" I solemnly began, "I thank you for the charming music which you have appointed to welcome me. I presume that you have also ordered a band of whitely arrayed young country girls who are to strew fir twigs under my feet. I shall soon be ready to receive them."

"I have ordered something better than this old fashioned show," said Björn cheerfully, in concert with a great artist I have arranged a panorama which is to show you the prospect of—Stoney Arabia. You have only to draw up the blind."

You may imagine that I was quickly at the window, nd with a secret anxiety drew up the blind. Ah, Ma-a! there lay before me in the morning splendour a ke clear as a mirror, green meadows and forests were tuated round about, and in the centre of the lake was little island with a tall oak tree, and the sun shone on l this so brightly, all was still, beautiful as a paradise! was so affected with the view, that, at first, I could ot utter a word. I only clasped my hands, and tears led my eyes.

"May you be happy here!" whispered Björn, and essed me to his heart.

"I am happy, too happy," said I affected and thank-l.

"Do you see that island, the little Swan Island? I ill often row you there during the summer. We will ke our supper across with us and eat it there."

"Why not our breakfast?" I exclaimed in ecstasy, Why not take our coffee there to day in this beautiful orning? I will immediately."

"No," said Björn, smiling at my enthusiasm, "I ust away to the town and see after my patients."

"Ah! what a pity that the people can't keep them-lves in health," I exclaimed, vexed.

"And what should I do then?" said Björn with cu-ous alarm.

"Go with me to the Swan Island!"

"I shall come back to dinner at three o'clock, and is evening we might—that abominable rent just at e top there! I couldn't have believed that the blinds ere so tattered—"

"The rent shall remain as long as I am here!" I

cried warmly.—"Never shall I forget that through it I beheld for the first time the sun in Rosenvik. But tell me what old fortress is that which we see across the lake, there, where the forest is so black?"

"That is Ramm—a large estate."

"And who lives there?"

"At present no one. Fifteen years it belonged to *ma chère mère*, but it did not agree with her, so she removed to Karlsfors, and sold Ramm. The estate was bought by farmers who cultivated the land, but left the fine house and park to ruin. It is now said, a stranger, who wishes to hunt in this neighbourhood, has rented it for the summer season. This park itself will afford him ample room for sport, since it is above a mile in circumference, and the game has long been undisturbed. We will walk there some day. But now, my dear wife, I must have my breakfast, and then bid you farewell for a few hours."

After having taken coffee, and my husband had departed, I began to settle myself in my little world. I will describe the house and other buildings hereafter The master of the house must be my first theme, fc you do not know him yet, Maria! I have your lett before me, your dear letter which I received a few da after my marriage. I thank you, sweet, beloved Mar for all those tender expressions and your sage adv They are stored up in my heart where they will ne be forgotten; and now for your questions, which I endeavour to answer in their order.—First of Bj you shall have his picture—of middle stature, some stout and broad, but not in the extreme, fine ligl made by nature's hand, a full face *couleur de ro*

eye lashes, and small grey eyes which under strong bushy eyebrows, have a certain penetrating look; nose well formed, rather thick, mouth large, with good teeth, which, alas! have turned brown with smoking; large hands but well shaped; and large feet, his gait is like a Bear. But from all this you will form no correct conception of Björn's appearance, unless in his countenance you can trace good nature, candour, kindliness, something inspiring cheerful confidence. This expression speaks when the mouth is silent, which it usually is. The forehead is serene, and the position of his head such as might suit an astronomer; the voice, deep bass, and not amiss in singing. Here you have Björn's exterior; the inner man, dearest Maria, ah, that I have yet myself to study.

Two months since a bride, a wife only since a fortnight, I have not yet formed my complete judgment of a man who is for the most part silent, and whom I have not known above half-a-year; but I hope and believe every thing good of him.

You ask whether I feel love, real love for him, and half in earnest and half in jest you give strange tests to try this question; whether I feel an intolerable blank when he is absent, whether I, like Madam L., grow pale and anxious when he joins a company where I am, whether he has a fault, a bad habit, which would be disagreeable to me in another person, but which I like in him? No, Maria! All this I neither feel nor perceive — you see — I liked him, I found him agreeable or else I should not have married him— but love—hm! In the first place, he is much older than I. He approaches to fifty, and I want three years

yet of thirty. In the second place, he has been a bachelor a long time; he has contracted good and bad habits, and the latter of these I do not pretend to admire. I am determined, however, that they shall not disturb my domestic happiness. To some of them I shall get accustomed, from others I shall wean him. For instance: first, he has a bad habit of spitting indiscriminately on fine carpets and bare floors; from that he must; but he shall find spittoons in every room. Secondly he smokes a great deal of tobacco; to that I shall accustom myself, for I know how dear and necessary a pipe is to one whose companion it has long been in his course through life. But our contract shall run thus,—I shall be glad to see the lighted pipe, though *seldom* in the drawing-room, and *never* in the bed-room. Björn is at liberty to puff away in his own apartment and in the sitting room. Thirdly, Björn has the singular habit when silent of making the most fearful grimaces, sometimes at his own thoughts, sometimes at the words of others; herein we shall make a compromise; sometimes I shall tell him, Björn, don't make such horrible faces; but in general I shall let him quietly go on grimacing, for it would be painful to him and probably impossible to avoid a habit so long contracted; besides it forms a sort of very expressive language, and looks more droll than disagreeable. Fourthly, he has a little turn for carpentering, and likes to enjoy it in the evening by glewing and dirtying chairs, tables, floors, &c.; to this I shall accustom myself with all my heart, and will only take care to have it carefully swept every morning. I consider it good for a husband to have some manual

occupation, and when mine has fatigued himself during the day with his medical duties, this will be an agreeable diversion; whilst he works I shall read to him some entertaining fiction. Fifthly, he has accustomed himself in a certain degree to use coarse expressions; but what I have determined to accustom him to, is this—to feel himself secure of finding comfort and enjoyment in his own home. For you know, Maria, I was poor, was obliged to earn my own bread by my own exertions—teaching music is no easy labour, was no longer young and prepossessing—had no beauty nor talents beyond my little music; and he one of a respected family in a superior social position; he who, on account of his skill, his character, and his knowledge, is so universally esteemed—he chose me before others of more wealth, more beauty, and more merit. He treated me during my severe illness with unfailing kindness, and when my mother wished to remunerate his medical services with our last remaining money, he refused it, and asked for—my hand. Then he was so generous towards my family, bestowed presents on my brothers, and brought prosperity into our once almost destitute dwelling. Should I not be grateful? Ought I not to love him, to study to make him happy to the utmost of my power? O yes! that will I, with his good and his bad habits, in jest and in earnest, in weal and in woe will I strive to make him happy, and a voice within tells me that I shall succeed.

Tuesday Morning, June 3d.

Alas, poor creatures, what are our best resolutions when we have so little power over ourselves? The day before yesterday I was *sitting picturing to* myself how happy I

hoped to make my husband; yesterday—for my own punishment I will tell you all. I return to the evening of the day before yesterday when I was so contented with myself. Björn was attending a patient in the neighbourhood and I was writing; he came home, I left off writing; we talked over various trifles, we made several little domestic arrangements, and, in joke and earnest, the contract in reference to smoking was drawn up and signed. So far everything went on well, and so ended that day.

The next day, that is yesterday, we were to have dined with *ma chère mère.* I had a little head-ache, and which ever way I put my cap on and arranged my curls, they did not sit well, and I looked, so it seemed to me at least, old and faded; I believe my husband thought so too, although he looked at me without saying a word. This made me a little low-spirited, for I feared *ma chère mère* would not be pleased with me, and I knew very well how greatly Björn wished that I should be liked by her.

The weather was rainy and windy; I had a great desire to remain at home, but when I made a slight allusion to it, Bjorn began to make such frightful faces that I immediately desisted from the attempt, especially as I was besides more out of spirits than ill. We got into the cabriolet and drove, sheltered by an umbrella, through a pouring rain.

Ma chère mère received us graciously, but did not appear to be in a good humour There were some strangers at dinner, several elderly gentlemen and ladies, whom I did not know, and who were not pleasing. The dinner was excellent, but I had no *appetite.*

In the afternoon, immediately after coffee, Björn went with the gentlemen into the billiard-room below. I remained with *ma chère mère*, the old ladies, who chiefly conversed with each other, and a certain counsellor Hök, a very old friend of *ma chère mère*, who sat next to her, and took snuff.

Ma chère mère was silent, and looked serious. I spoke a word now and then, but grew gradually duller, for my head ached much, the rain beat against the windows, and I was, to speak the truth, out of humour with Björn, who, as it appeared to me, might have paid more attention to his little wife during the long afternoon, and not have devoted himself entirely to his old disagreeable bachelor habits of billiard-playing, smoking and drinking. In this unamiable frame of mind the afternoon passed over. About tea time, *ma chère mère* begged me to play a little music. I sat down to the piano, preluded, and began to sing the pretty song "Youth;" but the headache, the heat and discontent, had quite put me out of tune. At first I sang trembling, then incorrect, and at last stuck fast in the piece, which I had sung I dare say a hundred times.

A death-like silence prevailed in the room, and I was on the point of weeping, but I did not wish to appear so childish at my age. I struck a few concluding chords, and left the piano, with an apology and a few excuses about my headache. Now *ma chère mère* grew exceedingly kind to me, seated me next to her on the sofa, ordered a large cup of strong tea to be given to me, as one would treat a sick child. I was now in fact quite vexed, *for this, as well* as the politeness of

the excellent counsellor Frank, displeased me. I believed it was the conclusion of the miserable part which I had played during the whole of the day, and thought that *ma chère mère* would judge that Lars Anders had made a bad choice, as he had brought home a person for his wife who was both old and childish, silly and ailing. I was truly unhappy. At length Björn came, and we returned home.

The weather had grown fine, and the tea had done my head good, but the discontent had now taken possession of me. I was vexed with myself, with Björn, with the whole world, and my husband sat still the whole of the way, quite unconcerned about my headache. After he had asked, "How do you do?" and I had answered, "A little better!" we did not exchange another word.

After we had returned home, I had to attend to something in the kitchen, and when I again entered the drawing-room, Björn had planted himself on the sofa, and was puffing away the tobacco smoke in great clouds before him, whilst reading in the journals. He had not chosen exactly the most suitable hour for his breach of contract. I remonstrated in a cheerful tone it is true, but I was nevertheless really angry. I had a sort of wicked desire to repay him for my unpleasant day. He said, good-humouredly, "I beg pardon!" but nevertheless remained sitting with his pipe. This I would not willingly permit. I thought the old bachelor had sufficient free play this afternoon. He (my Bear) begged that I would let him have his pipe in peace in the drawing-room but this once; but I would hear of *no concession*, and threatened that if he did not lay

aside his pipe immediately, I would sit in the vestibule all the evening. Björn had at first begged in jest to be allowed to remain quietly, but soon became more serious; he begged me ardently, pressingly, "for the love of him!" I saw that he wished to try me, saw that he really wished most sincerly that I should indulge him this time, and I—obstinate creature—did it not; I remained, though always in a jesting tone, firm to my resolution, and at length took up my work to go, when my Bear put away his pipe. Had he only been angry, had he not put away his pipe, but proudly marched, like a Newab,* out of the door, clapping it violently after him, and not come back again the whole evening, then, indeed, there might have been some alternative for me, some consolation, a something "paid and receipted," and I might have let the whole disagreeable affair rest there. But he did nothing of all this, only laid his pipe aside and sat still; I, however, immediately received gnawings of conscience. He did not even make grimaces, but, with a sort of grave and quiet countenance, which went to my heart, read his newspaper. I begged him to read to me; he did so, but there was something in his voice which I could not bear to hear. In a kind of stifled exasperation against myself I grew still more tyrannical towards him. I tore away from him his newspaper. It was intended, you understand, as a joke, and I said that I wished to read myself. He looked at me, and gave it up. I now began to read, in a strong

* This is the more correct way of writing the word usually written "Nabob."

and cheerful tone, about a debate in the English House of Commons. Long, however, I could not endure it. I burst out into tears, clung to my husband, caught him round the neck, and begged him to forgive my bad temper, and my unbecoming conduct towards him. Without making any reply he only held me quietly, tenderly and forgivingly pressed against him. I saw one or two tears slowly rolling down his cheeks. Never had I loved him so, as at that time. It was then I felt real affection for him. I wished to enter into a little explanation with him, but Björn stopped my mouth. I now begged him, if he loved me, to fill his pipe afresh, and to finish smoking it by my side. He would not; but I begged so long, and so pressing, begged it as a token of his forgiveness of me, that he at length consented to my wish. I held my nose as much as possible in the smoke; it was now a propitiatory incense to me. Once I was ready to cough with choking, but changed it into a sigh, and said: "My dear Bear, your wife would not have been so cross, if you had not neglected her the whole afternoon; she lost her patience because you were not present." Björn took his pipe out of his mouth, looked at me pleasantly, but yet half reproachfully, and said: "I had not forgotten you, Fanny, but was at a most painful death-bed in the neighbouring farm house; this detained me, and prevented me from being with you." I held my hands before my face, and was ashamed to my very soul. I, who had indulged such an unjust and pettish feeling towards him, and had sought to revenge myself in my folly—I, how worthless! I, who wished to make my Björn so happy—what sweet refreshment

had I now prepared for the fatigued body and distressed spirits of my husband! The thought of my mad conduct torments me to this very hour; and the only thing that comforts me is, that Björn and I love each other still more ardently since this scene, than before. Dearest, good Björn! rather than that I should cause you one unpleasant hour, you may smoke every day in the drawing room, in the bed room, yes for my part, you may smoke in bed, if you like. Heaven, however, grant that you may not be with this last desire!

"I now return again to your letter, and to the question propounded in it: "Whether I shall be as glad and equally as candid in writing to you as a married woman, as I was when yet a girl?" Yes, Maria, you may rely on that, and I cannot do otherwise. It is seven years since I made your acquaintance, and since that period you have been to me as my conscience, as my better "self." You were the pure mirror in which I saw myself justly reflected. You were ever sincere, although indulgent; and though two years ago you went far away from me beyond the sea, you continued the same to me. O that it might be so always, Maria, or else I should fear to lose myself. Under your eyes, and with your assistance, I first formed my character. Under your eyes and by your counsels, will I teach myself to become a good wife. It is so gratifying; it renders my life richer to be able to live, as it were, in your society and under your guidance, though lands and seas do separate us. Björn, moreover, does not belong to that class of men, who are jealous of the female friends of their wives; he is not of the *opinion that one* should give up a

friend, because one has obtained a husband or wife. Björn would not contract the circle of affection; he is too kind, too sensible. I believe that he would readily subscribe to the following words of a beloved teacher, who instructed me in the principles of Christianity; "It is with the heart as it is with heaven: the more angels, the more room." Ah! see—here is my Björn. Read what I have written, and subscribe—

BJÖRN."

Friday, June 6.

"Thank God! matters go on well with me and *ma chère mère*. How unlike is one day to another. Tuesday so depressed, yesterday so cheerful. I proposed yesterday to my Bear to pay a visit to *ma chère mère*. He was very much satisfied with this. I told him on the way, how silly I had lately conducted myself, and how anxiously desirous I was to efface the impression which I must have made there. Björn laughed, mused, looked pleasantly—and we arrived. In the house all was in the bustle of preparation. The people were actively employed, and *ma chère mère* was, as it were, the spring and wheel in the movement. She was just in the act of ordering the rooms for her two real step-sons—for Björn is only half so—and their young wives, who were expected shortly, and were to live in the house; the one couple for a few weeks, and the other as their permanent residence. *Ma chère mère* received us very cordially, and provided Björn with Virginia tobacco and newspapers, and appointed me her assistant for the afternoon. I was glad and willing; and I succeeded very well in doing every thing to the satisfaction of *ma chère mère*. The furniture was removed to

different places—the curtains put up: every thing went on rapidly and well under the superintendence of *ma chère mère*, and by my assistance. We performed a great deal of work, and were very merry under it. I said several *bon mots*, which pleased *ma chère mère*. She patted me on the cheek, pinched my ears, laughed and answered cheerfully. On the whole I was very much pleased with her. There is something extremely peculiar and very vivacious in her character and her demeanour. Without doubt she possesses natural talents, and a great deal of common sense. Her domestics she treated as slaves, and at the same time as children with strictness and mildness. Nevertheless they all appeared to be greatly devoted to her, and obeyed on the slightest intimation of her pleasure. Once *ma chère mère* and I were very near falling out a little. This arose on account of the toilet table for the young wife, which I maintained to be somewhat unfurnished. *Ma chère mère* was vexed about it, began to be angry about the abominable luxury of the present time; about the presumptions of our young women; and declared that the toilet table should remain just as she had placed it—with the same covers and glasses: they were good enough, &c. Having been silent to all this, all was soon right again; and I am not quite sure whether the toilet table covers were not changed after all, for *ma chère mère* went soon after to her linen-closets. These arrangements in the room were soon succeeded by various commoner domestic duties, in which *ma chère mère* invited me to assist; "for," said she, "it is well for you, my child, to see how things are conducted in a well regulated *house; you may*, probably, find it of

use to learn every thing in housekeeping. Roasted sparrows don't fly into our mouths; we must take care that the larder is not empty, if we wish to see something on the table, and so forth." I accompanied *ma chère mère* into the store-room, where, with a large piece of red chalk in her hand, she made many (to me) cabalistic strokes and marks upon certain small casks of herrings and barrels of Stromings*. She explained every thing, however, and allowed me to peep into every corner of the subterranean well-stocked vault. We then proceeded to the garret; here I assisted in looking over some bread-chests, venting anathemas against rats and mice, and weighing various flour sacks; at length I was obliged to let myself be weighed. *Ma chère mère* laughed at me right heartily, when it was found that I did not weigh full *five pounds;* and, assured me, that a woman weighing under five pounds, would have been burnt in the time of Charles XI. I took all this quite philosophically, but burst forth into a stream of admiration at the domestic management and order of *ma chère mère.* This admiration was quite sincere. In truth, a house so perfectly arranged, from the smallest thing to the greatest, where every thing has its fixed place and regular number, is worthy to be viewed and admired no less than the housewife, who is the living promemoria of all this, and manages her affairs as skillfully as a general does his forces.

After the preparations and housewifery were concluded we sat down to rest on a sofa, and *ma chère mère* spoke as follows:—"Dear Franciska, now and then only does my house require such an inspection, it keeps *the people* in respect, and the things in order. If we

* *Stromings* are a particular kind of small herrings.

wind up the clocks in proper time they go of themselves, and we have no occasion to go about tic-tac like a pendulum; think of this, my dear Franciska! Some wives boast and pretend to be so busy with the bunch of keys, and are perpetually about the kitchen and the store-room. It's all stuff and nonsense, trumpery and awkwardness. It is better for a wife to superintend her house with her head than with her heels; in this way the husband likes it better, and should he not do so, then he is a blockhead, and the housewife may then rattle the keys about his ears as she likes.

"Some wives are always at their servants' heels. That won't do; servants must have both liberty and rest. We ought not to muzzle the ox, that treadeth the corn. Let the people be accountable for what they do. It is good for them as well as the mistress. Engage their feeling and their sense of duty, and give them their due abundantly. The labourer is worthy of his hire; three or four times in the year, however, at indefinite periods come upon them like the day of judgment and prove their works, storm like a thundercloud, and interpose your authority here and there judiciously, that will purify the house for many weeks. If there were no storms we should have no rest from showers."

These were *ma chère mère's* house-keeping doctrines. She then turned the conversation to Björn:—"Yes," said she "my dear Franciska, you may justly say that you have a clever husband, but he is likewise in his way very stubborn, and never fear but that you will have some trouble with him, as I have had. Well, well, we shall see how you *will manage*. You are little,

but I see you know how to conduct yourself, and th
I can tell you, that however you may conduct you
self, you will never have anything but an honest ma
in your husband, and therefore I'll give you this or
advice—never dissemble in the slightest degree to e
tricate yourself even from the greatest difficulty. Or
insincerity leads always to a greater, for it banish
confidence from the house."

I expressed my ideas on the subject warmly to *m*
chère mère, and we walked mutually satisfied into th
common sitting-room, where Björn was sitting an
yawning over his newspapers. Miss Tutten, (who wa
called Adjutant Tutten by *ma chère mère*,) was settin
the table in order. *Ma chère mère* requested me t
sing (she had therefore quite forgotten my last un
fortunate attempt) and I sang. I felt myself that
went well. *Ma chère mère* laughed heartily at som
little merry songs, and I saw Björn's eyes stealin
towards us from his newspaper quite delighted. Aft
tea, with Tutten. we formed *ma chère mère's* game a
Boston, which was one of the most lively which I ha
ever played at. *Ma chère mère* and Björn were ex
tremely good friends, and were making themselve
merry at my expense when I committed any errors i
the game; but this pleased me better than if I ha
played most skillfully, and we laughed and screame
like children. When after supper we were takin
leave, *ma chère mère* tapped me smartly on the bac
kissed me, and thanked me for an agreeable da
When Björn and I came down the stairs, the weath
was so fine that we determined to walk part of the wa
and the open calash was ordered to follow us. Th

walk was exhilirating, and after various little pranks which I had played with my husband, I succeeded in pushing him into a ditch. I am still obliged to laugh when I think of it. He was so like a real Bear as he lay there stretched all fours *(entre nous* I am not sure, whether he did not suffer himself to be thrown over.) "Good natured Bear!"

"But I will not for ever talk to you of the Bear and his wife, you shall hear something about the estate and the family. To understand the latter rightly is somewhat difficult. Try, dear Maria, to understand what I shall endeavour to explain to you.

"General Mansfelt was in his first marriage united to a widow, who brought two step-sons with her; the oldest was my Björn; the second, Adolph Werner, died several years since. By this wife the General had two lovely sons, the still living Jean-Jacques and Peter Mansfelt; these were yet in their childhood when their mother died. A twelvemonth after the General married the rich and proud Miss Barbara B., our now living *chère mère*. Björn, who was then thirty years of age, was not particularly satisfied with receiving a step-mother twenty years of age. The latter however behaved herself in an exemplary manner, and became an excellent, though strict mother to the four step-sons, whose love and high esteem she soon gained in spite of a certain restriction and parsimony towards them; she was compelled to act thus by the extravagance of the General, who brought his affairs into the greatest disorder, and only by means of a settlement was *ma chère mère* able to secure her own property; from this fortune she provided for the education of her *sons*, and spared no ex-

clouded brow. In her whole attire, no trinket, no ornaments, but much neatness and consistency. *Ma chère mère* does not wear stays, (by the way of parenthesis, I should like to know, whether tight lacing may not account for the dullness of some ladies in society?) the mind can hardly be free when the body is in fetters. Her dress consists mostly of a brown or grey quilted silk gown. A white kerchief covers the still fair neck in the morning, and is exchanged for a white standing collar at noon. Her hands are large, well shaped, white, but rough, and are not always used, as is said, for the most peaceful employments. *Ma chère mère* has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, often makes use of singular words, and is always ready with a number of sayings; she walks with great strides, often wears boots, and throws her arms about; nevertheless, when she likes, she can be very polite and genteel. *Ma chère mère* is accused of covetousness, of meddling in other people's affairs, and of a want of regard to propriety. There are many anecdotes about her; notwithstanding the people in the whole district hold her in much respect and her words are valid as the mandates of a king. In this all agree, that she is clever, friendly, and sincere. This, I think, is no mean praise. She reminds me of Götz, of Berlichingen. But sometimes I fancy that gentler feelings dwell in this austere exterior, and then indeed I feel I love her. Hitherto she has managed all her estates alone, (and moreover has regulated her affairs excellently) but now she wishes Jean-Jacques to assist her. The latter has studied farming on the continent, has lately married, and will settle with his young wife in Karlsfors. Björn shook his head at this partner-

ship: "*Ma chère mère et Jean-Jacques.*"

It is impossible to speak of *ma chère mère*, without mentioning her maid-servant Elsa. They have lived together these forty years and appear as if they could not exist without each other. Elsa is both the slave and the tyrant of *ma chère mère*. She is so avaricious, that she will scarcely allow her mistress to wear her own clothes, and grumbles at every clean pocket handkerchief which she is obliged to give out. On the other hand there is not her equal, in love of order, cleanliness, and fidelity, and therefore *ma chère mère* has a certain respect for her, and in many a contention Elsa gains her point; notwithstanding she labours day and night, if required, for *ma chère mère*. *Ma chère mère* is her destiny, *ma chère mère's* room her world, *ma chère mère's* word her law, *ma chère mère's* person her second self. Without her lady, Elsa is nothing. She once had permission to visit her relations and to stay away for eight days; but before two had elapsed, Elsa returned to her mistress, as she could not bear being away from her. It is said, that on the evening of that very day, she received a box on the ears from *ma chère mère*, on account of some trifling neglect whilst dressing her. Elsa took it quietly and was silent and never went away again after this attempt. Elsa is scraggy and stiff, and her person is quite angular. They say, that she knows more about *ma chère mère* than any mortal being. But Elsa is dumb as a mummy. She deserves to be embalmed.

Shadow of a shade Tutten appears! Elsa is a Rembrandist shade, Tutten an undefined shadow, without marked character of her own, and incapable of reflect-

ing distinctly the outline of another's. Elsa's strong fidelity is her beauty. Tutten always speaks: "Madam says this—Madam believes that—Madam wishes so and so—;" but secretly traduces her behind her back, and obeys her without attachment. At one time humble even to self-humiliation, she is ready to presume audaciously at another, if *ma chère mère's* hand did not keep her in proper restraint, and compel her to develop the faculties which she possesses, and make herself useful in domestic affairs. At a glass of her excellent beer I am almost ready to cry, "long live Tutten!" But how will she one day live in a world I wonder, where there is no more baking or brewing going on? where no beer-glass foams, and no cake rising in the oven, how will she be able to collect her thoughts there?—but enough of Tutten and Metempsychosis; I will not wander so far from my home.

You must now have a slight sketch of my beloved home, my little Rosenvik. Rosenvik is a farm below Karlsfors, and lies better than half a mile from W., where Björn is the first and best liked Physician. He has rented the little farm from *ma chère mère*, as he, like myself, is particularly fond of the country. We cultivate Rosenvik thus more for pleasure than interest, however I for my part speculate on the garden, of which, although it is almost a wilderness at present, much may be made. The garden, a small birch wood, a meadow, on which three cows and a horse are grazing belong to Rosenvik. Why this farm should be called Rosenvik, I cannot conceive; it is true it lies near an inlet of the Helgalake, but there is not a single Provence rose-bush to be met with here, whereas it abounds

in hyssop and elder bushes. These ought to be preserved, but the others not neglected, and I hope that Rosenvik will yet fragrantly answer to its name; however the beautiful shall not supersede the useful. I shall plant plenty of gooseberry bushes, peas and beans. On the whole I feel more glad to have come to a place where there is something to improve, than to one where every thing is done already. My character and disposition require a good deal of employment, and I know how much one values that for which one labours. The house is small, but admirably arranged. We have four rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor, Björn has furnished them comfortably. The sitting room especially, with its furniture of blue chintz and white muslin curtains, is a most charming apartment; in the upper story are two comfortable guest chambers. The kitchen and store rooms were badly furnished, but I am thankful to say we are improving them. Björn has made an arrangement with regard to money, which has given me pleasure, yet at the same time a certain degree of uneasiness. He puts all his money into a drawer, for which he has had two keys made: the one he keeps, the other I have, and I am authorized to take money out of the drawer, when and as much as I please, without giving my husband an account of it. This proof of his perfect confidence in my prudence delights me, and is at the same time a much stronger fetter than my husband's greatest avarice could have been. I fear to take too much, not to manage well enough in the housekeeping or by any little superfluous expenditure to gratify my feelings or fancies, for I myself put not a shilling into the drawer. All in it belongs to my husband, and is the

reward of his exertions. It seems to me, that I should be more free, and that it would be better if he were to let me have a fixed sum, monthly, for the expenses of the house. I proposed this to him one day, when, with a tear in my eye, I communicated to him my scruples, but he would by no means listen to this proposal. "Are we not one?" said he, "and I have seen that you are a thorough accountant." With regard to my difficulties, he assured me that they would vanish if we only got to know each other better, and that I should then find that there is no *mine* and *thine* between us. I am almost inclined to believe in the prophecy of my husband, but intend, for the sake of my own conscience, as well as for regularity, to keep a strict account of all my expenditure.

I am much pleased with the little girl whom Björn has hired and who shall be my own waiting maid. She is a young peasant-girl, with a countenance so cheerful, innocent, and even pretty, that it does one good to look at her. She is quiet and industrious, quick in understanding, and kind-hearted, and it will afford me pleasure to educate her. Should God give me children, Sissa shall be their nurse; I will train her up to be a real *bonne* for my children, so that I might be easy on their account, even when they are not in my arms. The remembrance of my own childhood reminds me how important first impressions are. Purity, kindness, intelligence, shall guard the cradle of my child; there they shall begin their impression on his soul; the affections of infancy do not easily grow cold towards the friends of one's youth.

I talk of educating my maiden; but believe me,

Maria, I shall not forget to improve myself. Why does the flame upon the altar of matrimony die away so very rapidly? Because it is not fed. We should mature and cultivate ourselves in the course of our daily life, and then life itself will be a continual development of love and happiness.

My first care at present will be that of arranging my house, so that quiet comfort may dwell in it. I will try to be a wise law-giver in my little but not unimportant world. And what law do you think before all others I intend to make and rigorously to maintain? A law respecting the treatment of animals, to comprehend the following:

"All the animals on the estate shall be attended to with the utmost care, and be treated gently and indulgently; they shall live happy.

"The slaughtering shall be effected with the least possible torture to the animal.

"No animal shall be allowed to be tormented in the kitchen, no one shall dare to scald a fish alive or leave it to struggle in the pan; no bird be hung up half dead upon a nail. One cut with the knife is to give instant death to them and liberate them from torture."

These and many other precepts shall be comprehended in my law. How much useless cruelty is there not daily exercised because we do not reflect on what we are doing? And how irrational, how shameful is not cruelty towards animals? Is it not enough for them, to be doomed in the present order of the world, to serve us during their life and to nourish us after their death? Are we to make their hard life still harder? We are in many cases compelled to

curb and punish animals, but we need not be their cruel enemies. How infinitely milder might their sufferings be, if they were humanely treated; if we felt compassion for their weakness in old age, for their pains in sickness and in death!

In the days of antiquity there were laws in existence which rendered gentleness towards animals a sacred duty, the violation of which was severely punished. And we, Maria, who profess a religion of love, shall we deal worse with animals than the heathens?

Saith not he, who established the kingdom of love on earth, that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the notice of your Heavenly Father.'—Mark you well, Maria, he does not say, that the sparrow should not fall to the ground, he only says, that it is seen by the eye of the Father.—Yes, observed are also all those needless sufferings, which the excesses, the thoughtlessness or the cruelty of men inflict on animals; their cries of suffering are heard. Will not an avenging echo in the other world add one more pang to the torments of hell and disturb men's very peace in heaven.

O, Maria! Let us, wives and mothers of families, not deserve this punishment. Let us, when appearing before the tribunal of the Father of all, be guiltless of the ingratitude of having mal-treated the creatures of His making! Let us render ourselves worthy to see ennobled races of animals about us in a better world, and there to live with them in that amicable relation, which we have already began on earth.

Here comes Björn, who gives me notice to prepare for paying some visits to our neighbours (of which

we have a great number) and tells me that there are some who have a great wish to see me, very kind and intelligent people, from what he says! Be prepared, therefore, of soon forming some new acquaintances! I shall also soon be able to introduce to you my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law. I am glad they are coming, and that I shall be acquainted with my husband's most beloved brother, Peter Mansfelt, who is said to be a most amiable character as well as a distinguished lawyer. I could almost be disposed to write a novel on the subject. Novels generally terminate in a *marriage*; does not the real romance of human life begin with it? Generally speaking every one's life is in fact a romance, a little episode in that great history "the book of life," which is written by the original author of the "world." Take it, therefore, as a novel which I am writing to you, Maria! Let it find a place in your heart, my good, sweet, affectionate reader; merry or sad—may it only not be rejected by you! Farewell—think of your romancing and loving

FRANCISKA.

II.

SECOND LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, June 9th.

Yesterday morning the weather was fresh and clear. I took my seat beside Björn in the one-horse carriage, when he was riding into town, as usual, at eight o'clock in the morning. He left me at Karlsfors, and promised he would call for me on his way home,—providing he did not forget. "Forget?" Abominable Bear! With this passport he drove on. I walked along the grand and beautiful avenue leading to the principal building. In the court stood a tall, strange figure; she wore a wide grey cloak, a green cap, and struck about her, with something which looked like a magic stick, whilst with a loud voice she called, "Drive up!—Do you hear?—drive up with the Heaven-chariot!* I looked up involuntarily towards heaven, and the thought of the chariot of the prophet Elijah entered my mind, but was as soon expelled again; when, in the beckoning female in the grey mantle, I recognized *ma chère mère*. On coming nearer I heard her violently abusing the groom, because the oats had all been used, and she accompanied her moral sermons with powerful lashes of

* The word translated *heaven* here, signifies in the original likewise, *canopy* or a *roof* of a covered carriage, (especially of a *coach and chariot;*) also a *carriage*.

the whip, although only in the air. On perceiving me her countenance suddenly changed; she took hold of my hand quickly; shook it, and said pleasantly, "Look now! Good day to you, my dear Franciska, you are just coming at a lucky time.* I have put on my *Januarius* to-day (pointing to the cloak), for it appeared to me to be cold. My grey horses will soon be here with my heaven-chariot." At this instant a singular equipage, drawn by four horses with a canopy resting on four supports, drove up the court yard. This was the heavenly-chariot. *Ma chère mère* ordered me to get in: climbed herself in after me, and took the reins in her hand. Behind stood a footman. *Ma chère mère* cracked monstrously loud with the whip, and we drove off. At first I was afraid, for it went at full speed, and the heavenly-chariot went any how rather than heavenly. At one time the horses were refractory. *Ma chère mère* stood up in the carriage and administered the whip until they returned to their allegiance again. With a contented, "the deuce take me, if I won't give it you," she sat down again. Seeing me quite pale she laughed, but drove much slower, chatted at the same time very merrily, and made me answer various questions about my house-keeping affairs at Rosenvik. Having convinced myself of the charioteering abilities of *ma chère mère*, I became more calm and comfortable, and resigned myself to the pleasure which I always in-

* *Hon Kommer i grefvens tid*, in the Swedish original.—This is literally translated: You come in the Count's time. It is a Suecism, and refers to the time when the Hansiatic League attacked Denmark, in order to liberate their captive King Christian.

voluntarily feel in her presence. We inspected a number of fields, fresh lands, drains, &c. *Ma chère mère* talked to several persons; found fault with some, and praised others. The relation between the mistress and dependents appeared to me most friendly, and that they understood each other very well.

On our journey we had very near overturned Counsellor Hök, who drove up to us in a *Desobligeant*, and whose coachman was so startled at the sight of our heavenly-chariot, that he confounded the right side with the left, and chose at last that on which we were driving. "Where the deuce are you driving to, Counsellor?" cried *ma chère mère* with a thundering voice, whilst her powerful hands held in the horses, and by a dexterous turn avoided a collision. Soon the heavenly-chariot and *Desobligeant* stopped quite familiarly along side of each other, and *ma chère mère*, who was again in good humour, said laughing and joking to Counsellor Hök, who peeped out amazed from behind his green curtains: "Dear Counsellor, you so infect your coachman with your poetic phantasies, that he forgets the rules of the road." "Counsellor Hök and poetic phantasies," thought I, "that will never rhyme together." "When a heavenly-chariot comes," said Counsellor Hök, more poetically than I should have expected of him, "who can think of earthly laws?" Thus *ma chère mère* and Counsellor Hök joked together awhile, after which, the heavenly-chariot and the *Desobligeant* proceeded each h's own way.

Coming home *ma chère mère* was in the best humour, and we fell into a warm conversation respecting husbands, wives, and matrimony. *Ma chère mère's* doctrine

for wives was in reality no encouragement to coquettes, and was comprehended in the following words. Act in such a manner that your husband and all men will respect you; so you shall enjoy peace in your house and honour in your life—(esteem and respect are in *ma chère mère's* estimation the highest possessions of life); certainly her rules of conduct for young women in their behaviour towards men are, generally speaking, a little too strict. They reminded me of a song, which I had often heard in my youth, of a lady Regina, and of which, the words still sound in my ears:

In case a young gentleman offers his arm,
Refuse it, and say, without any delay,
No thank you, good Sir, I can walk by myself;
And if a young gentleman asks you to dance,
Deny him and say in a positive way,
No, I thank you, most kindly, I'll dance by myself.

I repeated the song to *ma chère mère*. She laughed but said gravely, "the song is really not so silly, my dear. I won't exactly go so far, but this I mean to say, that a promenade and a waltz with any other gentleman except the husband, may be but doubtful as to its propriety. A young wife—mark well my words—cannot be too circumspect, not to compromise herself. You must be circumspect, dear Franciska, you must be circumspect. I grant that our times are more moral than when I was young, when Gustavus III—most blessed be his memory—introduced French fashions and French manners into this country; and I believe, that there are at present far fewer Atheists and libertines in the world; however, as I have before said, you must be circumspect, Franciska. The tempter

can come to you, as he has to many other women; not because you are handsome, for that you are not by any means; and, besides, you are very little; but your April-face has nevertheless its own little charms; and then, you know, you are a very charming singer, —as I have said before, you have your little attractions. And should a young coxcomb some day try to figure himself into your good graces, listen to my advice. Keep him at a distance by reserved behaviour; and if this be not sufficient to command his respect, and he should proceed to be impertinent, you must look at him with an air of great surprise, and say: "Sir, you are strangely mistaken in the person you address." If this is not a sufficient hint for him, should he repeat his rudeness, then go straightway to your husband and tell him: "My friend so-and-so has been rude to me, and so-and-so I have acted. Now, do what you think proper." And depend upon it, dear Franciska, the corydon will soon find out what o'clock it is, and move off with shame and disgrace. No shame, however, can reflect upon you in this matter, but rather honour; and you will feel that a good conscience makes a cheerful face,—that a good conscience is the softest pillow."

Ma chère mère's good advice delighted me beyond expression. Unfortunately she had invited two poor old maids, who are partly supported by her bounty, to dinner. They came when *ma chère mère* and I were just about entering into a most lively discussion. One of them had two rows of lace as a trimming to her dress. On perceiving this, *ma chère mère's* countenance immediately darkened; and scarcely had the unfortunate old maid paid her compliments and seated herself,

when *ma chère mère* began to talk quite angrily on the subject of the trimmings. "One trimming," said she, "was more than necessary, but two are unpardonable!" It was a terrible reprimand for the poor old damsel. In vain she endeavoured to excuse herself, by saying that the upper trimming was put on in order to hide a patch. "I must tell you, my good friend," cried *ma chère mère*, "that if we are not above receiving charity, neither should we be above showing our patches. Yes, yes, this much I must tell you, poverty is no disgrace; every one is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but the love of dress in poverty is 'the devil in the boat.' Come, come, don't cry about it; reprimands are no millstones, and we don't grind to the bones. Rip off your laces, and I'll take care that you shall have a gown without a hole." The old maid looked quite comforted. *Ma chère mère*, resumed her kind manner; and when I—on hearing our carriage drive up to the door—rose to take leave of her, she said, very pleasantly, "So you are going, dear Franciska. I can see very well that it would not suit to invite you and your husband to dinner. Well, well, go; God be with you; but come again, soon; for you see, my child, I liked you from the first time I saw you, and you cannot come too often! Now go. I can't bear people to be long taking leave. Adieu! adieu!"

I made haste to be off, and ran away laughing. And now, I shall also bid you, farewell! Adieu! adieu! for I must welcome my Björn, who has just come home. I shall now be able to have him for a few days by myself.

The 11th.

Here I sit *again, pen in hand,* feeling a sort of de-

sire to write, without, however, having anything particular worth relating. All is in order in my household. In the kitchen, little patties are baking. The weather is sultry, the leaves look withered, and the birds gasp for breath. The hens lie in the sand before the window; the cock stands solitary upon one foot, and looks about him with the air of a sleepy Sultan in his Harem. Björn sits in his own room, and writes letters; the door to his own room is open. I hear him gaping; it is infectious. Ah! ah! I must pick a little quarrel with him, to rouse us both. I just want a sheet of paper, to bake some cakes upon. Bjorn is a monstrous niggard with his paper, and, therefore, he must let me have some now. We have managed it; a perfect quarrel, and we are both quite wide awake after it. You, Maria, must share it too, that you may see what a terrible life it is between man and wife.

I went to my Bear, and said, quite meekly, "My Angel-Bear, you must be so kind as to give me a sheet of your writing paper, to bake some sweet-cakes upon it."

Björn (quite startled).—"A sheet of my writing-paper?"

I.—"Yes, my sweet friend, of your very best writing-paper."

Björn.—"Best writing-paper? Are you crazed?"

I.—"Not in the least; but I believe that you are a little mad."

Björn.—"Greedy monkey! Don't rummage my papers about so! You shall not get any of my paper."

I.—"Covetous creature! I will and must have the paper!"

Björn.—" 'I must!' Did any body ever hear! Now, then, let us see how you'll carry your point;" and at the same time the rough Bear held both my little hands fast between his great paws.

I.—" You odious Bear! you are worse than those that run on all-fours. Instantly let go my hands! Let go, I say, or I'll bite!" And not letting go, I bit; yes, Maria! I really bit into his hand; he, however, laughed deridingly, and said,

"Yes, yes, my dear little woman, so goes it with those without power. Now take the paper, pray take it!"

I.—" Oh! let me, let me loose!"

Björn.—" Bite nicely!"

I.—" Sweet Bear!"

Björn.—" Confess that you are conquered!"

I.—" Yes!"

Björn.—" Beg my pardon!"

I.—" Oh! Pardon!"

Björn.—" Promise to be better!"

I.—" Oh, yes! yes, I'll be better!"

Björn.—" Well, then, I'll forgive you! Now let me have no sour faces, my little woman! but embrace me, and give me a kiss!"

I gave him—a little box on the ear, stole a sheet of paper, and flew away loudly exulting, Björn grumbling after me as far as the kitchen; but then I turned round well armed with two delicious patties towards him, which were aimed against his mouth and there they vanished. Björn was quite silent after this, the sheet of paper was forgotten, and reconciliation complete. There is no better way Maria, to stop the mouths

of these lords of the creation than to fill them with good things.

In the afternoon we intend to begin our visits to the Neighbours. I shall dress myself well, (I have a little straw hat with Syringas in it, which is most lovely) and take notice with what satisfaction Björn will introduce me: "My wife, my wife," he always says "my wife," in a most peculiar tone of satisfaction. But now "my wife" must leave off talking; she must attend to her husband's dinner."

Evening.

Another little quarrel! It is dangerous to rouse the sleeping lion. The scene occurs at dessert.

"Dear child, what bonnet do you intend to put on to-day?"

"My little straw hat, with the Syringa's."

"That one? O, no, don't! wear your white Crape bonnet, which is so pretty."

"That one? my only dress bonnet! What can you be thinking of, darling? To sit with that bonnet exposed to the dust in the open carriage—and who knows we may have rain."

"Well then, at least, there'll be no dust!"

"How clever you are!—But that wont mend my bonnet!"

"My sweet Fanny, it would please me very much, if you would put on that bonnet."

"Then I will, dear Björn, even if it should be dusty and rain at the same time."

And now I am going to put on the white bonnet. What would Mrs. Folker say, if she were to see me riding in it on the turnpike road in an open carriage?

The little gardener-lad plays on this occasion the part of footman, dressed in a grey jacket with a green velvet collar.

Friday, the 12th.

"You look more than lovely in this bonnet!" cried Björn, when he saw his wife yesterday dressed for a visit. "*Ma chère mère* must needs see you in it. We must look in at Karlsfors, before we drive any further. It is really most lovely!"

"Indeed, do you think so? Well, as you like, my sweet friend! If we only don't arrive too late at the other places."

"Whether we do or not, *ma chère mère* must see my little wife to-day."

Now see the "little wife" in her little bonnet jogging in her little carriage, casting uneasy, almost entreating looks upward to the sky, which looks down rather dark and threatening upon the little bonnet. However we reached Karlsfors, without receiving a single drop of rain. In the drawing-room we met with visitors. *Ma chère mère* came gladly and cheerfully to meet us, kissed me, looked at me, patted me on the cheek, and said, I looked like a winter's new moon. To Björn she said: "You have a little wife, Lars Anders, but it may be said of her, little but good." Björn appeared highly delighted. (I am rather vexed that *ma chère mère* should find me so dreadfully little; sometimes it seems as if she thought me insignificant, but that I really am notwithstanding.) Fresh visitors came, and I sat me down surveying the company. My attention was soon attracted to a young lady (I am sure less than I) whose whole air displayed an extraordinary vivacity. She

had a sallowish complexion, sparkling brown eyes, a somewhat large and aquiline nose, and a chin a little projecting; she was not handsome, but she had something piquant, and her fashionable but somewhat over dressy attire suited excellently well to her little lively figure. Björn and her cordially extended the hand to each other; and her lively sharp eyes soon rested on me. Björn made a move as if he wished to introduce us to each other; at this moment however *ma chère mère* took hold of me, turned me quite round, led me to the piano, and I was now compelled to play and sing to the company. Having finished my song, the lively little lady came and seated herself at my side. She looked at me penetratingly, but kindly and almost familiarly, and asked how long I had been in this place, and if I did not find the people here "horribly *en arriere* in comparison with the Stockholmers." I cheerfully replied to her, when she said, looking at me for a long time, and inquisitively, "You are very much like your mother—an excellent woman your mother—I have often seen her ere this; and I feel to know you very well too, Mrs. Werner, although I have never seen you before."

I looked at her inquiringly, and had the words, "with whom have I the pleasure," etc. on my tongue, but she anticipated me, and asked me whether I had yet seen many of my neighbours?

I told her that I was now on my way to make some visits.

"Well," she replied, "then you will become acquainted with many curious personages, some of a water-gruel, others of a horse-radish nature. It would be a pity for you not to get a little fore-taste of what

you will meet with hereafter. When you come to v. P—'s., the new nobility, at Holma, speak of accomplishments and the arts; mention *en passant* your genteel acquaintances, at least if you wish to be in favor with the v. P—'s. Has it ever yet occurred to you, after being with certain persons for a few hours, to feel as if you were soaked, or, if I may so express myself, drenched?"

"O yes!" said I, laughing.

"Well, then you know the sensations with which you will return from the v. P—'s. At Major Stalmark's family, in Adam's-rest, don't let your conversation be on art, that is, if you wish to be in favor with them;—nature, liberty, simplicity, is the motto there. My good friend, the Major's wife, will speak of nothing else but of servants and house-keeping. With the Major nothing goes down but thorough good sense and strong energy. I shall be anxious to hear whether you are very much edified by it. There are disputations which do not strengthen the wits; but take care that the young Adamites do not play you some unparadise-like tricks; the old ones, I suppose, keep in the stable."

"I advise you, as a friend, not to pass by the old maiden Hellevi Hausgiebel, who lives in her Bird's-nest, near the town, for she would not take it well; with her angular figure and her sharp tongue, she just reminds one of a wood-pecker, and at the same time of a gingerbread-cake,—but perhaps you know her already."

"No, but I have heard that she is ill-natured and ridiculous."

"Ill-natured? ridiculous?" repeated my neighbou hesitating; "hm!—Heaven knows if that is not sayir too much. Ill-natured? She expresses her opinion people tolerably free, but she does it openly and n too severely. Ridiculous? Well, perhaps that m be true. She has her failings just as much and pr bably more than many others. But my comparis you will at all events find striking."

"I should like to know," said I, amused with h ideas, which from her lips sounded less malicious th they appear on paper; "I should very much like to kno what you have to say about my husband and me, a what you would compare us to?"

"Who can ever look at the good Doctor Werne without thinking of a plum-pudding? And you, de Madam, are the hot sweet-sauce to it, without whic the former would not have half its flavour; but wh I have yet to add about your future acquaintances i that you will not know what is most exemplary amon us, until you have seen the old Dahls, nor can you ha a clear conception of perfect amiability until you ha made the acquaintance of their grand-daughter Seren the flower of the Dale;* the name doubly applies her.

"Serena?" I repeated, "that's a singular name?"

"It won't appear so to you when you see her. Sh seems to have been christened in heaven. But I mu be going; and if, after our conversation, you say th I am either mad or spiteful, I tell you, I care nothin

* In the Swedish it is here the pun with *Dahlens blomma*, t flower of the Dahl'ak Family and *dalens blomma*, the flower the Dale.

about it. I shall like you any way, and hope to see you soon again."

With this she squeezed my hand very heartily, rose, and quickly took leave of us all. On her going out, I noticed that she was a little awry, to conceal which she seemed to give herself no trouble whatever.

"Who is she? who is she?" I asked when she had left the room.

"What, Franciska?" said *ma chère mère;* "don't you know Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel? Well, then I have been very foolish not to introduce you to one another."

I stood as if thunderstruck. "Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel?" I at length exclaimed, "why she is said to be old!"

"Those are her own stories," said *ma chère mère.* "She has her whims, and takes as much pains to make herself out old as others do to appear young. She pretends to be forty years old, but is, I am sure, not yet five and thirty. Her fine Bird's-nest I don't particularly admire, for I am no connoisseur in snails, worms, and sponges, which she collects there; but she herself is a clever estimable person whom I like very well."

"But what will she think of me?" thought I to myself, whilst ashamed of my own stupidity, I returned with Björn to the cabriolet. My hat had made no great show, and I had been guilty of a sad inadvertence. The commencement of our journey was not encouraging.

Pshaw! thought I to myself, by way of comfort,—Miss Hausgiebel is a sensible person; I am not, upon

the whole, so stupid; we can manage to make it all straight again. La Bruyere says, "Le sot ne se retire jamais du ridicule, c'est son charactere, l' on y entre quelquefois avec de l' esprit, mais l' on en sort;" and merrily the carriage rolled along to Adam's-rest, the residence of Major Stalmark. Not far from the estate we met a young girl, of about fourteen years of age, riding on an Œlandish poney, without a saddle; her hair was reddish, and, as well as the whole of her dress, in great disorder. "Good day, Miss Malla," Björn called to the young Amazon, "Are your father and mother at home?" "Yes, to be sure!" she cried in reply. "I am riding Putta to the pasture," She rode on, we drove further. "Heaven keep me!" cried I, "is that intended to be a young lady?" "Yes!" answered my husband, laconically. We arrived at the house. A tremendous noise resounded there. Three young gentlemen, in hunting costume, were loitering about, with not less than a score of dogs. At the sight of my Bear and his little wife the barking company turned upon our innocent equipage, but, fortunately for my heroism and that of my beloved, they were called off by the young gentlemen, and the lively but unharmonious choir moved further off. This spot of land ought properly to be called Adam's-*un*rest, thought I to myself. Whilst I was walking through the hall, something came between my feet which nearly overthrew me. I perceived it was a piece of wood; I looked round and discovered in one corner of the hall two cunning little grinning figures, who were preparing to bombard a-fresh the peaceable guests. I threatened them with the piece of wood, and had an indescribable

desire to make the wild young things more intimately acquainted with it. Björn, however, who was already in the ante-chamber, called me, and I was obliged to fly rapidly, for something—heaven knows what—came rattling at my heels. I was cross, but was nevertheless obliged to laugh. Björn was angry when he heard what had happened to me, again opened the door to the entry, clenched his fist at the Adamites, and promised them a ducking if they would not let people alone.

After we had collected ourselves, my Bear had ceased growling, and I laughing, we entered the room and found in a comfortable drawing-room two persons of the appearance usually indicating a certain degree of rank and fortune. It was the major and his wife. The major—an elderly, still handsome-looking man—had a good tempered and well-bred manner.

The Lady was very stout, still young, but not pretty; in her look there was a particularly open and straight-forward expression. Björn introduced "my wife!" and "my wife" was received as cordially as my Bear himself. The gentlemen walked up and down talking together. The ladies were left on the sofa to make nearer acquaintance with each other. She looked at me, and I at her. Her face seemed familiar to me, her voic still more so; this latter especially—which had Finlandish accent—made such an extraordinary im pression upon me, I could not take off my eyes from he I saw a little scar upon her neck and memory su denly recalled an Episode of my former life; I r traced by-gone scenes, which you must contempl with me, in order to understand that which n follows.

First, accompany me to my exploits in the Gymnastic Hall; go back with me as far as a time when I was yet young, when my pulse beat quicker than it does at present (although Björn maintains, that it might run more quickly, yet without being the worse) to a time when I was heartily tired to see always the same sun, the same faces; when I longed with impatience for adventures; when a conflagration or a tumult were real refreshments to me; when the Battle of Prague and the Battle of Fleury were my most favourite pieces of music; when I wept that I was not a man, that I might enjoy a Campaign; when, in a sort of craving for excess, I drank five cups of watery Tea at Chamberlain Arbelt's, whereupon his wife, in a frenzy of generosity, would insist on making me take the sixth.

I was then sixteen, and, fortunate for my restless character, my right shoulder began to project at that time. Gymnastics were then in fashion, as remedies against all manner of defects, and my parents determined to let me try Gymnastics. Arrayed in trimmed Pantaloons, a *Bonjour*-coat of green cloth and a little morning cap with pink ribbon, I made my appearance one day in an assemblage of from thirty to forty figures, dressed almost the same as myself, who were merrily swarming about a large saloon, over ropes, ladders, and poles. It was a strange and novel scene. I kept myself in the back ground the first day, and learned from my governess the "bending of the back," and the "exercise of the arms and legs." The second day I began to be intimate with some of the girls, the third I vied with them on ropes and ladders, and ere the close of the second week, I was the leader of the second

s, and began to encourage them to all manner ricks.

At that time I was studying Greek history: their roes and their heroic deeds filled my imagination, en in the Gymnastic school. I proposed to my band assume masculine and antique names, and in this lace to answer to no other than such as Agamemnon, Epaminondas, &c. For myself I chose the name of Orestes and called my best friend in the class, Pylades. There was a tall thin girl, with a Finlandish accent, whom I greatly disliked, chiefly on account of the disrespect for me and my ideas, which she manifested without reserve; she quizzed this change of names, and in derision called me and my friend, (who were both little) Orre and Pylle. I was extremely vexed at this, for it lowered the enthusiastic spirit with which I wished to inspire the whole troop. My tall enemy did not wish, as she said, to be called any thing else than Brita Kaijsa; I, notwithstanding, continually called her Darius; from this arose fresh causes for quarrels. Although in love with the Greek history, I was no less taken with the Swedish. Charles XII was my Idol, and I often entertained my friends in my class with narrations of his deeds till my own soul was on fire with the most glowing enthusiasm. Like a shower of cold water, Darius one day came into the midst of us, and opposed me with the assertion that Czar Peter I. was much greater man than Charles XII. I accepted th challenge with blind zeal and suppressed rage. My o ponent brought forward a number of facts with coolne and skill, in support of her opinion; and when I, co futing all her positions, thought to exalt my victori

hero to the clouds, she was perpetually throwing Bender and Pultawa in my way. O Pultawa! Pultawa! many tears have fallen o'er thy bloody battle-field, but none more bitter than those which I shed in secret, when I, like Charles himself, suffered a defeat there.

A third spark fell on my smothered imagination, and the flame burst forth. A young, pretty, but lame girl, in whom our masculine costume could not hide the feminine and timid disposition shared my love of heroism, and I declared myself her knight. One day, when I was reciting some verses from Racine, the abominable Darius came forward and said scornfully: "I am your rival!" I cast an annihilating look on my rival, and said contemptuously: "Brita Kaijsa, stick to your needle!" This vexed Brita Kaijsa, and she blushed, whilst my party burst into a roar of laughter. A short time after, I was sitting upon the ladder, and was looking from my elevation at the swarming little crowd beneath me, when suddenly I felt one foot laid hold of by a strong hand; I saw my tall enemy, who had reached up her arm and was holding me fast, whilst she deridingly said: "Holloa, up there! help thyself now as Orestes, or stay on the step and cluck like an "Orre" (Heath-cock)." What Orestes would have done in my situation, I know not, but my wrath, my cries, and my gestures resembled a bird caught in the snare, rather than a captive hero; an indescribable laughter was set up all around me, and threw me into a perfect rage. With a loud voice I called Pylades to my aid, but Pylades looked like a poltroon, and only made some faint remonstrances to my enemy. "I challenge you, I demand satisfaction," cried I to Darius, who only laughed

d! "Bravo, Orre, bravo! Look, that's just the
ı which Czar Peter held fast great Charles XII,
ıder." I was on the point of committing some
rate act, when one of the teachers came, quickly
n end to this scene, and liberated me. But my
. foamed in bitterness, I went to Pylades and said:
u have behaved disgracefully, Pylades, this instant
s with me, I will challenge this great bragger who
insulted me—you shall be my second." Pylades
ted as timid as a hare, but did not venture to re-
e.

I went to Darius, who with provoking indifference
as leaning against a wall and humming to herself.
'ith frowning brow I approached her, and asked:
'What did you mean by your conduct to me just
now?" Brita Kaijsa stared at me indignantly, and
answered carelessly: "What did I mean? why, exactly
what I said, to be sure." "Well then, I have a word
to speak to you," said I enraged,—"You have insulted
me shamefully, and I request that you ask my pardon
in the presence of the whole class, and acknowledge
that Charles XII was a greater man than Czar Peter,
or else you shall fight with me, if you have any honour
n your breast and are not a coward." Brita Kaijsa
blushed, but said with detestable coolness: "Ask par-
lon, indeed? I should never dream of such a thing.
Fight? O yes, I have no objection! but where and
with what? With pins, think you, or—" "With the
sword, if you are not afraid—and on this very spot.
We can meet here half an hour before the rest; arms
I shall bring with me, Pylades is my second, and you
shall appoint your own!" This I said with an air of

great haughtiness. "I shall not trouble myself to get one," answered Brita Kaijsa, with intolerable insolence —"I don't fear being a match for you both."

"You must have a second!" I cried, stamping with my little foot, "it is the rule."

"Very well. Gronvall, come here a moment."

"Elizabeth Gronvall was also a tall girl, stupid and helpless, with pouting lips; she called me, by way of derision, "Nestor." Having been made acquainted with the affair, she consented with an air of great importance to second my opponent.

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock!" I said, going away.

"At nine o'clock!" repeated Brita Kaijsa, with a scornful laugh.

On my way home, I endeavoured to inspire Pylades with courage, and to bind her to secrecy, and being strongly attached to me she promised—after many fruitless expostulations, and with tears in her eyes—to observe silence and be faithful to me unto death.

My blood was in violent commotion; at night, however, I had gone to bed, and when all was still around me, I cannot deny that a kind of surprise and horror seized me at the thought of the deed I was about to commit. But to recant, to forsake Charles XII, to bear the self-incurred disgrace unrevenged, to merit the scorn of my enemy and expose myself to further persecutions,—no! rather die! Then again I thought on the words of the commandment, and on my parents, how they would weep if I perished. My antagonist stood before me, fierce and powerful as Czar Peter, and *I—ah,* I felt indeed I was no Charles XII. At the

thoughts of the tears of my parents, at my own tears falling, and weeping, I fell asleep. On my awaking I found it was already broad day-light, and the clock struck half-past eight. I had almost overslept the time of the duel; but whilst rubbing sleep from my eyes, I felt as if a voice sounded loudly in my ears as through a trumpet, "Nine o'clock!"—I jumped up. The rendezvous stood clear before my memory. In five minutes I was dressed. I took the two small swords, which I had taken the evening before from my brother's room, who was then from home, with me. But suddenly the thought struck me that I ought to have written a letter to my parents, to be ready in case I should fall a victim in the combat. On a strip of paper therefore I wrote in pencil: "My dear parents! on the receipt of these few lines!—" Despair! the clock struck a quarter to nine; I should have been too late, if I had delayed going another instant. I hastily threw the letter just begun into my desk, threw myself like Cæsar into the arms of fortune, and repaired bearing the swords under my mantle, to the Gymnasium.

You may easily imagine that I knew nothing of the art of fencing; but that mattered little to me. To dash blindfold into the adventure appeared to me both simple and easy. Besides, I confess that I reflected as little as possible on the way to the meeting-place. When I had entered the spacious saloon, I found my enemy already there with her second, but Pylades was nowhere to be seen. I was secretly enraged with her. Darius and I saluted each other proudly and distantly. I gave her the first choice of the swords. She took one and flourished it about *quite dexterously*, as if she had

been accustomed to the use of it. I saw myself (in imagination) already stabbed to the heart. At this moment Pylades arrived quite pale and terrified. I cast an angry glance at her, and locked the door.

"For heaven's sake," cried Pylades, "don't murder one another, it is downright madness!"

"Silent!" I called out with anger, and said hurriedly to Darius: "Do you still continue in your obstinacy, not to acknowledge yourself wrong, nor to ask my pardon?"

"I continue so!" said Darius, whilst with unparallelled coolness she proved the temper of her sword by bending it against the ground: "Czar Peter was a great man!"

"Down with him! long life to Charles XII!" I cried, bursting out into a furious rage. I placed myself in an attitude of defence, Darius did the same.

"Stop, stop!" cried Pylades in an agony. "Stop, it is my place to give the signal first!"

"Then be sharp about it!"

"Stop, stop!—I am thinking of something—stop!"

"I'll not wait!" cried I, "my Russian friend, I count one, two, three, and then we begin. One—two—three!—Our swords clashed one against the other, and in the next moment I was disarmed, and thrown on the ground. Darius stood over me, and I believed my last hour had arrived. How astonished was I however, when my enemy threw her sword away from her, took me by the hand and lifted me up, whilst she cheerfully cried: "Well, now you have satisfaction; let us be good friends again; you are a brave little body!"

Pylades sank upon her knees ready to faint. Nes-

tor sat upon the ladder and cried bitterly, I felt utterly bewildered, while I stared at my former enemy, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck.

"You are bleeding!" I called out at length, "I have killed you!"

"Nonsense! a little scratch, which will soon be well again. Besides, I must tell you notwithstanding, that I like the Russians just as little as you do, and that I only feigned all this in order——" She grew pale, faltered, and was obliged to sit down.

"What have I done, O wretched me?" I exclaimed, overwhelmed, I threw myself on the ground by the side of the bleeding one.—"Forgive, oh forgive me!"

At this moment a tremendous noise was heard at the door; Pylades crawled to it, opened it, and in rushed the fencing master and three teachers. My senses now forsook me.

It was not until three weeks afterwards that I ascertained that Pylades had betrayed me, had written that very morning to one of the teachers, and intreated her to prevent my foolish purpose. But the note had been delayed, and consequently the affrighted teachers had arrived too late to prevent the duel.

Brita Kaijsa, for after this I re-christened no one any more, was in a short time perfectly cured of her wound, but I was laid up dangerously ill for upwards of three months. This illness however had a good and salutary effect; it cooled my violent temperament. After being restored to health, I learned that Brita Kaijsa had departed with her friends to Finland, which was their place of residence; that she had visited me several times during my illness, and expressed her sincere re-

gret at having provoked me, and at being obliged to leave Sweden before I had recovered and we could be perfectly reconciled. Nor was I less sorry to have been unable to say a farewell word of friendship to her; but my severe illness (during which I was almost incessantly raving) had greatly weakened old impressions, fresh ones succeeded: death, distress, the necessity of exertion for a maintenance, and many painful circumstances which nevertheless had a salutary influence on my character; in these I forgot the past; enough now of this! —we will return to the present.

Twelve years had rolled on. I had quite lost sight of my former friend, had forgotten my early valour, had learned to appreciate Czar Peter, and to wish well to all men—even to Russians. I had become Björn's well-disposed wife, and was now accompanying him in the Cabriolet on some visits, with as much propriety and modesty as any Mistress Prudentia. Well, Maria! the Major's wife, on whose sofa I now was sitting, the corpulent lady with the earnest open countenance, who seemed strange and yet so familiar to me—who el should it be, but my former thin enemy from the Gy nasium, Darius,—Czar Peter,—in a word Brita Kai Her voice and the scar on her neck were sufficient me perfectly to recognise her. I cannot tell you strange I felt under this discovery. I was confour affected, but my uppermost feeling was that of in amusement, which I longed to vent in exclam and laughter. The spirit of drollery once more came me. I took up a knitting-needle which wa on the table, placed myself in a martial attitud my hostess, and cried: "Long live Charles XII

ght. One, two, three——"

The Major's lady looked at me for a moment, as if e thought I were not in my right senses, and the xt minute she cried: "Czar Peter was a great man!" ok up likewise a knitting-needle, and placed herself an opposing position to me. We then at once dropd our weapons and fell laughing immoderately into ch others arms.

"Now imagine (if you can) Björn and the Major's tonishment at this scene, and you may easily conceive e questions, exclamations, explanations, astonishents, and the laughter.

Brita Kaijsa and I surveyed each other again.

"Good gracious, how aged you are since that time!" e exclaimed.

And you have not grown more civil! thought I to yself; but said, "you, on the contrary, have grown unger in appearance." And so it was, the full mely woman was handsomer by far than the dark inny girl.

When our astonishment, retrospections, and laughg were ended, we fell on the chapter of amusements d youthful pranks in general. The gentlemen were ite vivacious over the reminiscences of their naughty icks and adventures. Brita Kaijsa declared that she d never spent any period of her existence so pleasantly that of her youth. All three unanimously agreed in garding their young days as the golden age of life.

"Yes, yes!" said Björn at length, with a sigh, "it s a happy time, never to return."

"My love!" said I, somewhat teased by this rapous preference of youth, "do not fancy, I beg, that

it has been so overabundantly excellent. Does not the age of childhood appear to men of maturity as a landscape in perspective. It seems so beautiful, only because it is so far distant. I am firmly convinced, that, as a boy, you have had many tedious hours with lectures, scoldings, punishment and restraints, and many distresses from which you are now free!" Björn laughed. "I, for my part, never feel disposed to praise the days of childhood. With me, that time was full of longing to be grown up. Ah, how delightful to be grown up, to escape scoldings for tearing my clothes. Ah, if I were but grown up and could drink coffee every day. Ah, how charming to be grown up and go to balls dressed in gauze and flowers like Mamma! Ah, were I grown up, and might read novels! Ah, ah, were I only grown up! I am firmly convinced, that all children, each in his way, have such longings. And suppose, indeed, that children are at times very happy—to what, I should like to know, does this happiness amount? A transient, partial happiness, of which they are but partly conscious, and for this very reason are able to enjoy it but in part. And when at length we attain the object of our childish longing, when we are grown up, drink Coffee, read Novels, and go to Balls, ah! then cravings for some future good become a part of our existence, and anxiety prevents the peaceful enjoyment of the present; so doubtful you see, is the much extolled happiness of children and youth!"

"Upon my word, Madam Werner is not so far wrong,' said the Major gravely, "and every age no doubt has its grievances. That was a capital remark about th

Landscape in perspective. Yes, Yes! there is some truth in that."

But my Bear looked at me half astonished, half distressed and said; "It seems then that yours was not a happy childhood, Franciska."

"Indeed it was not!" replied I, "I was too restless, too unreasonable ever to be satisfied, and without good sense and repose there can be no real happiness."

"Well said, well spoken;" said the Major.

The Tea was brought in, and at the same time the young gentlemen entered; three hearty, lively, but somewhat boorish young men. They were Brita Kaijsa's step-sons. The young gentlemen talked of hunting, horses and dogs; after which the conversation turned on the new inhabitant of Ramm. "They say he is an American," and, added one of the sons, "they say that he is very rich and has had adventures enough to be the hero of a Novel."

"Aye, to be sure" said our hostess, shrugging her shoulders. "I believe that he is precisely like other people, but you are always exaggerating, Robert."

Robert blushed as if he had committed a breach of propriety. The young Adamites at this moment swarmed in like so many locusts, and rushed to the tea-table, where they tried to seize upon anything in the shape of eatables. The Major's wife endeavoured to establish quiet, by preaching patience to them; but the young Imps took little heed of her exhortations, and would not rest until their demands were satisfied. I wished Björn had seen this, but he was in another room with the Gentlemen. "One ought not to pinch children," said Madam Stalmark, let them have liberty,

and they will be natural and not affected and pedantic as so many are. Have you seen v. P.'s girls? good gracious! how silly they seem to me, when they sit there in their white gloves, and screw their lips together, fancying themselves so elegant and genteel!"

The doors were now thrown open, and a figure entered, to whom the reproach of appearing affected could not well apply. Her hair and dress seemed to have been arranged by the wind. Madam Stalmark cried, "Come hither, Mally!" and introduced her step-daughter. Mally made an awkward boorish sort of courtesy, and rushed precisely like the brotherhood to the Tea-table, where they all soon began to quarrel; and I heard the pretty expressions, "Fie, are you not ashamed? will you let my biscuit alone? You urchin! You disgusting creature! You ill-bred thing!" And then followed loud screaming, "Mamma! Mamma!" But Mamma was quite unconcerned about it. The gentlemen came in, and while the Adamites were eating and abusing each other, we gladly seized the opportunity of getting out of the house with safety to life and limb, and took a hasty leave. Brita Kaijsa and I very cordially shook hands together, and congratulated each other mutually as to our neighbourship. Within myself, however, I formed a secret resolution not to expose myself soon again to the danger of being killed by wood-logs, and entertained with compliments on my aged appearance. The Major escorted me to the carriage. He was very polite, and appeared to be very much pleased with me. On the whole I had been amused with the visit, although I left the house with two little thorns in my side. Would you like to know what these were? In the,

first place I was vexed a little at Björn's expression that he had been so extraordinarily happy in his youth, while he at the same time sighed, as if the present was a heavy time to him. In the second place, I feared that I had spoken too much and too warmly in a place where it was my first visit. I feared Björn might be dissatisfied with me, and be inclined to rejoin "not well! not well!" to the Major's approving exclamation. Gladly would I have discovered his real opinion, but my good man sat quite dumb by my side, looking only at his reins. Well it matters not, I must ascertain it, thought I, and began to consider on the way in which I should introduce the question, but as I did not open my lips, he spoke suddenly, as follows; "I am sorry, Fanny, that you were not happy in your Youth."

"But still more sorry am I," cried I, almost ready to weep, "that you were so excedingly happy in yours; so happy, indeed, that you can never enjoy equal happiness, but must find everything in comparison, burdensome. You were happier with your cricket, than with your wife."

Björn stared at me with a look of surprise, which put me at once at ease. "You little silly thing" said he, "you surely don't believe that. You cannot possibly think me so mad. Yes, those times were certainly good, but these are still better."

"God be thanked!" said I softly but gratefully.

"And yet," continued Björn, "few children have been happier than I. When I remember how the whole world smiled around me, what I felt when I laid on the grass and looked up to the sky, and heard the rustling of the forest; when I think how I roved in

later years through the forests in Ramm, and every thing about me was joy and life; then Franciska, I wish that you had experienced similar sensations, that you had had a like happy childhood and youth."

"But life, Björn, like the years, has sometimes its second summer, and I feel that mine has began."

Björn seized my hand and pressed it. We sat silent, but happy, and the carriage rolled gaily along on the level road. We drove home.

"What a gloomy district," said I, sometime after. "It is not like our valley. Where are we? There is nothing here but hills and woods."

"We are not far from Ramm," said Björn. "I have purposely taken the road through this part of the country, that you might get a view of the spot where I passed my childhood. Besides, the house of itself is worth seeing, the park likewise. I am glad that some one is coming to live here. It is an unpleasant thing to see places deserted where men might live and enjoy life."

"Who can rightly enjoy life here, Björn? Every thing is so black and gloomy here; this long avenue is as dark as a vault; and there at the end of it is the house. It looks like an ancient haunted castle!"

"And yet it has been the scene of much joy, of much happiness; but certainly of a great deal of sorrow, too."

"Has any sad event happened here?"

"Yes—a misfortune."

"How has it healed again?"

"Like the scar," said I, "which grows on closed wounds."

"*True,*" said Björn; "true, heaven be praised! I

have not been here for many years past, and scarcely know myself in it again. And the house,—how black it has grown."

"I assure you this place is haunted! I saw a little grey man peeping out of the window."

"Perhaps the new tenant has already arrived."

"If he is not more lively than the place, than—"

The cabriolet stopped, and we stepped out. With a sort of sensation of profound respect and dread, I looked up to the noble yet gloomy house, which with its three stories, a black tower, and two large wings built uniformly with the facade, resembled an owl lurking for its prey. Oaks of large size grew thickly round about it, and a number of the younger children of the wood, service trees, poplars and willows crowded round the walls up to the windows, like the common people when they wish to see a royal banquet. Towards the left I saw between the trees the glimmering of a silver stream. It was the Helga lake, the same water near which our little Rosenvik lies so pleasantly. In the great court grew a number of weeds; a stone basin was in the centre, where a disabled Neptune surrounded by water green with vegetation, indicated the former existence of a fountain. Every thing looked dilapidated and miserable. But in the house there was a movement, though not of ghosts, as we soon ascertained. The large gate was open, and from a workman who was just coming out, we learned that they were busy in putting every thing in proper order for the new tenant, whose arrival was expected shortly. We entered the house, and I was surprised at the spaciousness of the rooms, and the prospect from the other side of the

building; and was ready to exclaim, like the young lady, "Ah! how heavenly it is here! Trees here and woers there." But I was satisfied to behold the open view over a large pasture, encircled in the distance by wood-grown heights. From the left wing appears the Helga lake extending even to the foot of the wall, which, at this part of the building, rests on a low cliff surrounded by elder bushes. The waves wash gently against the rocks, making a pleasing murmur. In one of the most elegant rooms on this side, I was surprised by the sight of a large, splendid organ, which appeared to have been lately put up.

"Mr. Romilly is very partial to music," said the chief inspector of the workmen, who accompanied us very courteously through the apartments.

"What countryman is he?" inquired Björn.

"A Portuguese," was the reply. "He has been of the party of Don Miguel; has since become the heir of a paternal uncle in the West Indies; and wishes, it is said, to spend his large fortune in our country, which is at present the only peaceful and secure retreat in the world."

"If fortune favours," thought I to myself, "we shall get Don Miguel himself for our neighbour in Ramm."

I could not forbear to try the organ, which had a rich, though almost too powerful tone; but it enchanted me, and I should have been sitting there yet, if Björn had not reminded me that evening was drawing nigh.

"Well, the only pleasant things to me about this house," said I, "are this organ and the prospect towards Rosenvik. I should not like to live here, for all the world contains. But some autumnal evening in

I should like, if you, Björn, were with me,
out the house and see whether there are not
the ancient castles I have read about, some
panels, ghostly shadows, blood-stained stairs,
ine which roll along after one's heels and at
l and disclose a bloody dagger, and—here I
topped, for Björn sighed, and I saw on his
o good-natured placid countenance, so pain-
ession; I became alarmed, trembled all over,
ntarily turned round to see if any of those
s were making their appearance. But, hea-
nked, I saw nothing, and with secret alacrity
ouse with Björn. Just when we had reached
utside, several score of jackdaws flew with a
om the tower over our heads into the wood.
ere it was once so beautiful and so gay!—"
rn. "It was a home for youth, sport, and
sighed again.
hy has it become so changed?" I asked,—
ma chère mère leave a residence, which was
e splendid than Karlsfors, and was as you
ly so gay, and had guests more lively than
-daws?"
se—because—a great misfortune befel her
ot speak to her of Ramm, Franciska; do not
at we have been here. Some other time I
u the reason of this my request. Look at
All this beautiful forest of nearly a mile in
nce, is, or more correctly *was*, a park! The
now most likely overgrown. We will stroll
occasionally."
gloomy indeed, here!" said I. At this

moment a ray of the setting sun broke through and cast a golden lustre on the gray-tinted house, and the dark tops of the forest. I do not know how the name of *Serena* just then came into my mind, as it were a literal interpretation of this sun-beam, but this ray was soon lost in darkness.

"Yes! so it is!" said Björn, as it were to himself, as he stood contemplating with a melancholy smile the suddenly illumined and now re-obscured house. I observed a tear in his eye.

"Silently we seated ourselves in the Cabriolet, and silently we rolled along towards our home. I breathed easier as we came into more open country. As it seemed to me that we had been silent long enough, thinking of that old nest of Jack-daws and misfortunes, I spoke at last and asked: "Björn, where is Serena?"

A smile now played on Björn's countenance, like sunshine in the forest, and he said: "Yes she is a most lovely creature!"

"I have no doubt of that, but where can one get a sight of her?"

"She resides in the town, and is the handsomest and best girl in the whole place."

"But, Björn, you have never mentioned a word about her to me!"

"I like best to let men and things speak for themselves. You shall soon see her. We will pay old Dahls a visit some of these days."

I wished to pursue my enquiries, but a large drop of rain fell on my nose; then came a second, and a third, succeeded by a perfect torrent. We looked for our umbrella it had been left behind and now pocket hand-

kerchiefs and shawls were in requisition to shelter my bonnet. Alas, in vain! My full-dress gauze bonnet, my holiday bonnet, thoroughly spoiled and done for on the way home. The shape, color, brightness, gauze flowers and every thing was wet through and disfigured. But the only sour look called forth by this mishap proceed from—Björn.

Thus ended the first Visiting Day.

THE SECOND VISITING DAY.

What does the bird of passage do? He wanders out into the world and seeks riotously about for a place where he may erect a house,—where he may build and live, for he finds no repose; and who I wonder would find it, until he has made a home, a little world of his own, wherein he may dwell according to his own pleasure in freedom and tranquillity? And when he has at length found the shore and the tree where he likes to settle, he collects leaves, wool, and straw, and prepares a nest for himself; then he goes to rest, sits in his retreat contemplating the world from thence, and sings. Thus he remains till his next passage.

After this introduction, I shall transport you at once to the Bird-cage, to Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel. My heart was not exactly "light as a feather" when I walked up the steps. Those words "malicious" and "ridiculous" laid heavy on my conscience, but from the landing Miss Hausgiebel came flying to meet me, and embraced me smilingly. I returned the greeting most heartily, and thought to myself: Miss Hausgiebel is a person of sense, and the more I saw of the Bird-cage

the more strongly I felt convinced of it.

This diminutive house was a perfect little museum. Excellent eugravings from original paintings of the great masters adorned the walls; fine busts in bronze and plaster were tastefully grouped in one room; in another was the gratification of a library; in another were collections of shells, minerals, and various rare objects of nature disposed under glass-covers. All was fresh and well arranged; wherever the eye was directed it was met by objects which inspired thought and feeling; and the little lively Hausgiebel, who lead us about, skipping all the while, and explaining to us everything most clearly, was not the least interesting speciman in the colleetion.

I was quite glad and revived. "Dear, how delightful it all is!" I exclaimed. "How can any one ever be dull here?"

"My dear Madam Werner," answered Miss Hellevi smartly, "you could not give me greater pleasure than you have now done, for it is just my most anxious wish to keep at a distance that worst of enemies *ennui*, together with its train of vapours and gapings. All my collection in Bird-cage, made during a period of ten years, have been intended solely to preserve my friends and myself in particular, from finding our time to hang heavily; it is my daily employment and delight to bring new straw into my nest, and thus tastefully to improve it. Look at this engraving after Dominichino's St. John, and that head of Venus, in plaster. I received them yesterday, and am quite delighted with them to-day. I am not rich enough to possess myself of the original master-pieces,

ies of them I may obtain, and bring the ideas
artists into my nest, at little cost."
these master-pieces surely are originals!"
whilst entering the little cabinet of natural

," answered Miss Hausgiebel, "and therefore
them as the greatest treasures I possess. The
artist, our adorable Creator, deals with this,
erything *en grand seigneur;* he scatters his
le master-pieces over sea and land, in deserts
n-deeps. The earth is full of them,—men
y go about and gather them."
remark came somewhat unexpected. "Oh,
ausgiebel!" said I, "you are right, the world
nd how much richer might life be, were we all
llectors, and, like you, endeavoured to bring
asures daily,—each one in his way,—a straw
rm it. But we walk about, for the most part
d men, and see nothing."
that's the misfortune! Could the doctors
n this kind of cataract—"
alone would avail nothing," said Björn; "it
ill require some other kind of operation."
l heavens! What do you mean by that,
Verner?"
in many cases the mind suffers incapacity
ness, which—"
e every thing bordering on dullness!" cried
usgiebel, starting up like a scared bird; "the
d of the word sinks like lead into my heart.
trenuously endeavoured to avoid it, and, from
, I have taken my flight up to the Bird-cage;
here, alas! *I have had* to experience that

there is a law in the world, called the law of gravity, according to which, the body must still cleave to the earth. But I have striven to unshackle my spirit, and, therefore, I gather around me objects, which help it to fly like birds about the world, and sip the dew of all the flowers of Paradise. Were I a Corinna or a Madam de Stael, I should probably give up all this, and content myself with my own inspiration. I should sit myself down alone in my Bird-cage, with the lyre in my hand, and, like a nightingale, delight my friends with my own melody; but I am only Hellevi Hausgiebel, scantily endowed in body and mind, and being nevertheless desirous that people should be amused at my house, I have called to aid these fair products of nature and of art. And if, with all this, my guests should tire, I then maintain, that it is their own fault."

Thus spoke the vivacious Miss H., whilst she led us into the garden, where we found hot-houses filled with blooming vines, and peach-trees, and a number of rare and beautiful plants, which Miss Hellevi rears, and calls her children. Bird-cage consists wholly and solely of the house and the large garden, richly stocked with trees and flowers. In a small, most lovely pavillion we partook of a choice collation. In the midst of this, several visitors from town arrived, among whom was Counsellor Hök, who received an especially hearty reception from Miss Hausgiebel. The conversation became general, and soon turned to the future neighbour at Ramm. The most varying reports were repeated and conjectures started about him. They hinted, at the surmise, that he was a spy; but what he intended to spy out no one could say. To an infinite

r of amusing suspicions, Miss Hausgiebel said: :ell you what good people, I'll lay a wager, that much-talked of neighbour is,—simply a decent who is tired of his native country, and wishes to away his time in Sweden, by shooting hares and

I have been sitting here for the last ten years, dcage, and have seen neither spies nor renegades, roes of romance. I believe these kind of people are nally decreasing in the world. On the other I have seen many people who are tired of them-, and who seek only to dissipate the tedium of nce. Heaven grant that this class might like-oon be at an end. At the same time, I have no ion to our new neighbour being of the first class; it is just what I wish; it would enliven the neighbourhood, and give rise probably to an ıting romance."

this chapter the conversation dwelt at some , and was very animated. Miss Hausgiebel is those singularly rare persons who really enliven ation, and elicit bright remarks from others. very much astonished to see Björn so witty. He Miss Hausgiebel criticised and bantered each cleverly, like two old friends. When we wished way, Miss Hellevi accompanied us to the garden-

I felt anxious to make some little apology for pressions which I had so incautiously used at st meeting.

lieve she read my wishes in my eyes, for she me by the hand, and said very kindly: "My t Madam Werner, you will often come again to rd-cage, I trust. I mind nothing about people

saying that the old maid Hellevi Hausgiebel is ridiculous and malicious. I have heard the report myself. My hair will not turn grayer on that account than it is already, but I should like to appear in a more amiable light to you, therefore I venture to entreat your frequent return; and Doctor Werner will accompany his lady I hope; I feel better if I only see him. But, mark me well, I shall not press you. I hate all pressing in society; and should you, dearest Madam Werner, say at any time to your husband: 'Ah, dearest, I suppose we must pay the old Miss Hellevi a visit; its true she is extremely wearying, but she has asked us so often,' I beg you, for heaven's sake, then, not to come. And if, moreover, you should never visit Hellevi Hausgiebel any more, she will, notwithstanding, say the Werners are delightful people, and it would be a happiness to her to see them often.

'But," said I, "the Werners are less liberal, they *insist* upon seeing you at Rosenvik, and would reproach you if you did not come very soon."

"Is it possible? Well, then I'll come the first minute I can." And the little lively person kissed her hand and flew away. Miss Hausgiebel has a remarkable likeness to a bird; all her movements are quick, but too rapid to be graceful.

While the Cabriolet trotted along with us in the cool fine summer's evening, I endeavoured to satisfy myself clearly of the impression which the Bird-cage and its possessor had made upon me. I had been agreeably entertained; I liked Miss Hausgiebel; first, because she had pardoned my stupidity so cordially; and secondly, on account of her Bird-cage; and her philosophical

way of life: but I was not quite satisfied; one objection after another kept rising up in my mind against the Bird-cage, then followed in succession endless counter-arguments in its favour; so in order at last to extricate myself from this indecision, I determined to bring Björn into the discussion.

"The Bird Cage," I began, "is exceedingly neat and clean, but—"

"Well, but?"

"But I feel the absence of a something in this little museum, when I look at it as a home. I mean that altogether there is something dry, something egotistical in the general appearance of the place."

"How so?" inquired Björn, and grew attentive.

"How shall I say?—it seems to me as if the heart must get dried up by this love of shells and stones. Whom does Miss Hausgiebel render happy by all the care and devotion of her life? Whom does she benefit by it?"

"Dear Franciska!" said Björn, "we should take care not to judge too severely, nor to consider the word useful in too narrow a signification. It is true Miss Hausgiebel lives a pleasant life to herself, but she imparts pleasures also to her friends. Without Miss Hellevi and her Bird-cage this part of the country would be wanting in one of its pleasantest attractions; Miss Hausgiebel's Wednesdays' *Soirees* are agreeable and interesting, we will pay her a visit some day."

"Yes, Björn; it is well that she entertains people agreeably, very well that some one is kind enough to undertake the task, but still it appears to me, that the Bird-cage would have been doubly agreeable, if it had

something—what shall I say?—something of human affectionate interest about it."

"There is no lack of that, even, although it is concealed."

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Hausgiebel has a younger sister who has made a bad match, and has thereby been very unfortunate. When she became a widow, and lost her property, Miss Hausgiebel took her and her daughter to her, and became their benefactor and kind friend. This lady who is an estimable mother, grew misanthropic under her misfortunes. Were you ever to visit the upper story of the house, you would see a life of retirement, which presents a no less interesting picture of life, than Miss Hellevi and her Museum;—then the two sisters are most affectionately attached."

"If there are eggs of this sort in the Bird-cage, I am perfectly satisfied with it. You see now, dear Björn, without loving human hearts, I can picture to myself no happy dwelling, even were it filled with works of art and precious stones. Long life, therefore to Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel and her Bird Cage!'

THE THIRD VISITING DAY.

"A poor day in a rich house! The house would be splendid, but it is only fine. The master wishes to be a *grand seigneur*, but lords it only with his chandeliers and french tapestry. The lady of the house wishes to be thought of the highest fashion, and to shine in con-

versation; from all which proceed a strange jumble of inconsistencies. The daughters pretend to be educated, talented, *naive*, and speak a kind of jargon, displaying utter vacuity of mind. The son wants to be a man of consequence, and is a fair, diminutive young gentleman, with thin carefully curled hair. The whole family are full of unsuccessful pretensions.

"A great inheritance, a patent of nobility (N.B. Herr v. P. says that he has taken up his German title in the Swedish); and a journey to Paris have raised this family—in their own ideas—to the high point of distinction. Two years ago they settled in Britenberg, stayed there during the summer, fitted up a splendid house, and wished to be like eagles among the small birds of the place; but they were obliged, to their astonishment, to perceive that *ma chère mère* looked down upon them.

"Madam Von P. was a very polite lady, but a certain air of condescending civility towards myself, deprived her courtesy of its value. Several young gentlemen were on a visit, and talked and laughed much with the Misses Emilie and Adele, who in the most elegant toilette and french gloves, sat and bowed their heads, as if they moved on springs. Madam v.P. inquired of me after Madam Mansfeldt, investigated my degree of relationship with her, and as the result of the examination discovered, that I was not in the most distant manner related to *ma chère mère*. I had never thought of this before, and it almost pained me to perceive it. The conversation then turned on Stockholm, and society there, and behold! all Madam v. P.'s acquaintances and intimate friends were Counts and

Countesses. I heard a great deal of the Count L'sl family, she had lately been in Britenberg, the v. P.'s h been invited to spend part of the summer at Count L in H—nas, the v. P's had made up a party last sur mer to go with Count L's to Uddevalla. And they h lived together at Gustavsberg. The Countess L. wa remarkably charming person, whom Madam v. P. lov like her own sister. The young Countesses L. we most lovely polished girls, *toute a fait comme il faut.*

"Do you know the Countess L's family, Mada Werner?"

"No!" Madam Werner was obliged to confess th she had not the honor.

"The L's are visited by the best society in Stoc holm: I was there introduced by Baron N's famil probably they are known to you?"

"No."

"Indeed? They are quite *Bon Ton;* but if I am n mistaken, I have met you in company one evening Count B's."

"Impossible, for I have never been there."

"But I fancied so just now; pardon me—may I ta the liberty to ask your family name, Madam Werner

"Buren.—"

"Buren,—Buren.—An ancient family of title, I b lieve?"

"I don't know: I believe—(I blushed; I knew th my family was not noble; but a wretched petty wea ness had come over me).

"Ah! yes," continued Madam v. P. consolingly, " is most assuredly a noble name, but in disturbed tim every thing is easily confounded. Our family, for e

is noble and of ancient German descent,
even been princes and landgraves of this
nily I say, had as it were, forgotten their
ıd quite in obscurity in Sweden, till Count
husband: "It won't do any longer my
ou with your large fortune and your ser-
ı have a seat and voice in the House of
l Count L. said a great deal more of the
ı would enable us to assert our claim to
e matter is in itself trifling, especially in
me. Those who advance with their time,
e that manners form at present the true
and that acquirements are as good as a
ɔility. We live in an enlightened age,
m Werner; and my friend, the Countess
d, 'Education always gives the real rank.'
e, one ought indeed always to rejoice, and
n that one is not called Backström, or
ifgren, Sjögren, and so forth. To have a
d have a good property, is always a lucky
have a high situation assigned to us by
we may more easily select our acquaint-
tain access to certain circles. Amalie L.'s
ıd.—Do you know the Countess W?"
a little."
she not a dear creature? Amalie says
ır vaut mieux que moi. I am glad that you
distinguished lady. Ah, do mention to
e of your acquaintances in Stockholm;
/ so happen that you know mine also."
ıy weakness, Maria, I searched in my
ts and Countesses. I believe I was in-

fected with Madame v. P's love of fine people. At last I mentioned the Baroness R.

Madam v. P. assumed an air of contempt. "Dont know her," said she, most likely *retiree du monde*. At Count L.'s and at our house one always finds the best society. The *corps diplomatique* are quite at home at L.'s and at our house."

Suddenly I got sight of Björn, who stared at me with a most disapproving grimace; this, as well as my unsuccessful attempt with the Baroness R. drove all assumption of high acquaintance out of my head, and in order to conquer my weakness and at once set myself clear, I named the family of His Excellency O. as one of my acquaintainces in Stockholm.

Madam v. P. paused a little. "Oh, indeed!" she said slowly. "Well, I have also been there,—once or twice."

"Oh, I was there two, even three times a week" said I smiling.

"Indeed—a most distinguished house. Perhaps the Countess O. is one of your intimate friends, my dearest Madame Werner.

"No I saw her very seldom. I gave her daughters lessons in Music.

"Oh—indeed!—for friendship's sake, no doubt."

"No, for remuneration. I was poor and got my livelihood by it."

Madam v. P. blushed and appeared quite emoarrassed. But Björn smiled, and cheered by that, I proceeded: My brother-in-law Bergwall, and my friend Madam Wallquist, procured me through the medium of Miss R., the governess in the house of Madam O.

situation of teacher of music to the daughters of isexcellent family."

"Oh, indeed—indeed"—said Madam v. P. evi-ntly surprised, and cried, turning the conversation; dear children! won't you play and sing a little of mething to us? something of one of those pieces which ou have sung with the young Countesses L."

The yong ladies did not stir, till several of the young entlemen supported Madam v. P's. request, and then sung French and Italian pieces, which they entirely spoiled by their affected and tasteless manner. Meanwhile Madam v. P. spoke of Coloritt, of Weber, Rossini and Meyerbeer. "Weber," said she, is bizarre; Rossini poor in melody, but Meyerbeer excels both. He is in truth *le prince de la musique.* You must not think, Madam Werner, that I do not highly esteem the exercise of an art of whatever kind it may be. In my opinion, it is art alone that makes us live a more exalted life, and therefore I have given my daughters the same education which I myself received; they know four languages, have various talents, and we have lately taken a journey to Paris, in order to perfect their acquirements. Have you been in Paris, Madam Werner?'

"No."

Then I would advise you to go there as soon as possible! *On vit a Paris mais on vègète ailleurs.* Adele, my darling, do sing that short piece once more, which Count B. has sent you. Do you know Count B., Madam Werner?"

"No."

"He is coming to us in the summer—a most dis-

tinguished young man."

"Do you know Mr. Dahl's family?" I now asked in turn, vexed at being always the questioned party.

"No—a little—we move in such different circles. Very nice people, I believe. I have met with them once by chance in company. A Merchant—dear, what do they call them?—Dall—Dalhens, they are not much in the higher society of this place.

"Because they are too old, I should suppose. I have heard a great deal about their grand-child Miss Löfwen. She is said to be very amiable."

"The girl is very nice looking, but a poor little ailing creature, she wo'nt live long. The whole family are weakly."

"Poor ailing little creature?" I repeated in astonishment to myself, "what in the name of—"

But I had not much time to wonder, for one of the Gentlemen mentioned the new neighbour of Ramm (soon I shall be sick of hearing of the new neighbours) and Madam v. P. who apparently in a sort of fear lest the conversation should flag, took up the subject and treated it as follows:

"Ah, he is said to be an interesting man, a real *Hèros du roman.* He is called *Romanus* or *Romulus*, and is an Italian of a princely race. He assassinated his first wife and eloped with a handsome English lady to America. Then he fought a duel with her brother, whom he killed, upon which his beloved died of grief. At present he is wandering all over the world to drown his sorrow, and to do good. His beneficence is said to be as great as his fortune."

I sat with my mouth wide open.

ı adventures"—continued Madam v. P. speaking
ctedly—are so extremely suited to our eccen-
passionate times, that one cannot judge them
g to the laws of a rigid morality. Deeply sen-
ıssionate, if I may be allowed the expression.
ı natures demand a standard of their own.
ht to take the climate into consideration and
ɔct from the man who lives under the warm
ıe South what is required of the inhabitants of
hern clime."
ıurprised at Madame v. P's. speech, and chiefly
expression—"our eccentric and passionate
ıt I soon perceived that Madam v. P's. know-
the world was altogether derived from novels.
Maria, I only reprehend her novel reading,
ıive of more improving studies. In their due
ıt novels, novel-readers, and novel-writers
especially as I happen to be one.
revenons a nos moutons! The young ladies
avered, and appeared to have forgotten that
ıuch a word as "leave off." I went up to them,
wicked enough to ask if they could also sing a
song? to which they replied "no."—Then they
f Paris, of Malibran, of fashions, and—I can-
e their remarks.
ıtion, superficial acquirements, arrogance, how
o I detest you all! and, therefore, I will now
this owlet's nest.
n v. P. took leave of me with many civilities,
ıpressed, and did not beg me to repeat my
suspect that my music-teaching, and my ac-
ɔes with names ending with—valle and quist,

satisfied her that I did not belong to her circ

Well—she may be right. On our way hon waggons loaded with furniture for the new r If this man, after all that has been said abo only a respectable common-place man, then very angry.

J

Yesterday evening we were at home, and of it we were. Björn was working away like a carpenter, and I was reading to him what I ha on the subject of our visits. He was am laughed, but censured me for having wr severely about several persons. He was n satisfied with my judgment of the v. P.—

"You call them a succession of unsuccessfu said he; "and as yet you have only seen th My sweet Franciska, it is very difficult to rectly of character even after long acquaint therefore impossible, to form a just opini single visit; besides, men display the differently under different circumstances. many affected and ridiculous in company, w admired on their sick-bed. Many, on son tedious and assuming, whom I have after agreeable and modest. Many people in time in singularities, which they afterwa lay aside. Many conceal their better q perform the noblest actions, whilst the w the fool's cap which they choose to wea may possibly be with this family.'

"Granted, granted, dear Björn; and you if I get a sight of this fair side of th

most glowing colours."
ld it not be better in the meantime to keep
dts more in the shade? By such rash judg-
these it is that we injure our neighbours, for
o listen to them do not stop to consider that
: does not condemn the whole man."
:t are your wishes, Björn? You make me quite
oly. Shall I throw the whole scribble into
"
let it alone now. The same reflections that
just been making, will most probably occur to
der."
make this more sure, Björn, as well as to re-
r conscience, I shall note down this little
tion for her."
his I have, herewith, done, dear Maria. Ah!
shall always remain a thoughtless creature,
from first impressions. Forgive me, and still
tind to your—

FRANCISKA.

III.

THIRD LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

June 1

"I am returning again from a better world. I been in a heavenly land! Would you like to l what I saw there? Well, a patriarch and his wif very sight of the venerable old couple rejoice heart. Serenity smoothes their aged brows. C fulness and wisdom sit upon their lips, and in gaze one may read love and peace. Around then a company of angels; blooming young maiden younger children—one of these who fully respond my idea of a seraph, particularly claimed my atte not because all seemed attached to her, nor fo beauty, for she was not handsome; but becaus looked so innocent and affectionate, and becaus seemed to live entirely for others. Now she wa cupied with the patriarchs, and mutual love beam their looks. Now she snatched up the angel-chi in her arms, kissed and caressed them. Now she with the fair young girls with animation and affe She was a celestial creature, whose sole happ seemed to consist in loving. She beckoned th tendants, and nectar and delicious fruits were ha round, and she herself took care that the chi should obtain as much as their little hands could

ı her fair, moderately arched brow, shone a ray of ty which touched my heart, and filled me with the , of a heavenly vision. The glance of her fine blue was bright and kind, and it had that bashful, quiet, enious expression which pleases us so much in ldren. I have never seen a look which expressed much of goodness. Now and then a glance beamed ɔm that benign eye, which seemed to tell that her hole existence was made up of bliss. Her hair was ght brown, incomparably radiant and beautiful; her omplexion white and transparent. I have never seen ı form which displayed more the nobility of the soul, nor a being who reminded one more of music. I learned that this lovely girl is called Serena, and that those children were assembled to celebrate her birth-day. They all attached themselves to Serena. All wanted her, all wished to hear her, and to be heard by her.

"Ah, Serena," said the little angel-girls, "sing us the Little Flower-Girl's song—that beautiful, sweet song!"

"Ah, Serena," entreated the children-angels, "play to us, that we may dance."

"I will do everything for you that you wish," replied the sweet Serena. "What shall I do first? I think I must obey the children and play a dance, and then we will ask the stranger-lady for that pretty song, for I am sure she will sing it better than I."

And Serena sat down to play, the young ones danced, and the old ones smiled, for it was delightful to see them.

After the dance the fruit-baskets were handed round again, and Serena requested me in the name of all, t sing the "Little Flower Girl." I went to the piar

forte. The whole little party with oranges in their hands crowded round me; their rosy cheeks and cheerful countenances animated my voice; and when I had finished, I heard from all sides: "Ah! once more, once more."

And I sang once and twice more; the little angels were never satisfied in listening to "the Little Flower Girl." The patriarchs thanked me for the song as heartily as the angels, and thanked the author.

Serena introduced games. You should have seen the joy and mirth they produced. I sat near the patriarchs. During the game one of the heavenly little angels, who, however, possessed a good share of terrestrial avidity, stole into the room in which I sat, and took of the refreshments which her sister had put by. Serena, who at this moment was pouring out negus to the patriarchs, followed the child with her eye. She then went softly up to her, lead her to one side, took her upon her lap, and said with a serious, yet kindly look:

"Why have you taken your sister's apple, little Eva? Was that right? Was that a good action?"

Little Eva terrified and ready to cry, stammered out: "Why, she had two, and I had none."

"Because you had eaten yours; but in no case had you any right to take of your sister's fruit."

"I thought that no one saw it!" answered the weeping little one.

"If nobody here saw you, yet God saw you, and he does not love children who do what is wrong. Go now and put the apple down again, my little Eva!"

Little Eva went and laid the apple down; (would to

hat the first Eve had done the same,) the
down her face, whilst she said to Serena:
ı never more be kind to me again?"
you promise me, never to take any thing
does not belong to you, without permission?"
ıa with a gracious, serious look.
ndeed!" sobbed the child, "I will never do

I will love you again, and you shall again be
ttle Eva!" said Serena; she took the child
n her lap, and let it cry out on her breast.
ttle scene which I had witnessed furtively,
nversing with the old people, gave me a
ich I never shall forget.
ls also, mention was made of the expected
tamm, but not with silly conjectures; some-
l and noble, which he is reported to have
spoken of: "The man is certainly not Don
and there was joy in heaven over the

vas a little sparrow in this little heaven; such
I have never seen. It was tame and social.
angels were particularly delighted with it.
ı a laugh, a cry of delight, when the sparrow
t their little heads; and the name of "Gull-
gul!" (golden or as yellow as gold) was re-
exulting choruses.
laying, dancing, singing, and laughing con-
e whole of the evening. Once the angelic-
and formed, under the direction of Serena,
und the patriarchs. Bear and his little wife
d themselves surrounded by the fair and

happy circle; then they again, with song, divid form fresh groupes.

Agreeable and lovely as it was in this he we were nevertheless obliged to think of returni our little earthly home, and, after we had supped the angels, we went away in the cabriolet. But the erable patriarchs and the fair Serena first entreate cordially and earnestly to come again and spe whole day with them, that we were obliged to them our promise to do so. I confess, that no could be more agreeable to my wishes. I could of nothing on our way home, but of Serena, ar asleep with her pure image in my soul.

Perhaps I shall, some day, see this house in a prosaical light, and then you shall receive a less picture. Life has its every-day, as well as its fe garb. For the present, I only know that I enjoyed a heavenly vision.

June

It may be good abroad, but it is better at hon have thought of this a hundred times during happy days spent tranquilly at home. I am t my Bear and my little animals; my work pro Six hens, three ducks, and two turkey-coch now my intimate acquaintances. To-day I stroked and fed my cows. Splendid creatures! largest and finest one I have christened *Ana* in memory of the fair Northern Mythos, of I had been reading in the symbolic doctri Eddas.

My Björn is a singular being; whilst I wea from his little faults, he wins—heaven knows ho

increasing power over me. This much is certain, that he is excellent and sensible. Yesterday evening he came, with his pipe in his mouth, into the drawing-room, but stood at the door and made a sly inquiring grimace, whilst he was watching me. I ran up to him, took him with his pipe in my arms, and pulled him into the room. I was so happy that his pipe did not hate the drawing-room. But too great familiarity—

June 19th.

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel—exuberant spirits—supper at Svanö;—this was our afternoon yesterday.

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel is a lively clever creature, but almost too lively for me. She reminds me of preserved ginger; if taken occasionally it is refreshing; one calls it delicious! but it does not do every day. Bjorn, come here, darling!—What do you say to this simile?

"That it is wicked, and that you are ginger yourself, you monkey!"

"Ginger? That's what you are, you Bear!"

June 20th.

The sisters-in-law are arrived. Yesterday morning, just when Björn and I had been squabbling, a note came from *ma chère mère*, inviting Björn and me to supper; first, because she wished to see us; secondly, because she wanted us to be with her to receive the relations, who were expected at Karlsfors that evening. She added: "If the little woman would come somewhat earlier, I should be glad of it, and will therefore send my bay-horses with the Norrköpings-carriage to Rosenvik. This time I'll take it upon my conscience to separate man and wife, but if they can both come together

I shall be so much the happier."

I was very curious about the brothers and sisters-in law. Björn was quite happy at the thought of seein his beloved brother, Peter, again. On account o several patients however, he could not go to Karlsfor before the evening. I therefore went alone in th Norrköpings-carriage, which went much better tha the Heaven-chariot.

I found Counsellor Hök at *ma chère mère's*. H comes regularly once a week and dines at *ma chèr mère's*, and brings journals and law papers from th town, where he lives; for *ma chère mère* is very fond o law, and is engaged in many law suits. They have good deal to say about her affairs, into which he enter more heartily than if they were his own. The conver sation begins at coffee time, (for during dinner *ma chèr mère* is a most attentive hostess to all her guests,) an lasts till six o'clock in the afternoon. Then *ma chèr mère* says: "Now, counsellor, we will take a walk." After this, both rise and begin to walk up and dow the large saloon, side by side. This period is regarde as a truce to business. The promenaders do not ex change a single word, but *ma chère mère* walks with he hands behind her back, and repeats continually, in lo whisper to herself, "Trallala, trallala, trallala, trallala trallala, trall!" This promenade, which is calle "Trall," lasts about half an hour; after which *ma chèr mère* says: "Now, counsellor, we will sit down!" An now they sit down, and resume their conversation, bu not again on the subject of business, but about ol times and persons then living; they relate anecdote and drink tea. Thus have they for upwards of twenty

ırs been promenading, trallaling and chatting to-
her. At times the counsellor is remarkably absent.
places himself, for example, within a door or against
loor, and stands there, lost in thought, without
ving from the spot for hours; sometimes at table,
en he is pouring out wine or water, he does not
ice whether the glass is full, but keeps pouring
ıy, till it runs on the table-cloth. *Ma chère mère* is
particularly well satisfied with this, as you may
ily believe, but she never says a reproachful word
ut it to Counsellor Hök, only jokes with him about
"poetic distraction." However, she is generally
y quick in anticipating his wishes, when she sees
long hand reaching over to a decanter or bottle.
ut I am letting my pen run like a wild-duck from
thing to another. I stopped at the evening of my
tive's arrival. *Ma chère mère* had herself and house
ıoliday array. The helmet sat pompously and
ıdly upon her serious forehead, and with the air
step of a general, she marched at the side of
nsellor Hök through the large appartment. They
e occupied with the "trall." All the doors were
ı, domestics in livery were bustling about the
s. Every thing wore a highly festive appearance.
Welcome, my dear Franciska!" said *ma chère mère*,
ı a proud demeanor, reaching me her hand. "You
now make the acquaintance of your new relations;
hall soon see what sort of young women they are;
ıpy yourself in the mean time as you like, my love,
st I finish my trall."
availed myself of the opportunity this permission she
e me to inspect the rooms prepared for the sisters-

in-law. I found the coarse toilet-covers exchanged for much finer ones. I was delighted with *ma chère mère* for that. The rooms were in all respects completely furnished; everything was neat, substantial and comfortable; but I missed the little poetic embellishments, all those graceful superfluities, without which life and time are but bare and tasteless. *Ma chère mère* (thought I,) will leave them to the young occupants, she will let them embellish their own little world according to their own fancy. But though I acknowledged that this way might probably be the best, I had nevertheless an irresistable inclination to anticipate the tastes of the sisters-in-law. I went into the garden, gathered a quantity of flowers, which grew their in abundance, wove some garlands, and hung them on the toilet mirror. I arranged also flowers in the glasses, and was delighted with the pleasing effect. At this moment I heard a sharp voice say behind me: "So, so, little one it pleases you to invade my garden, and to spoil my flowers! What do you think I shall say to that?" I turned round and beheld with terror *ma chère mère's* severe countenance, the expression however quickly changed; and laughing and patting me on the cheek she added: "Come, come, only don't look so serious, I only mean that you are poetical, and that if you like to poetize and fill your sister-in-law's rooms with all sorts of trumpery it is your business and not mine. Your work, I must needs say notwithstanding, looks very pretty, I see you are not without taste, my dear. Will you have a cup of tea now? then come with me; for my commanding officer (so *ma chère mère* terms *her stomach*), does not feel disposed to wait for the

young gentry. Hök is planted in the saloon, in one of his reveries, but we will rouse him."

I accompanied *ma chère mère*, and when I entered the saloon, I heard Björn's steps in the adjoining room. I had only just time to whisper to *ma chère mère*; "if he should ask after me, say that you have not seen me!" and I stole quickly behind an open door. *Ma chère mère* nodded assent to my little joke, and my husband entered. Almost at the same moment that he saluted and kissed *ma chère mère's* hand, he asked: "Where is my wife?"—"I don't know anything about that,"—said *ma chère mère* very gravely,—"I have not seen her at all." "Good heavens! where is she then?" said Björn with a mien of such alarm and concern that I could not bear to see it, and when, after having looked round on all sides, he turned to leave the room, I rushed up to him and caught him in my arms. Ah, how sweet it is, to feel one's-self beloved! Ha, ha, ha, ha! and *ma chère mère* laughed loudly out at our embracing.

Björn was quite in good humour, he had found his little wife again, and expected soon to embrace his beloved brother. *Ma chère mère* took her seat at the bottom of the large saloon, in her great arm-chair of red damask; made me sit by her, and afterwards seated Björn, Counsellor Hök, and Tutten in a semi-circle around her.

I saw that *ma chère mère* wished to have an imposing scene, and to make an impression on the young ladies.

In order to get up to her they were obliged to traverse the whole length of the saloon. I do assure you, that my whole heart beat with sympathy for them, and

I inwardly praised Björn's kind consideration in having presented me, unprepared as I was, to *ma chère mère* by which he saved my character the cruel ordeal of an imposing introduction, which is my greatest dread and abhorrence.

Ma chère mère's strong nerves prevent her being able to form any conception of such feelings; whilst we sat at our posts, she related with animation the history of her first presentation at Court, how she had a long time previously practised herself in courtesying to five chairs, and how these courtesies were afterwards performed before the crowned heads. *Ma chère mère* described the whole of this scene and the principal personages in it, in so lively and distinct a manner, that I forgot where I was, and why I was sitting there. But now the rolling of a carriage was heard, *ma chère mère* was silent, I felt anxious and rose up, Björn did the same. *Ma chère mère* laid her weighty hand in the way of interdiction on my arm, and said to us, "Sit still! the old woman wishes to be the first to welcome them to her house, the old woman will await them here." She looked quite solemn, and I sat myself down again with a throbbing heart. Björn hesitated, but as soon as a bustle and voices were heard below, he said,—"That is Jean Jacques!" and seated himself likewise. Now steps were heard, and a servant announced with a loud voice: "Baron Jean Jacques and the lady Baroness!"

We heard the rustling of a silk dress, and in came, accompanied by a gentleman, a lady about my own age but taller than I. She looked quite *comme il faut*, walked quickly, and with a certain modest self-possession, up

the room as far as *ma chère mère*, who raised herself majestically, walked a few steps towards the newly-arrived, and looked extremely imposing. The sister-in-law courtsied very profoundly, and kissed *ma chère mère*'s hand, as I had done. *Ma chère mère* kissed her in return, but only on the forehead, and embraced and welcomed her as the young wife. She then saluted Jean Jacques in the same manner as she had formerly saluted Björn; after which the new relatives were introduced to us. I took my seat next to my sister-in-law. At first we were a little agitated, but soon composed ourselves, became quite intimate, and began an agreeable conversation. Jane Maria pleased me much, very much. She is not handsome, but has a look of superiority, and a very fine figure. Her manners and address indicate much benignity and good sense. Her dress was likewise very suitable and becoming; a brown silk pelisse, over it a large gold chain with a watch, a simple but fashionable cap with pale blue ribbons, which suited very well with her light hair and complexion. I like a woman who understands how to dress, it is a mark of good sense and taste.

"But where is Peter?" Björn had now cried at least seven times successively, ere yet the first salutations were over. At length Jean Jacques answered: "Peter will not arrive yet, if he comes at all this evening; Ebba took a fancy to lie down to sleep at C., where we dined, and she would by no means have herself distured. My wife and I were at last obliged to leave her behind, that *ma chère mère* might not be disappointed in her expectation of seeing us this evening. Ebba, it seems to me, might have slept in the carriage very well, for

she does not care for scenery, and sits always with her veil down." *Ma chère mère* wrinkled her brows a little, but Björn frowned outright. I looked at Jane Maria, who smiled emphatically. Almost at the same instant we heard the roll and stopping of a carriage. "There he is!" cried Björn, who started off like a bomb-shell, and rushed out to meet his beloved brother, before *ma chère mère* could detain him. She shook her head, and looked angry, but I was pleased with my Bear for loving his brother so dearly.

Now behold my sister-in-law, No. 2.

A little, slender figure moves in conceitedly, but gracefully. Her eyes are half closed, her little straw bonnet hangs over her arm; the little cap with pink ribbons sits on one ear, and lets a few curls of dark-brown hair droop out on the other, as it were, accidentally. Her husband follows her with his eyes, whils at the door he is again embraced by Björn. *Ma chè mère* rises as before, majestically, and advances thr paces to meet the little sylph; but to the astonishme of us all, the latter, without looking up, passes her, a throws herself carelessly into the arm-chair, wh *ma chère mère* had just left, exclaiming, "Oh dea am so tired, so tired, so warm, almost ready to di Her little silk pelisse flew back, and exposed a white french cambric dress, from beneath which pe out a pair of the most lovely little feet and ancles

You should have seen *ma chère mère*. She st if thunder-struck; but Peter hastened forward Ebba's hand, and endeavoured to raise her fr chair, whilst he whispered, "Ebba, for heaven' *think* what you are doing for my sake! Eb'

ma chère mère!

"Heavens!" cried Ebba, waking as it were out of a dream, and looked up with a pair of fine dark eyes to *ma chère mère*, just as one looks up to a church-steeple. *ma chère mère*, on her part, approached her with a mien which seemed to say, "What sort of a strange little creature are you?"

When *ma chère mère* came quite close to Ebba, the latter suddenly tore her hand out of Peter's, skipped upon the chair, flung both her arms round *ma chère mère's* neck, and kissed her with the sweetness and freedom of a child. This appeared to make a peculiar impression on *ma chère mère*. With both her great hands she clasped Ebba's slender waist, lifted her up high, took her upon her arm as a child, and walked with her under the chandelier, now shining in the rays of the declining sun, and inspected the little seraph head under the splendour of the bright sunshine. Ebba laughed, we were all obliged to laugh, and now *ma chère mère's* rough Ha, ha, ha! was heard sounding above all the rest. She patted and pinched the pretty, naughty child on the cheek, till the latter compressed her fine dark eyebrows, and impatiently cried, "Let me go!" But *ma chère mère*, who probably wished to punish her a little, carried her about, still joking with her as with a child; and only when the tears came into her eyes, shook her good-naturedly, kissed her forehead, and sat her down on the floor, *ma chère mère* afterwards greeted Peter with the following words: "My dear son, punish your wife, or she will punish you."

Ebba saluted me most ungraciously, did not once even look at Björn, but threw herself on a sofa, and

stared about the room, and at us, with an air of indifference. *Ma chère mère* suffered all this to pass off; but I saw a look which said plainly, in my opinion, "We'll bring you to your senses, you little pert thing!"

Ebba is however, from head to foot, the most beautifully formed little creature that I ever beheld. She is more like a fairy than a human being; but her face is disfigured by a kind of supercilious and pert look, which especially plays about the lightly inflated nostril, and the small pouting mouth. She is certainly very young yet, but appears to me to be a child, whose training must have been most difficult. Björn seemed to participate in this opinion, and he looked at her and at Peter with an air of the deepest concern. The latter is apparently enamoured, beyond measure, with his whimsical little wife, who does not seem to care much for him. Nor can I be in the least surprised that he is not able to win the love of such a young and childish being. He is plain, has a very large nose, and his sandy hair stands out towards all the points of the compass. He is taciturn and reserved; but his eyes are fine, and have a speaking look, full of soul and feeling. He sa the whole evening as it were, retired within himsel now and then he squeezed Björn's hand, and often ca a glance at his little wife, who had fallen asleep on t sofa. The evening would have appeared rather lo but for the company of Jean Jacques. He has lat been on the Continent, and described to us many v interesting novelties; he told us of mechanical inv tions, of railways, the tunnel under the Thames, etc

Jean Jacques is handsome, he speaks rapidly, appears to be full of life and information. *Ma chère*

r much entertained by his communications, and
stened to them with great interest; I felt sorry
errupted by the announcement of supper. We
ound for Ebba, she was lying on the sofa in a
eep, and was indescribably lovely as she lay
ke a rose-bud between green leaves. I ex-
this as we stood around her. Peter thanked
a bright look. He stooped down, kissed Eb-
ek in order to wake her, and said, "Ebba, my
wake up!"

r can't you let me alone? you are unbearable!"
ba's sweet reply, and she would have fallen
gain, if *ma chère mère* had not raised her power-
, "Listen! my dear little woman, if you don't
rectly to table, we'll go away, and you shall
thing to eat. Don't fancy that we mean to put
s out of the way for you!"

.ttle one opened her brown eyes with an air of
t extreme astonishment raised herself, and *ma*
re took her, without further ceremony, by the
d led her to the dining-room. Ebba suffered
o be guided, but with an indescribable expres-
ad humour in her countenace. *Ma chère mère*
le was singularly kind to her, seated her next
: table, and paid her a thousand little pleasant
s; there is a something in *ma chère mère's* pleas-
eanour so irresistibly cheering and encourag-
.t even Ebba began to feel it, and her good
unfolded, as the rose before the sun-beams.
ish look vanished, and was replaced by a cheer-
; she became at once infinitely beautiful, and
h-like head appeared to me bewitching. She

ate and laughed and talked to *ma chère mère*, who took much notice of her. Peter looked quite happy; Jean Jacques spoke to Tutten, who appeared no less happy with roast beef and French *Omelette soufflèe*. Björn sat mute next to Peter, making grimaces. I kept up a continued conversation with Jane Maria, whose obliging manners, and agreeable conversation, delighted me more and more. At the close of the repast *ma chère mère* ordered a bowl of smoking punch to be brought in, filled all our glasses and beckoned with her hand to the servants to withdraw. We were all suddenly dumb, expecting something unusual, and *ma chère mère* after having cleared her throat by various hems, raised her full sounding voice, and spoke with force and gravity:

"My sons and daughters, I address you, because I find you assembled for the first time in my house and at my table; I address you, my children, because I wish to see you often here as three united and happy couples. In an ancient work on military regulations, in the possession of my deceased husband, General Mansfelt, it was said, that the moment the battle began, the only command to be given to the troops should be; "Do your best." This rule may also apply to married people. Books on education, paternal and maternal admonitions, lessons of teachers, only go as far as the Hymeneal Altar; there they stop, and say once for all to the newly married: "Do you best."—For it is not an easy task to lay down fixe precepts here. Every marriage has its own mys tery of trial, varying from all others, and it is not wo for the uninitiated to intrude into it. But to a fe

sels, my children, from an old woman, who has a tolerable portion of the world, and acted a good t in the freemasons' lodge of matrimony, I think may listen. And, if you take these counsels in your rriage, *ad notam* you will find yourself happy in it. you wish to be happy, my children, guard against cross oks, and capricious tempers. By this, Satan finds his way into the house. A little cloud may soon darken both sun and moon.—Yes, guard my daughters, against that, which may be called dark weather in the house; and you, my sons, guard against being the November storm, which calls it forth. Remember, what the adage says: "peace nourishes, discord consumes." I have already observed some things, my children, with which I am not pleased; yes, I have seen them; but I hope, they may disappear and you may improve, and therefore I shall speak of them no more. Do not deceive each other, whether in great or minor matters; one single little deception has often destroyed the peace of marriage. "From small beginnings often proceed great consequences." Do not fold your hands together and sit down idly. "Idleness is the devil's pillow!" Wander not much from home. "He who is oft from home, will soon not be missed at home." "Our own hearth is much treasure worth."—

"Many a marriage, my friends, has risen like the morning dawn, and consumed away like smoke. Why my friends? Solely, because the married pair have neglected to be as anxious to please after marriage, they were before. Strive at all times to please each other, my children, but yet strive to please God; not lavish all your affections to-day, consider

marriage also has a to-morrow, and a day after to-morrow; reserve, therefore, some fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughters, how much the word *hustru* (housewife) means; the wife is the husband's domestic faith; to her he ought to be able to confide his "house and home;" to her he ought to be able to trust the keys of his heart, and the lock of his treasures. His honour and his dwelling are in her care; his prosperity rests in her hands. Think of this. And you, my sons, be ye true men, and good fathers of families; so act that your wives may be able to esteem and love you. And what more shall I say to you, my children? Read diligently the word of God; it will carry you through storm and sunshine into the haven of rest. But as for the rest—do your best! I have done my duty. God help and bless you all my children, all together."

Ma chère mère spread out her arms over us in an attitude of benediction, made a solemn motion of salutation with her head, and then emptied her glass. Ebba was so rude as to gape quite audibly. She did not touch her glass, but reclined against the back of her chair and closed her eyes. Jane Maria emptied her glass with a respectful air. It had cost me some trouble at the commencement of the speech, to refrain from laughing at the ugly grimaces which Björn made all the while. But gradually the force of *ma chère mère's* exhortation made me serious; Björn, likewise grew composed; and when the speech was finished, our eyes met, and with full hearts we drank to each other's and *ma chère mère's* health.

After this ceremony *ma chère mere* struck with a knife against her glass. The servants entered, and with her

commanding look, *ma chère mère* stood up, took sellor Hök's arm, and made us all pass before her, airs, whilst she inspected us. When I passed her, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "You are ainly the shortest!" (This, however, is not true, for ave measured myself with Ebba, and am half a head ler than she; but *ma chère mère* wishes to teaze me.) bba was the only one who would not conform to her ders, but would walk alone; and in order to slip way from her husband she skipped about like a bird mongst us. *Ma chère mère* with Counsellor Hök closed the train.

We entertained ourselves for some time after supper, after which *ma chère mère* conducted the young pairs to their chambers. Björn and I, who were determined not to be excluded, followed. Ebba's good humour still continued, but expended itself in ridicule of the old fashioned furniture. *Ma chère mère* delivered a short moral lecture to her on the subject, which Ebba listened to attentively; and, after its conclusion, she kissed the mother's hand, and courtsied, and thanked her with mock submission. She is a graceful, but a thoroughly spoiled child, and appears to be ill-suited for a wife to the quiet and serious Peter. Jane Maria, on the other hand, seemed to be perfectly contented with every thing, noticed my flowers with pleasure, and formed by her good sense and polished manners, a perfect contrast to the wilful Ebba. *Ma chère mère* was in good humour, and joked with us all—not in too refined a style, it is true, but nevertheless she was really witty. There is something extremely peculiar and fascinating in her character. I observed likewise, this evening, how he

straightforward, upright manner of dealing, inspires all around her with security and comfort: she makes each feel at once his place. One may easily accommodate one's self to her, and be comfortable with it.

Ma chère mère invited Björn and me to dine with the family to-morrow. I was glad at this, for I was anxious to know my relations more intimately. It strikes me, that I shall gain a friend in Jane Maria, and my heart needs female friends. Since you, Maria, have been removed so far from me, I have felt a great blank in my heart, for writing after all, does not satisfy; and if I should even gain Jane Maria's affection, I shall not love you any less sincerely on that account.

But to return to the past evening, to Björn, and Rosenvik. Arrived there again, I communicated to Björn all my observations respecting the brothers and sisters-in-law. He, however, was absorbed in one sole reflection, and replied to all that I said, only with a sigh, and the words, "Poor Peter!" Rather out of patience with that everlasting "Poor Peter!" I said at length, "Very well. Peter ought to do as a certain Bear does,—he must tame his wife by good sense and kindness, and then subject himself to her tyranny."

Björn gave me a look of delighted love, said many kind things, but concluded again, with, "Poor Peter!" He had a kind of horror of Ebba; calls her a witch, and will not even concede that she is handsome. Jane Maria he likes as much as I do.

And now I will go and dress for dinner. I send you a thousand kisses and my letter.

FRANCISKA."

IV.

FOURTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, June 21st.

Yesterday's dinner passed off very well. *Ma chère mère* was cheerful and pleasant; Ebba tolerably polite and fair as the day. Jane Maria was elegantly and beautifully dressed; still I could have wished a little more simplicity, and the *Sevignèe* away from the forehead. I am no friend to ornaments which conceal the forehead. Jean Jacques helped to pass our time agreeably by his interesting narration. Counsellor Hök poured half a decanter of water over the table, and must have been very much roused by this occurrence. By and by Jean Jacques described to him, most eagerly, a winged steam carriage, with which one could ride in the air. Counsellor Hök listened to him with excited attention. Encouraged by this, Jean Jacques continued his description with greater warmth and fuller details, when the Counsellor suddenly interrupted, and exclaimed with great concern, "I beg pardon,—forgive me, Baron;—which decanter do you mean?" *Ma chère mère* laughed, and Jean Jacques looked quite confounded.

Jean Jacques talks a great deal. I found this a little tiring, especially immediately after dinner; at last I only heard a kind of incessant buzzing, out of which

the words: "Railway, Manchester, T
riages, Penny Magazine," struck on
Jean Jacques went on with his desc
sleepy I became; and at last he gav
listener. Soon afterwards a rema
roused me from my sleepiness. *M*
the sofa, and laid out her old patie
"*la blocade de Copenhague;*" next to
Hök taking snuff. Jane Maria gav
Ebba, which certainly was very needf
not likely to be useful. A young pa
the room with some coffee cups. "
how much he is like Bruno!" cried J
the same instant *ma chère mère's* inv
a push, so that it fell over with "*la*
hague;" but now all eyes were fixed
She first turned pale, then yellow
pointed, her lips became blue, a
sounded like a difficult, strong wh
herself like a foaming billow, stretche
hand in threatening gesture against
eyes stared, and the cap appeared to
head. Jean Jacques also grew pale,
side. *Ma chère mère* was really terri
and almost breathless from fright,
mendous explosion; suddenly, how
to grow stiff in the threatening attit
dumb, and stiff, as if petrified by some
if a horrible ghost had been raised be
stood for some time, and the gasping
indication of some inward paroxysm
I know not which. Whilst standin

changed into distress, and I was on the point of running up to her, when Björn held me back with all the force imaginable, and sat there quite still, with his arm round my waist watching her attentively; no other person went near her, and after awhile the dreadful seizure gradually subsided. Her clenched hand sunk down, the hue of life returned to her countenance, and replaced the blue tint of her lips; her eyes grew milder. She drew breath several times deeply, but lighter and lighter as it were sighing; and without uttering a single word, or looking at any body, she slowly left the room, and violently shut the door after her. Notwithstanding this, I wished to follow her, but Björn prevented me; and seeing me so uneasy and violently agitated, he took me aside, and gave me an explanation about this singular and melancholy scene, in the following words:

"*Ma chère mère* has had a son, who was called Bruno, and who—" "Is dead?" I interrupted him, inquiring: —"Yes!"—"And therefore, his name, the remembrance of him, operates *thus* upon her?" asked I, astonished.—"Not on that account only; he has brought much of sorrow upon her, and every thing that reminds her of him, especially the mention of his name, agitates her violently; but no notice must be taken of such emotions; she does not like it; and they always subside quicker, when left altogether to herself!"—"But what has happened to her son?"—"That is a long history, Fanny; I will relate it to you another time." —"Another time is a bore; I detest that 'another time;' I cannot wait any longer than this evening, Björn!"—"Very well then, this evening At present we dare not whisper together any longer."

—We returned to the rest.

Counsellor Hök sat on the sofa by the pa table, and I saw that he tried to lay out *la bl* the same point to which it had proceeded at th of the upset, in order that *ma chère mère*, on turn to the room, might not have evidence to rem of the scene which had taken place. When succeeded in getting the cards in order, he too snuff and sneezed nine times successively, a Ebba laughed violently. His concern for *ma chè* affected me. Such sympathy is amiable: it i that friends should be mindful of one another. I sketched you the picture of Counsellor H fancy not. Here then is a slight outline:—I be about sixty years of age; is meager and ta large feet and hands, a long neck, and a lon in the marks and furrows of which you find r but ugliness, till you come to a Hawk-nose,* upon a pair of eyes, which, shaded by deep- eyebrows, have a placid, kind, and pleasant they make an impression similar to cheerful which one sees on a cool autumnal ev glimmering from the windows of an Inn. He a to have a peg in every joint; I have never seen so long and stiff; and I never see him without w ing how any body can accuse him of poetic phan however, *ma chère mère* seems to have establish notion in her head. As for the rest, I can p judgment upon him. He seldom speaks to an except to *ma chère mère*. His voice and his g

* In Swedish, the pun is on Hoknasa, Hök's-nose, nose.

character are gentle, but, although he is silent and retiring, still one does not feel induced to forget his presence. He is assuredly a good man; but such a terrible snuff-taker, that great heaps of snuff lie about where he has been sitting. Well, there is nothing so very bad in that.

Whilst Counsellor Hök laid the cards in order, and Jane Maria, Jean Jacques, and I, were talking about music, Ebba had opportunity to show off her sweet disposition. After having drawn the knitting-needles out of my stocking, upset the Counsellor's snuff-box, and perpetrated all manner of mischief, she glided softly behind Peter and Björn, who, with their heads close together, were discussing some important affair, and sewed their coat-tails together. The excellent brothers suspected nothing, nor did I; when, observing the fine weather, I proposed to take a walk. It was agreed to; both brothers rose up, and—ritch! ratch! it went, whilst the coat-tails rent violently asunder. Björn made a desperate leap and the most horrible grimaces. I could scarcely contain myself from laughing aloud; and Ebba, in a paroxysm of childish joy, was rolling on the sofa. Peter was at a loss to know how to take the matter; Björn was at first a little angry at Ebba, and at me I fancy, but afterwards he denounced us both merrily and good-naturedly. Jane Maria shook her head, but could not likewise refrain from laughing; when she looked, however, on her own beautiful embroidery, and found that Ebba had been busy over that also, and made some wrong stitches in it, she coloured, cast a severe look at her, and said something in a sharp tone about "unpardonable im-

pertinence." And certainly it is vexing to see such beautiful work so spoiled. I could more easily reconcile myself to my drawn-out knitting-needles. Counsellor Hök sat quite still, and endeavoured to gather up his snuff. In order to end this scene, I again proposed to take a walk. All, except Ebba, were willing. She declared, lying carelessly on the sofa, that she would never put her foot out of doors so long as she remained in the country; that she detested the country, and the dust on the roads; that the green hurts her eyes, etc. In vain we endeavoured to persuade her; in vain Jane Maria remonstrated with her about her childish folly. She obstinately adhered to her determination, and Peter—remained with her. Now I was constrained, like Björn, to sigh from my heart, "Poor Peter!" Counsellor Hök likewise quietly kept his seat, no doubt to await the return of his friend. Under the pretext of fetching a shawl, I stole secretly to *ma chère mère's* bed-room door, and watched there with anxious sympathy for her. I heard that she was seized with violent perspirations, and long spasmodic yawnings; and, feeling more easy respecting her, I joined the company in a walk.

The weather was fine. Jean Jacques spoke with Björn about the new arrangements which he proposed making on the estate, and censured *ma chère mère's* old-fashioned management, at which Björn made monstrous grimaces, while puffing colums of smoke from his pipe. I fell into conversation with Jane Maria respecting Bulwer's and Miss Martineau's excellent novels, and had great pleasure in listening to her. I *found* that Jane Maria was well-read, and knew several

guages, and we agreed together to read Dante's "Di-
a Commedia." That will be delightful! During our
sures about this, we walked along a beautiful forest-
l, towards a mill, whose waters we heard rushing
ugh the wood. Suddenly I got sight of some-
g, which made me stop and lay hold of Björn's
, to draw his attention. We all stood still and
ed silently to the left, where the sun shone upon
pen green spot. Among the oak trees, we per-
ed a man of a powerful athletic form, in the dark
ng-dress worn by nobles. He walked slowly on,
arms crossed, and his head sunk as if lost in profound
itation. By his side, or rather behind him, went
lendid black horse, with a bridle richly ornamented
a little white shells. The reins hung loosely, and
irst bent his noble head down to the grass, then
ed it caressingly over his master's shoulders, who
eared to be accustomed to it, and gave his faithful
panion full liberty. We could only see a small
of the profile of the man, for he walked with his
d turned away from us, but this gave us the idea of a
t and gloomy visage. Thus man and horse pro-
led together, in this friendly way, farther into the
d, and at length were concealed from our sight;
our conjectures followed them, and we soon con-
led that we had now seen the much-talked of and
t mysterious neighbour of Ramm. But let him be
ed Romulus or Romanus, or answer to the romance
he v. P—'s. or not, still this much is certain, that
entrance on the scene, as well as his looks, wore a
t romantic air. I confess that I am very curious
e somewhat more of him; I am firmly convinced,

that, if I could only once get to see him *en j*
should at once be able to decide, whether he is
or a mere ordinary man who finds his time hang
on his hands; whether he is a Don Miguel
Howard; for what I heard in the heavenly land,
the latter character.

After a walk of about an hour, we arrived at
again. In the drawing-room sat *ma chère mère*
card-table, and Counsellor Hök next to her. A
peared as if nothing strange had occurred, excep
ma chère mère's face was pale and unusually ea
She saluted us very kindly, but spoke to no
Tutten handed us some tea. Jane Maria seated
self at the piano-forte, and played a difficult piece
memory, which appeared to me more difficult
pretty; but how she played! she is perfectly mas
the instrument. Pity it is that she has no voic
else we might have sung together; but she shal
company me. I am truly happy to have such a s
in-law. What a difference between Jane Maria
Ebba! The latter was however very amiable
evening, and only insisted that all should dance.
no one was willing, she began to dance by hers
the adjoining room, and sang to it very prettily.
devoured her with his eyes. I am not surpris
that. She is a little fairy, when she is merry, a
good humour. Partly to oblige her, and part
gratify a wish I secretly felt for dancing, I soon
her company. We seduced Jean Jacques, and at l
even Peter, and we all danced for a time, to our
enjoyment and to Ebba's indescribable delight.
when the gentlemen were tired and left us, and

seated near me on the sofa, began to give me a gossiping history of all the balls which she had attended during the last winter at Stockholm, how she had been dressed, and how often she had been asked to dance by this person and that person; I was overcome by a disposition to yawn, which would soon have sent me to sleep, had not the sound of loud voices in the saloon afforded me an excuse to escape Ebba's chatter. *Ma chère mère* was playing with Jane Maria, Counsellor Hök and Björn, at Boston, and was very angry with Jane Maria, who I suppose plays better than I, and had, in consequence, made *ma chère mère, bete.* "How could you think of not following, when you were eldest hand, with four trumps and the king of spades?" "I should not think of following when I see that I cannot make my play," replied Jane Maria, offended. "No! and, therefore, I am to be made *bete,*" cried *ma chère mère,* enraged; "and I was renounce in clubs and you in diamonds." They were not at all pleased with each other. This scene was interrupted by the steward, who came in and complained of two grooms, who refused to obey his orders in the stable. *Ma chère mère* made him explain distinctly the nature of the charges, and when it appeared from the evidence that the grooms were guilty of nothing short of rebellion, her countenance darkened, and she started up impetuously. Jean Jacques rose likewise, but *ma chère mère* motioned him down again, and said, passing him, "Sit still!" and to the steward, "Stop here!" She walked out, and soon after returned, clad with her "*Januarius*" and helmet; she then marched off, with long strides, accompanied by the steward, towards the stables. Ten minutes after,

she returned from her busines, to all appearance, quite refreshed. "How did you get on?" inquired Björn. 'How should I, but well?" replied *ma chère mère*, cheerfully. "I gave them words, and no songs; that's the way to let them know what they are about; and I'l see, if they dare refuse to obey instantly. The deuce take it, if I don't find them some hands and feet. For the rest I was safe enough with the people; Tannenström was too easy for them; I let him know that too, you may depend upon it. But so it is, 'All would like the axe to work, but no one will lay hold of the shaft.' 'All wish to be masters, but nobody will carry the sack.' "

Supper was announced, and *ma chère mère* was, as she usually is, at her table, a courteous and cheerful hostess. All traces of the scene of this afternoon had vanished.

Late in the evening, when Björn and I were at home again in our quiet little dwelling, I asked for, and obtained, an explanation of the events which had disturbed *ma chère mère's* happiness; and here you have, nearly in Björn's own words, the strange and melancholy history:

Ma chère mère had an only son, by General Mansfelt, who was called after his father, Bruno. His birth was almost at the cost of his mother's life, and this child, so dearly bought, was dearer to her than life. More than once his mother was seen kneeling by the cradle of her son, almost worshipping him. Many a night, when slight indisposition made him restless, she sat near his bed, and watched quietly. She nursed the child herself; would suffer no one else to wait upon it, hardly even to touch it; her bosom was his cradle, her

knee his chair, her arms his world. With untiring love she cherished that wayward boy, impetuous from his earliest infancy, and he on his part, clung to her with vehement tenderness, and only appeared to be happy when reposing on her bosom. It was lovely to see them together; it was the lioness and her young one, who, with a mixture of wild strength and deepest tenderness at the same time, fight with and caress each other. Notwithstanding this, the relation between mother and son, was, from the cradle, strange, and sometimes hostile. One day she laid the babe, then nine months old, to her breast; the boy, who was either hungry or angry, bit it violently with his young teeth. Made impatient by pain, the mother gave him a slap; the child immediately let go the breast, and never took it again. He was obliged to be weaned, for his mother could not bear the thought that a strange nurse should nourish him. At another time, when about eight years old, his mother had occasion to inflict some well-deserved chastisement upon him, and he turned upon her like a young lion, and—struck at her.

But amidst such wild scenes there were also endless occasions which testified their unbounded love. She interposed between him and every danger; he kissed the traces of her footsteps. When, after a short separation, they beheld each other again, they met with outpourings of most vehement affection. The very next moment, might perhaps, find them embroiled in a quarrel. This state of things grew with the growth of years. Both had a violent and determined will: they appeared to be able to exist neither without nor with one another.

A more beautiful boy could not b
ever much his mother idolized him in
sense of justice and propriety was so st
favoured him even in the smallest n
step-brothers. Never was he spared
never received more than an equal
and enjoyments. The only preferen
the caresses of his mother.

We were all kept under strict rule, an
supplied much too penuriously. I w
to parsimony, in spite of which I
obliged to have recourse to innocent
to procure postage-money and mean
ditures, which *ma chère mère* looked
ous; I, therefore, secretly became a
was naturally a spendthrift, and incl
In order to satisfy his taste for dai
he already early took refuge to a le
ment. He pilfered, what he could
from his brothers, and then from
ventured to correct him for it, or
mother. Endowed with the str
the active and strong lad soon
dancy over his brothers, and we
all the household. He was be
I cannot say, what it was that
admired his great, natural tal
nious tricks often extorted a sm
I was obliged to censure th
fluenced me was, that he real
paused a moment, deeply aff
I must do him the justice

when spoken to with reason and gentleness; han once he desisted from acts of violence reaties, or wept bitterly during my serious ces, whilst he perceived his first sad step in y path of vice; but about that time I was ome. Being much older than Bruno, I had r academic career when he began his, and I constantly from home, in the practice of my is physician.

as a child, a little girl, who possessed re-ower over Bruno from his thirteenth to his ear. It was the same Serena Löfren, with were lately so charmed. She was at that t, fair, but ailing child.

: *mère*, who ever had a great regard for ihl, prevailed upon her for three years to summer, a couple of months at Ramm, in f recruiting the health of the little Serena g waters of the springs, and breathing untry air. The wild Bruno attached him-little angel-like child; and it was wonderful onstraint and privations he would submit to e; how he neglected every thing in order to bout the woods of Ramm, to chat with her, ll and look at her when she slept. On holy-d to take Serena on his arm, with a basket in his hand, and wander from home at an and seldom were they seen again before the By this kind of life Serena's health was d, and Bruno grew more gentle. One re-Serena's child-like voice, one tear of her's ffective to restrain Bruno than the command

of either his mother or his preceptor.

Had attention been paid to this peculiarity in of resisting severity and yielding to kindness; been treated accordingly, he would have turne am convinced, an excellent and distinguished m one who would have been a credit to his family; preceptor, a man of harsh and unbending ch appeared as well as her, to have determined his wild passion by force alone.

Ma chère mère meanwhile did not suspect the d ous road on which Bruno had started; and I remember to have feared any one thing in all so much as that she might discover it; she, w so proud, so sensitive in matters touching her so rigid in her principles, and in her whole mo Bruno's blooming beauty, his great abilities, his in corporeal exercises, his boldness, and even his city, were subjects of pride to his mother, and h glittered with joy at the sight of him, or the men tion of his name. To hear anything to his dis would have been her death-blow. Bruno also po both pride and ambition; the opinion of his had an indescribable weight with him, but his passions, and the inability to restrain them, con tempted him to the commission of crime.

A period, however, now arrived in which the of his evil disposition appeared about to cease. I couple of summer months at Ramm. Bruno had the spring attended the Sacrament. I found hi usually quiet and thoughtful. The relation b him and his mother was more peaceful and lovin *ever.* I hoped that Bruno had for ever turned

the error of his way; and he himself told me that it was so; that he had still secret and far more than prudent expenditures I notwithstanding soon perceived. I had been for some time in a condition to assist Bruno with money, and hoped thereby to prevent him from procuring it in an unlawful manner; he had applied to me more than once, and I had let him have what I could. One day, however, he requested so large a sum, that I refused him with some surprise and vexation, nor could I refrain from reproaching him with his extravagance. Bruno was silent, but gnashed his teeth and left me. It was the last day of our being together at home at that period; in the next we were both to depart, he to the academy, I to S. In the forenoon Bruno rode to town in order to take leave of the old Dahl's and his little bride, as he called Serena. He was not expected to return before evening.

Immediately after dinner the steward with the utmost consternation, reported that a considerable sum of money which he had had in the morning safe in his office, was gone; and that he was compelled to suspect that the thief must belong to the household, as only one, well acquainted with the house, could know where he usually kept his money.

This was, as far as *ma chère mère* knew, the first time that a case of this kind ever occurred in her house. She took up the subject violently, and immediately entered into a strict investigation of all the house. Accompanied by the steward and two of her oldest and most faithful servants, she went herself through the house, rummaged every corner, and searched the domestics with most diligent scrutiny

the oldest servants were alike compelled to undergo the examination. There being nowhere anything found, which might give the smallest cause of suspicion, *ma chère mère* arrived at the suspicion that the informer himself might be the thief, and accordingly every thing belonging to the young steward, even the clothes which he wore, were examined with still greater minuteness than the rest. This young man was Bruno's personal enemy; and, whether from a real suspicion of Bruno, or from a desire to vent the indignation which *ma chère mère* excited in him, he said, with bitter emphasis: "My lady might find what she is seeking nearer to herself."—"What do you mean?" inquired the latter, with a look of terror.—"Yes!" continued the irritated man, "you may find that with your own flesh and blood, my lady, which you suspect to be with innocent people!"—"Man, thou liest!" cried *ma chère mère*, pale with wrath, whilst seizing his arm and shaking it violently. Still more provoked, and almost furious, the latter said: "I am willing to be a liar, if one of your sons, my lady, is not a thief!"

"Follow me!" said *ma chère mère*; and, with flaming looks and pale cheeks, she went, accompanied by the steward and the two servants, to our rooms. I had been out; had only lately come home, and been informed of what had taken place, when *ma chère mère* and her attendants came in to me. I cannot describe the feeling which at that moment seized me. A foreboding of the real truth ran through me; I grew pale, and involuntarily sat myself down on Bruno's travelling-trunk which stood in the room packed up next to

mine. *Ma chère mère* looked at me with a piercing glance, paused, and turned still paler than before. She then said, with a firm voice, to me and my brothers, who had also entered:

"My sons! for the honour of the house, you must submit to the same examination which all the rest of the household have undergone. I suppose I need not tell you, that it is done only from form, and that I am convinced of your innocence." Hereupon she cast a look towards me, (the meaning of which was, at that time, inexplicable to me,) passed by my trunk, and examined the effects of my brothers. She then came back into the room and opened my packed-up trunk, which was turned over to the bottom. There was nothing found that did not belong to me; my carpenter's tools laid lowermost. Every thing being examined, she gave me a look, full of maternal tenderness and joy. Ah! she had suspected the circumspect man, rather than the wild youth; for now she raised her head, and in her powerful expressive face was clearly to be read: Heaven be thanked! now I am easy.

"The only things left to be examined are the young Baron's," said one of the old servants, respectfully, "but his trunk is locked, and besides it is unnecessary—"

"That may be!" cried *ma chère mère*, "but it must share the lot of the rest. The trunk must be broken open!"

"But the young Baron is not at home," said the servant, timidly; "we cannot!"

"His mother commands it!" cried *ma chère mère*, violently.

It was done. With her own hands, his mother too out the books and apparel, which had been thrown ir in great confusion. Suddenly her hand drew bacl as if burnt by a red-hot-iron; it had fallen on a bundl of notes; it was—the missing money. She took u the notes, turned them over in her hand, looked a them, as if she could not believe her own eyes, an turned paler and paler; a scream of inexpressibl terror and grief at length struggled forth from he breast. "My own blood!" cried she; "my own flesh and blood!" And, without a sigh, she sunk lifeless t the ground. We carried her off, and our exertions a length re-animated her. Her awakening was frightful but she shed no tear, expressed no word of anger o of complaint,—she appeared strong and determined.

She immediately dispatched a messenger to th provost Rhen, the spiritual shepherd of the flock. H was a man of iron; rigid, energetic, ready to conten for the law with voice and hand, and moreover *ma chèr mère's* sincere and confidential friend. She imparte all to him, and they arranged between them what wa to be done. I surmised what was at work, and in vain endeavoured to employ the influence I sometimes ha over *ma chère mère*, to induce her to a less severe, o at least, less violent procedure. My remonstrance remained fruitless. *Ma chère mère* only replied to me "Sin grows on unpunished offence. Bitter sins mus be bitterly expiated."

In the evening, about the time when Bruno wa expected to be back, my three brothers and I, the ol servants and the Steward, were summoned into *ma chèr mère's* room. It was only dimly lighted, and in th

gloomy shadow, sat, in a large arm-chair, Bruno's mother, with the clergyman near her; on her countenance the grief which she bore in her heart was plainly legible. But over grief, shame and anger, predominated a resolution more determined than I had ever before seen in the countenance of any one. Here also was the small but fearful tribunal before which Bruno was to enter. Here we awaited him for the space of a terrible hour. No one spoke. By the weak glimmering of the light, I saw the cold perspiration falling down in drops from the forehead of the unhappy mother.

It was an evening towards the close of September; it blew violently, and the rain beat against the windows, which shook and rattled. For a short space the storm was hushed, and at this moment the trampling of a horse's foot was heard in the court-yard. I saw *ma chère mère* tremble. I had never seen her do this before; there was a strange sound heard, it was not the storm that rattled against the windows, but the chattering of teeth. My brothers wept, the old servants stood dumb with downcast looks; and the countenance of the steward betrayed a sort of repentance; the iron headed clergyman himself appeared to gasp for breath. At this moment the door opened quickly, and in came Bruno. Methinks I see him yet, as he then stood. He was heated by the ride and the storm, full of health and spirits; never had I seen him more strikingly handsome. He made towards his mother, ready as was his wont, after a day's absence, to throw himself into her arms. Thus he entered, but suddenly paused, started, and cast an affrighted look on his mother. She covered her face with her hands. Bruno grew pale,

Provost Rhen, in the fury of anger; and forgetting himself, seized Bruno in his arms; the latter, however, possessed the elasticity and strength of a lion, and after a short struggle, the priest laid levelled to the ground.

"Seize him, stop him!" cried *ma chère mère*, beside herself with anger.

The steward and my brother, who laid hold of him, were soon prostrated beside the Provost. Bruno sprang back a few steps, caught up a stick, which stood in a corner, swung it whizzing over his head, and threatened with frantic gestures every one who should dare to approach him.

Mother and son looked at each other's defying flaming eyes. Thus they stood, for a considerable time; again the question was repeated, and then followed dreadful words on both sides. Silence ensued; the cursing lips grew benumbed, the defying looks became fallen, both mother and son fell into a profound swoon; they were carried to their rooms.

Björn was silent. "Oh! dreadful, dreadful!" cried I, whilst I laid my head shuddering against his shoulder.

Björn was pale, and paused for a time, lost in thought. He then proceeded.

Both came to themselves again, but did not see each other again that evening. I wished to speak to Bruno, but he pretended to be asleep, and at length I repaired to my room. In the night, when all was silent and dark, a wild, lengthened and piercing scream was suddenly heard in Bruno's chamber. I jumped up and hastened thither. Bruno's mother was there alone, with dishevelled hair and wild appearance! Bruno was gone. The open window appeared to shew that he had escaped by it,

although a leap from such a height seemed almost incredible. Notwithstanding, such was the case. Bruno had this night deserted the maternal roof: and never returned to it again. We never heard more of him. In vain were all searches and inquiries. Bruno was gone, as if vanished from the number of the living. Seventeen years have elapsed since that unhappy period, and we have not discovered the slightest traces of his existence. We have, therefore, accounted his death as certain.

On his flight, Bruno took nothing with him, save his clothes which he wore and a few papers. Upon his table lay a strip of paper, on which the following words were addressed to me, in apparent haste:

"Severity I have treated with defiance, violence with violence, and this has made me appear more culpable than I really am. But, in your eyes, brother Lars, who hast never been harsh or unreasonable towards me,—to you, who, as I believe, have loved me,—to you I would not appear worse than I really am. Listen to me, therefore, for it is the last time. This last theft (and I have vowed that it should be the last) was not a robbery. The day after to-morrow the money would have been replaced. Speak to Mr. C., in W., if you wish to be convinced of it. The money was not for me, but for the unfort——but what avails whom it was for. My mother would lend me nothing; I took of that which must have become mine some day. It was discovered, and she——on her falls the guilt of what has passed, and what will come. Farewell for ever.

BRUNO."

Ma chère mère tore the paper out of my hand and read the contents. "He has, therefore, stolen often!" cried she violently. "Then have I truly given birth to a thief!" and saying this she tore the note into a thousand pieces. From this time forth, she never spoke for the space of three years. She locked herself up in her rooms; ordered them to be darkened; tolerated neither light nor sight of men; she ate and drank little; scarcely slept at all: spoke to no one, and no one was permitted to be about her excepting Elsa. If any of us dared to attempt to see her she fell into a violent rage, and beckoned to the intruder to be gone; or with her hands before her face, sat immovable and silent, deaf to all entreaties.

Counsellor Hök and Provost Rhen meanwhile undertook the management of her affairs, which in the hands of these honourable men were in good keeping. A clever inspector, well acquainted with the place, managed the estates under the supervision of these men. As, however, *ma chère mère's* hypochondriacal state lasted for such a length of time, and threatened to be permanent, I determined, in agreement with those friends, to call her family together, and, in common with them, to lay down plans for the future conduct of her affairs. This family convocation was held in October, 18—, three years after the flight of Bruno.

One day, when we were all assembled in the large Hall, and engaged in earnest consultation, the doors suddenly opened, and *ma chère mère* entered, dignified and calm, and commanding greater respect than ever. She addressed the assembly in her peculiar solemn and powerful manner, saying, that she was acquainted with

approved of it in regard to her long illness,
ed the Congress to "be dissolved" because
sent capability of personally superintending
rty and her family as formerly.
n earnestness which affected all, she thanked
ls for their assistance, and their patience with
the Lord had so heavily chastised. She then
all her relatives, and entreated them to stay
time yet, and enjoy themselves at Ramm, as

pression which this scene made on the assem-
lcult to describe. Astonishment, esteem, and
on, were the feelings of most, but I felt real
loved *ma chère mère* sincerely.
r to satisfy her wish the relatives remained a
yet at Ramm, from which however all gaiety
rted. *Ma chère mère*, although vigorous, and
as formerly, appeared only as it were the
what she had once been. Her complexion
red, her hair was turned quite gray, her fair
ice, once so fresh with life, bore the traces of
depressing sufferings; her formerly cheerful
is now dull and gloomy. She wore continually
dresses, and avoided all adornment. She had
attacks of deep melancholy, and would sit
ours, covering her face with her hands.
st act in which *ma chère mère* employed her
government, was to remove from Ramm to
Soon after she sold her former possessions.
ired to regard Bruno as dead, never mentioned
and could endure nothing which might call
r remembrance. The old servants were dis-

missed with a pension, she arranged her whole house anew. Elsa only remained. Years rolled on, and gradually the gloomy dejection in *ma chère mère's* character diminished, and for several years past she has regained much of her former animation, but one must be very careful to avoid any allusion which might touch the wound in her heart,—it will perhaps never be thoroughly healed here upon earth.

Bruno's flight excited much remark in the neighbourhood, but *ma chère mère* was so respected and beloved by the people in the house, that the disgraceful cause of his flight remained unknown to all beyond her household. Several vague reports soon fell to the ground of themselves, and the neighbours contented themselves at the conjecture, that disagreement between the character of the mother and son had been the sole cause of this sudden separation. And, in reality, such was no doubt the case. Under other early treatment, Bruno's lot would probably have been a different one, but as it was—unfortunate Bruno! I shall for ever mourn over and lament him, said Björn, in conclusion, with a tear in his eye and a deep sigh. I was sorrowful and heavy after this narrative, but I confess that it gave *ma chère mère* increased interest in my eyes. I perceived now, through her inmost soul, a wounded and bleeding mother's heart, and her misfortune was greater than her fault. I felt myself drawn towards her with ties of sympathy and affection.

June 22nd.

I will now dispatch this packet of letters, but must *first* tell you that I am now, for the present, a widow;

Björn has taken a journey for a few days with Peter, to settle some money matters in G. the former has saved a pretty little fortune during his twenty years' practice, which by the advice of Peter, he now wishes to put out on interest with the great commercial house of E. Meanwhile I rule in undivided sovereignty over Rosenvik, the cabriolet, and Pollo. Björn has requested me to make frequent use of the latter, and to call at Karlsfors; and Peter begged me very earnestly to look after his little Ebba. I will attend to their wishes, although I should rather prefer remaining at home at present, in my dear little snuggery, and see my peas blossom.

At the end of next week we shall have a visit paid us at Rosenvik, which alarms me a little, namely, the young Baron Stellan S., the son of Björn's youthful friend and companion, the late S. Björn had been guardian to the son, and loves him on his father's as well as on his own account. The young Stellan S. is Chamberlain, rich, handsome, and most talented. All this is certainly not terrifying, but some things which I have heard respecting his elegance, dress, and style, really inspires me with fear not to be able to receive, suitably, so fine a gentleman in my humble and limited establishment. I do not see how he could be satisfied here, and I am naturally anxious that a friend of Björn's should find himself comfortable in our house.

But perhaps all will go well—yet, what will become of my Novel? I have no mysteries, no entanglements—hence also, no unravelling. I merely make new acquaintances. How shall I be bewildered with them all? How am I to keep all these threads together,

without entangling them into a maze? At this time two new personages appear, both suited for heroes of romance,—the brilliant Stellan S. and the mysterious Romilly. My breath actually fails me! How will my Novel fare?—but however it may fare, I still remain,

Your

FRANCISKA.

V.

FROM A STRANGER LADY TO THE READER.

I hope, respected reader, that this letter will find you in sound health and good humour. In consequence of which I further hope, that you will excuse, if between the "Letters of a young wife" now and then one or two from "a Gentleman" should venture to creep in; as also, that you will not take it amiss if an unmarried lady should occasionally take up her pen to hold converse with you. All this is done to save you trouble, and, in truth, I do not know how you, dear reader, or the young wife could, without it, see your way clearly with the Neighbours.

I remain, respected reader,

With the greatest esteem,

Yours,

A STRANGER.

VI.

BRUNO MANSFELT TO ANTONIO DE R.

Ramm, St. John's, eve. 18—

Here I am again, here, where I was born, where as a child and as a youth I played and loved. Between that time and the present, lies an ocean, an ocean full —but enough, I am here again. The oak-trees are still as green, the summit of the mountains as towering, and the clouds still rest on them as formerly. Feelings, thoughts, actions, are but clouds too; they are driven—they flee—space absorbs them—annihilates them. Annihilates? no! something still remains. This I feel.

I have ascended the summit of the mountain, I have stood there, where once I stood as a boy, where I stood with high-heaving breast, and saw the billows of the lake lashed into foam by the winds, saw the blue-tinted mountains ascending high on the opposite shore, and I anticipated, sought, longed for something far beyond them. I stood near the same fir-tree; it was now sprung up high although its roots cleave to the mountain A stone-heap lay near it, I knew it well. The boy had erected a pyramid on the summit of the mountain and planted upon it his banner of liberty. The pyramid was now fallen, and the man stood there and thought of the ardour of the boy and smiled, a bitter smile!

I have wandered about in the forest, in the field, on the sea-shore, I have sought up many a well known spot, awakened many a recollection; the stormy appeared to me calm, the criminal guiltless. You can guess the reason. I have heard my whole spring of life over again, I have enjoyed and wept—*that* was bliss!

It is now evening and every thing around me is quiet, I likewise enjoy a moment of tranquillity. The foliage of the ash-tree waves in the evening breeze, and taps gently against the window as formerly; as formerly the falcon soars above the meadow. The mist lies white and thin upon the green plain and the slumbering flocks. I hear the monotonous song of the hedge sparrow, I know of none sweeter. Lulled by this song, I fell asleep when a child every summer evening, my face turned towards the evening-sky, red at that time as now, and beheld the clouds lighting up with more golden radiance as the sun declined lowe and lower—like the actions of a noble life when it sinl into the deep. Oh!

And when my eyes closed, when the thoughts of I began to interweave themselves in dreams, then alw approached—every evening some one approached bed, and fostering hands replaced the covering wl I had thrown carelessly off; a warm caressing br passed over my cheek. I well knew, who was me, it was—my mother. Oh how beats my pulse trembles every nerve of life at this adored and dr name. My mother! she was a fine and noble w I was proud of being called her son. Someti suddenly threw off the covering, in which she ha

/ wrapped me, with one spring I was at her breast embraced and kissed her so, as I had never yet sed any beloved one. And she likewise closed me her arms, that—*that* was love! At times, I re-ained quite still and feigned to sleep, then I saw r sink down on her knees at the side of my bed. he prayed—prayed for me! How has her prayer een heard?

I have caused the apartments here to be improved and newly furnished. I did not wish that they should retain too much of their former appearance; I feared that the ghost of childhood in the white garments of innocence might haunt and terrify me. The sleeping-chamber of my mother only have I left as it was. I have not been in it. I could not. It is locked at present.

Shall you recognize me in this, think you? Will you not accuse me of weakness? Hear me. I rejoice in being capable yet of natural feeling; rejoice that rest, quiet as the grave, has not yet chilled my heart; no feeling—not the very flames of hell, however, shall while I live unman and depress me, neither joy nor sorrow.

I know only too well, alas! that I shall never be happy, never find peace, never forget. No matter. I will endure; I alone will bear what I alone have committed. Life may draw many an utterance from my breast,—never that of complaint. I bid defiance to pain and the world; besides, one can always make an end when one is tired of this ugly farce called "life!"

Sometimes I have thought: "perhaps it may

better with me; perhaps bright days may illumine the shadows of the past; perhaps the storm will abate and be hushed, and these plaintive accusing voices die! ....Occupation, time, perhaps domestic happiness.... You laugh Antonio! I laugh too, for I dream like a child. Well, it may be so; but in my waking state I seek, at all events, a something—perhaps again only a dream.

Have you heard of a man who was seeking for his own shadow? (He had lost it, and he did not feel happy afterwards in the world.) I am this very man; I am seeking my own lost shadow! I seek for esteem for respectability in the very place where I first transgressed against the laws of society. I wish to win the civic crown, and atone for past offences by acts of beneficence. Can that be done? Before the world—yes; but before the judge in my breast?——

One thing I wish for, and not attaining this, every thing else is—nothing. If this be denied me I shall once more leave the land of my childhood, and again go into the wide, wild world, and remain—cursed. Why was Cain's Forehead marked by Heaven to bear the stamp of eternal misery? *He was cursed by his mother.* I know what Cain felt. I, also, am cursed by my mother, and a vagabond upon earth. And now I desire I long that she would lay her hand upon this forehead on which her curse rests heavily; that she would remove it hence, and in its place lay her blessing. Oh, then, and not till then, will the heat of this brow be cooled. Shall I be permitted to lean my head against that breast which furnished me with my first nourishment? Shall I read forgiveness in those rigid looks? Shall I again be permitted affectionately to kiss those

lips which once cursed me? Oh, I thirst, I burn, I pant after this bliss!"——

Do you know a high, holy, sweet, much feared name, a name which is first won in a struggle between life and death? a name which God himself has pronounced in human love, in human sufferings? This name will I recall into the soul of her who has rejected me—mother! oh, mother!

Mother!—my mother! Will you once more acknowledge your guilty son? Can you pardon him? I dare not venture to believe it—hardly to hope it. Yet she ought; much of the blame was her's. Violence against violence, asperity against asperity, nothing but evil could ensue. But now if she will be gentle, if she will but pardon, I will crave forgiveness at her feet.

You know my love of music; here I indulge it. I have caused an organ to be set up in one of the rooms: its tone is excellent; at it I sit every evening at the setting in of twilight and play till late. The more profound the silence, the darker the evening grows, the higher the organ's deep swell rises; this quiets me; it raises and quickens my spirit. In a flood of harmony I drown the wild remembrances which revive in the lap of night. Music is a glorious thing; it is an intoxication, a rapture, a world, in which to live, struggle, repose, a sea of painful ecstasy, incomprehensible, boundless as eternity.

At such moments a vision sometimes comes over me. I am then as if out of this storm-viewed world, over this raging sea of sound rises and moves a something. What shall I call it?—a hope, an ideal of beauty, a heavenly spirit, a benign conciliatory genius, which

raise a voice in praise to their Creator. To perform such a walk alone without any company, is one of the greatest luxuries I know of. I always feel light and free from care by it, as does the bird, and for the sake of the air, the flowers, green trees and blue waves, I forget all the toils of earth. The life of nature becomes mine.

Arrived at Karlsfors, I found *ma chère mère* hard at work at her turning lathe. She seemed to be delighted to see me—embraced me heartily; scolded me on account of my stupid "head-ache;" a lively, playful conversation soon arose between us, whilst she continued to work and I to admire her skill in the art. It gives me real pleasure to see that *ma chère mère* and I become more and more attached to each other. There is a something in us both which harmonizes together. I like her well, and always feel myself light and free in her presence. She is a prudent, obliging, although severe woman, and one of those rare beings who at all times know exactly their own wishes. Such people have a most salutary influence on me. My nature feels as it were quieted and settled by her's. Twice or thrice *ma chère mère* addressed me during our conversation with the familiar term "thou," which, coming from her, had something particularly sincere and fascinating. In a general way *ma chère mère* says to all females, "you;" and Jane Maria is always called, "my daughter-in-law." That little "thou" gave a particular pleasure to me; nor was I less delighted with the present which *ma chère mère* made me of a beautifully carved box executed before my eyes.

Can two persons of this place be talking together,

think you, without mentioning the new neighbour at Ramm? Impossible! Even *ma chère mère* was talking about him to-day. The man is said to have made an initiatory offering upon his entering into residence here, in the form of a large present for the erection of a school, the want of which has been felt for a considerable time. The worthy Mr. Dahl, who for his great age is yet extremely active, is said to have undertaken the management of it in conjunction with the Pastor D. in W. *Ma chère mère* spoke as if she, also, wished to assist, being desirous of contributing oak-timber for the building as well as good counsel for the management. Several remarks which *ma chère mère* made in reference to the school respecting education and enlightenment, delighted me on account of the sound and clear ideas contained in them. Thus we proceeded together in sunshine, but at noon clouds began to gather.

Jane Maria was as usual infinitely amiable and complaisant towards me, but towards Ebba she assumed a tone of superiority and pedantry, which was no less unbecoming to her than disagreeable to Ebba. As regards the latter, she was in a bad humour, which her greatest worshipper could not have called any thing but a very bad one. Careless in dress and demeanour, she leaned back in the chair with a discontented air; would touch no article of food; then again she would have some; screwed her mouth whilst eating, threw away her knife and fork, made a noise, quarrelled right and left, and behaved unbecomingly in the highest degree. *Ma chère mère* said nothing, but I saw by some of her looks, that a storm was approaching. One

time she answered *ma chère mère* very unpolitely, and a "come, come, dear child!" served as a warning to the little overbearing creature. I was fearful, as I generally am, of all domestic storms, and did what I could to prevent the impending one; but Jane Maria behaved strangely. It seemed as if she rather wished to render Ebba's faults noticed, than to conceal them. Ebba began to hum to herself.—"It is not customary to sing at table!" said Jane Maria, much louder than was necessary. *Ma chère mère* appeared to be disposed to lean to my side, and to hush away the storm. She addressed herself to Ebba in a very pleasant and jesting tone, the latter was silent, and looked at her with an impertinent air.—"Ebba, it is exceedingly unbecoming for you to look at *ma chère mère* in such a manner!" said Jane Maria, reprovingly.

'A cat may surely look at a king!" said *ma chère mère*, still in good humour, but at the same time she remarked, rather seriously, that she expected to have a rational woman and not a child at her table, etc. Ebba began again to hum a ballad.

"Don't sing, Ebba!"—said Jane Maria—"but listen to what *ma chère mère* says."

"I don't know why I should," replied Ebba with unexampled pertness.—"Because it is your duty!" thundered *ma chère mère*, suddenly, whilst knocking with her fist on the table till the glasses and bottles shook together; "and if you don't know it, the deuce take me, if I don't make you know it!

She rose up; her nose became pointed and pale. This storm would nevertheless have passed over, if Ebba's impertinence had not exceeded all bounds. I

noticed, that Jane Maria likes to precede me and a on all occasions. She is punctilious to go the room first, to be called to table first, etc. Once :ard her say to the servants, "Don't forget always announce me before the Baroness Ebba." I am .te contented with this, for Jane Maria is superior to ıba and myself; but Ebba embraces every opportu- ty to resist Jane Maria's assumed precedence. A ıp of milk, which unfortunately was served up be- reen the two sisters-in-law, now gave rise to a quarrel. ane Maria wished to appropriate it to herself, with an ir of superiority, when Ebba dragged it to herself with such violence, that the milk was spilled on Jane Maria's muslin-dress. All was up now. Jane Maria burst out into a cry of alarm; *ma chère mère* moved back her chair, went up, without speaking a word, to Ebba, took her by the hand, and conducted her out of the dining-room. I blushed with shame at this scene, and wished myself far away.

We all rose up; Jane Maria went to change her dress, and we afterwards met in the drawing-room. After a while *ma chère mère* entered, holding Ebba by the hand, who, with blushing cheeks, with difficulty suppressed her sobs. *Ma chère mère* led Ebba to Jane Maria and dictated the words with which to ask pardon, which Ebba articulated after her; after which, both sisters-in-law embraced each other, but without the least cordiality. Ebba then ran into another room, threw herself upon a couch, and there cried herself to sleep

After the coffee, *ma chère mère* proposed to Jane Maria to accompany her in a piece of music. Jane

Maria glanced towards me with a contemptuous mien (for she had no respect for *ma chère mère's* musical talents) but she complied, and played a sonata of Mozart, which *ma chère mère* laid before her and accompanied on the violin, with tolerable skill, but no taste; Mozart's music, however, always enraptures me. Jane Maria would play nothing except Herz and Czerny; they have too much flourish and ornament for me. Jane Maria's superior execution, and *ma chère mère's* enthusiasm for her "Mozart," as she calls him, caused the sonata to go off well enough, and *ma chère mère* herself pronounced "Bravo!"

After Jane Maria, it was my turn to exert myself; but partly from being quite unacquainted with the *grande sonate par Steibelt avec accompagnement du Violon,*" partly from being a mere bungler on the piano-forte, compared with Jane Maria, I acquitted myself but badly. In vain did *ma chère mère* beat time with her foot, in vain did she make such scrapes on her violin, as almost to burst the drum of my ear, we still continually got out of time. We re-commenced, we repeated, she grew impatient, I confused, and we finished with a perfect cat-music. *Ma chère mère* laid aside her violin, calling me a "little goose."

"It's quite another thing," she added, "when Jane Maria and I play together. That's something like harmony."

The harmony between *ma chère mère* and Jane Maria was nevertheless soon disturbed; they fell into a dispute about some domestic matter; *ma chère mère* used at her large brewings, a barrel and a half of malt to two barrels of small-beer and half-a-barrel of Ale.

Jane Maria thought, that, according to her method, a third less of malt would brew the same quantity of small-beer and Ale. *Ma chère mère* said, that that was thoroughly impossible; one must either take more malt to such a quantity of brewing, or the beer would be weaker. Jane Maria adhered to her opinion, and they disputed for a time, till Jane Maria threw out a slight hint, that *ma chère mère* did not understand the real art of brewing.

"Does the egg pretend to be wiser than the hen?" said *ma chère mère*, bitterly; "what the deuce do I care for your new art of brewing and wonderful inventions; there may be much art in it, but so much the less liquor; those who have tried know something; and I have seen a few more years, and some little more of brewing, than you, daughter Jane Maria. Age gives experience; remember that, Jane Maria." Jane Maria worked away at her embroidering frame, looking very red, and silent, but preserved a mien of superior sagacity. All this was not very agreeable. Meanwhile Ebba had awoke. She came in, and looked like a bird after a shower of rain. In order to cheer her, I proposed an amusing game. *Ma chère mère* joined in with me cheerfully, and we all took our seats at a round table. But at the very commencement of the game, Jane Maria and Ebba fell into a quarrel, and that in right earnest, about some rule of the game. Ebba appealed to me, and I put her right with a little jest respecting Jane Maria's opinion. Jane Maria was offended, and said something cutting to me. Heaven knows, how it happened, that in a moment my thermometer rose several degrees. I felt hot about my

ears, I answered somewhat sharply, and we scolded each other for a moment very soundly, till I saw *ma chère mère's* eyes attentively directed on me. I then was ashamed, blushed, and tried to make amends for my rashness by some kind expression to Jane Maria. But never was a game less spirited. Jane Maria sat, as if at church, and returned a chilling demeanour to *ma chère mère's* more and less refined attempts to rally her. I was quite glad when it was announced to me that the cabriolet had driven up to the door.

On taking leave of Jane Maria, she drew back from the kiss which I wished cordially to give her, and only just touched my hand with the tips of her fingers. I saw that she was angry with me yet; I felt sorry about it. *Ma chère mère* followed me to the ante-chamber, and said: "My dear Franciska, we have all been exceedingly vexatious to-day!"

"Ah, yes," answered I, so heartily concerned, that *ma chère mère* began to laugh, embraced me, and said looking at me: "Yes, you too have not been much better than the rest, child!"

"Nor have you, mother," said I, roguishly; bu somewhat alarmed at my presumption, I added: "Fo give me!" and kissed her hand.

She gave me a light pat on the cheek, and sa good-naturedly: "Well, you must come again morrow, and we will try if we can't agree better. V you come, my child? I will send my Norrköping riage to fetch you, and it shall take you back as A little exercise will do the horses good.

This little ante-chamber scene lightened my *considerably*. I feel that *ma chère mère* gains o

affection more and more. But, Jane Maria? How goes it with our friendship and with *la divina commedia?* But I will not judge by the occurrences of to-day. There are evil days in which the mind is out of tune, just as the milk turns sour in the dairy, when there is a storm in the atmosphere. I myself indeed was, as *ma chère mère* said, not a jot better than the rest.

To-morrow, I hope all will be right again between me and Jane Maria.

June 26th. Evening.

No, all was not right again between Jane Maria and me. Astonishing! how can one sulk so long about a trifle, a little excitement, which moreover was mutual. *Ma chère mère* received me yesterday more kindly still than usual, but Jane Maria was short and distant; she did not speak to me, and scarcely answered me when I spoke to her. This made my heart shrink. I was sorry for Ebba likewise. She was pale, dejected, although not out of temper, and looked as if she did not know what to make of herself and her position. She seemed to me to want a friend, and I was determined to act the part of one to her to the utmost of my power. I perceived likewise, that she did not relish Jane Maria's moral preaching, and that the latter and Jean Jacques's constant exhortations "to be rational, and take a walk," confirmed her little obstinate brain in her determined resolution not to put her foot out of the door, and to be reasonable as little as possible.

I watched to be alone with Ebba for a moment, and then said: "Have you a mind to take some fresh warm milk at my cow-house very early to-morrow morning?

I have a cow, called Andumbla, which gives most delicious milk, and is so tame moreover, that she will take bread out of your hand, if you will feed her. Would you like to come?"

"Oh yes!" answered Ebba, opening widely her beautiful eyes which suddenly brightened.

"Well, then, I'll come and call for you to morrow morning. But can you be up so early as six o'clock?"

"At five, at four, if you think it necessary," said Ebba warmly.

"But you are not capable of walking so far. It is above a mile from here to Rosenvik. No, it will be too far."

"No no, I am certain it will not. Indeed I can walk a mile and much further. I am strong. I can dance a whole night through!"

Well, then, I'll come and call for you to-morrow morning at six o'clock, and you shall stay with me the whole of the day. We will bake our own pancakes for our dinner and in the evening I will take you home again in the cabriolet. Pollo is so gentle that I am convinced you can manage him yourself.

"Oh, how delightful that will be!" exclaimed Ebba enraptured.

"But we must have permission first from *ma chère mère*, Ebba."

"That of course; I will run immediately to ask her." And away ran Ebba. The antipathy against the country, the resolution not to go out, all was forgotten at the prospect of taking milk at the cow-house, and driving Pollo.

I rejoiced at my little victory, as well as at the pros-

pect of having Ebba to myself for a day. A something told me that both a good heart and good sense will be found in her, when only called forth in a rational and seasonable manner.

When, soon after this, I entered *ma chère mère's* apartment, I found her with Ebba, who sat on her knee, chatting away with childlike joyous freedom, whilst she turned *ma chère mère's* cap into all sorts of forms and shapes. *Ma chère mère* laughed, and let her do as she liked. There was a perfect understanding between them.

Ma chère mère looked at me pleasantly, and exclaimed, "Well, dear Franciska, I understand you wish to run away with Ebba to-morrow, that she may drink new milk with the calves in your cow-house, I expect that you will carry her off in a balloon, for she cannot bear dusty roads and green grass."

"How charming, how exquisite that will be!" cried Ebba, clapping her hands, and skipping out of the room.

"There is no guile in her," said *ma chère mère*, "but she is a spoiled child, and must be corrected; had this been done earlier, it would not be necessary now. If you should have children, think of the words of the son of Sirach, 'Hast thou childern, correct them.'"

I said that one may govern children solely by reason, and train them for good and reflecting men.

"All roads may lead to Rome," said *ma chère mère*, "but the rod-road is shorter than the reason-road. Of course it is necessary that one should use the former with discretion. But to reason with children is to talk one's self hoarse, and get little by it. Teach the wolf

the *Paternoster*, he will still cry "Lamb!" My brother in-law Reinfelt's children were to have been brought up on this reasoning system, and with such perfection! But they turned out intolerable! The over-bearing lads were a pest to every one in the house. One day there were some strangers at my brother-in-law's house, and the children ran about and roared like little devils. One of the strangers spoke about something, "black as a crow," and one of Reinhold's boys shouted out, "The crow is white!"—"No, my son," said the mother,—"the crow is black." "No!" cried the boy, passionately, "the crow is white! the crow is white!" "The crows are black!" said the mother. "Crows are white." cried the urchin. What was to be done now? Was there a crow immediately at hand in order to convince his reason? No, and thus the boy had the last word. If I had only got him under my hands, he should have soon learned—and very properly too—that the crows are not white. No, no! Franciska; Reason is a good thing, but does no good with children. 'He who will not obey father and mother, must obey the drum.'"

I was obliged to laugh heartily at this sally, as well as at *ma chère mère's* warmth, but the thought of the unsuccessful application of her doctrine, in reference to her own son, inspired me with a feeling of sadness, and in deep thought, I said:

"It may be the case that different children require different treatment."

"Perhaps!—" said *ma chère mère*, and a black cloud lowered over her forehead, but she chased it away quickly, and cheerfully continued: "However, I am quite agreeable, Franciska, that you should take the

pretty little mad-cap under your inspection. At her age 'a word spoken in season, how good is it!' 'What is hid in the snow will come forth in the thaw.'"

The little mad-cap was exceedingly good-tempered and most engaging throughout the whole day; but Jane Maria was the more peevish, at least towards me and Ebba. It seemed as if she believed that we had formed a confederacy against her. I had a great desire to convince her that this was not the case, and that there is nothing that I wished for more than that of being friends with her again; but I perceived a trait in her character which quite chilled my feeling for her, for it betrayed a great want of kindness and of real good manners.

It was towards evening; the topic of conversation was Bellini. Ebba was enchanted by his compositions, Jane Maria said he was monotonous, and there was no life in his melodies. "Oh!" cried Ebba,—"I will sing you a piece of his, which is heavenly, and which I learned last winter with Mr. B.; you must hear it!" She ran to the piano and really sang, very gracefully, a little enchanting piece of this most melodious master. I listened to her with great pleasure, but just when Ebba was about performing with care a most expressive Movendo, Jane Maria pushed back her chair with a great noise, and walked out of the room, opening the door widely, and clapping it too after her. Ebba blushed, I did the same, for Jane Maria's conduct evidently intended to depreciate Ebba, was wounding. I could tell, by a look of *ma chère mère*, that she thought as I did, and when Ebba concluded her song, with tears in her eyes, *ma chère mère* thanked and praised her, doubt-

less more than she would have done, had Jane Maria not conducted herself so ungraciously.

Jane Maria is extolled as a woman of distinguished manners. "Alas!" (thought I, at this scene), "how superficial is the signification of this fine, comprehensive term!" And I felt no longer any inclination to trouble myself about a reconciliation with Jane Maria; I left it to come when it would.

But oh, what brought me such joy and rapture think you, just now? Why, a letter from you, dear Maria, so sweet, so full of that, which makes me happy. Although already late, I cannot lie down before unburdening myself of those words and feelings towards you which your letter has called forth.

The 27th July,—Evening.

This morning at five o'clock, I set out on the way to Karlsfors, in order to fetch Ebba. The weather was as beautiful as I could wish. At six o'clock I arrived, and found Ebba already dressed and waiting for me, full of eagerness and impatience. Excepting the servants, there was no one yet up but Ebba. We set out on our way. At the commencement, Ebba talked, skipped, laughed, sang, and enjoyed her life as the birds in the air; but when we came half way to Rosenvik, into a large, beautiful wood, she suddenly grew silent. And in reality, the scene around us was well calculated to inspire, at the same time, both pleasant and serious thought. A perfect stillness prevailed, large dew-drops hung on the leaves of the trees, and the sun with its golden rays broke through the forest, and gave varied degrees of shade to the abounding foliage; the atmosphere was indescribably pure and mild. Ebba walked

at a gradually decreasing pace, and I silently at her side. Feelings of solemnity stole over me, and now and then I cast a look on Ebba. A sort of soft paleness rested on her fair, young countenance, a kind of embarrassment was legible in it; great tears stood in her eyes, which seemed, as it were, to open on an unknown world. A bird then began to warble—wonderful, enrapturing tones—one might have believed they were inspired by a thinking soul.

"Oh, what is that?" enquired Ebba, pausing, and astonished.

"That is a nightingale!" replied I, myself also intoxicated by the lovely and rarely heard melody.

Ebba hearkened and gazed for a considerable time, with anxious searching look. It seemed as if the ear of her soul, had, for the first time, opened to the lofty song of life.

"Good Heavens!" she whispered, "how solemn and fair this is!"

In an under voice, I recited the following words of Tegner:—

> "Oh when so much of nature's loveliness,
> Is felt through every bounding vein, how fair
> Must be the eternal source of pure delight."

Ebba fell weeping round my neck, and I pressed her to my breast, with the tenderness of a sister.

"Oh, Franciska!" said she, "I don't know how it is, I am happy, and yet obliged to weep. Every thing around me is so beautiful, so grand, so wonderful:—Tell me, what may this be likened to?"

"To Life!" replied I.

"To Life?" repeated Ebba, astonished, "
has many changes, many varying scenes."

"Yes, but that which we now see, is like the
life, its inmost reality, grave but yet glad."

Ebba put her hand to her forehead, "I do no
understand you," said she, "but I believe n
forebodes,—thoughts flash through me, but I
realize them."

"In the course of time," dear Ebba, "you
derstand them better."

"And when I shall understand this realit
of which you speak, shall I then be able to be
laugh, as I now do?"

"Oh yes, Ebba! Then only will you be al
rightly glad and happy. Then you will have
humours, nor continued weariness, as you oft
at present."

"I should like to become acquainted with thi
of life," said Ebba, with earnestness, "but wl
teach me it? Jane Maria is not able. You a
but I shall soon travel far away from hence."

"Do you know any thing else to which thi
scene may be likened?"

"Yes."

"To what then?"

"To your husband!"

Ebba looked at me, and her eyes brighten
believe you are right!" said she.

"Yes, his mind also is serious, but clear; a
wish to become acquainted with the reality of
its beauty, then—live for him, Ebba; O, Ebb
a nightingale in the domestic world! Be t

the sun-beams between these trees! Attach yourself with heart and soul to him! Be guided by him! Make him happy, and you shall, you will become happy and understand what in life is the most lovely! You will acquire self-esteem, honour before God and men!"

Ebba was pale, kissed my hand, and wept. But, oh, how lovely were those tears upon her youthful cheeks! They proclaimed the dawning of womanhood in a being hitherto but as a child.

I left Ebba to her thoughts, and silently we continued our journey to Rosenvik. Not until our arrival at the dairy, did Ebba arouse from her silent musing; and the frothing milk which we poured into glasses from the milk-pails, appeared to us to be a real draught of joy. It never entered Ebba's mind to believe that Andumbla's could be but common milk, and I made no attempt to convince her of it.

My intercourse with Ebba during the remainder of the day, confirmed me in my opinion of her. She has many fine qualities, which, if cordially cherished and developed, would render her an excellent and amiable person; it is true, she has many childish ways about her, but how much should I excuse in her at seventeen, when I at seven and twenty————

For a moment Ebba sank into profound and apparently melancholy reflection. I enquired affectionately the cause of her depression.

"Ah!" sighed Ebba, deeply, "if he were only not called Peter!" I was obliged to laugh out aloud at this. But Ebba continued (dejected) "Jane Maria is of the same opinion, that Peter is such a frightful name; whilst she says Jean Jacques sounds so well. How dis-

agreeable that he should just be called Peter!"

I tried to comfort Ebba, and brought before the great men who had borne this name. The . Peter made no great impression on her, nor Czs either. Master Peter, from the national song, re the name a little more poetical, and she was reconciled to it, when I represented that Ped Peter were one and the same name, and that deceased Emperor, closely related to our royal had borne the same. She determined to call h band, Pedro; I proposed several abbreviations and at last we laughed most heartily over the s and Ebba became equally reconciled to the n Peter, as I was with the far less poetical Lars .

We finished the day with sending up soap-l in the open, calm air, with as much eagerness an sure as if we were little children. I then drov home in the cabriolet, and now and then abdic her the reins, to her great delight.

I was very anxious to see, whether Jane Ma continued to be unfriendly; it seemed incredib at my first salutation I saw that it was so. I ws grieved about it, and my hope of living in frie with her almost vanished, for I never can becor cerely attached to any one who is not kind and a able; and such a disposition, (so appropriately nated by the ugly name of churlish), changes li a dark autumn day. Compared to this *ma chèr* bursts cf impatience are a thousand times bett expresses herself harshly, but, once said, ther end of it, and she is again kind, and cherishes sentment towards those who have offended her.

tanding I am glad of not being obliged to *crouch* ; her sceptre, and the more I compare Björn with ı, the more does he resemble an angel of peace.

chère mère was this evening very much occupied the new neighbour at Ramm. Partly because she ıeard a number of good reports about him, partly se he himself had now paid her great attention. ad, some time ago, for instance, expressed in com- that she should like some venison; and also a few to keep in her park at Karlsfors, to let them breed. *hère mère*, before her misfortune, was very fond of ng, and had killed with her own hand more than vift deer.] The new neighbour at Ramm had now her the delicious venison of a young fat roebuck, ı he had shot, as well as a couple of living animals is kind, which had been caught in snares. The nt was accompanied by an extremely polite French on the part of the neighbour. The note was to fect, that having accidently ascertained the wish ı lady formerly the possessor of Ramm, he esteemed ılf happy to have it in his power to gratify her, ially as he expected ere long to be settled on the ı, and would then cherish no higher wish, than ıt entering into a friendly connection with so re- a neighbour. He trusted that the objects sent t meet with a favourable reception, as pledges of espect. The letter was signed "Antonia de lly."

ı *chère mère* was exceedingly delighted at the ch letter, at the deer, and, above all, at the polite- of the new neighbour.

lee, that is something like *savoir vivre!*" cried

the, snapping her fingers. "Yes, these sou people have no equals in it. We must see the I will invite him to my first grand dinner, if ev pays no previous visit. Politeness of this ki better than seven visits. At present, however, I certainly answer his letter immediately; and, over, in French. Franciska shall look over my afterwards. Heaven be thanked, I have acquire French language grammatically, and spoken and ten it as well as any body, but latterly it has bec little rusty, and will probably be somewhat imp by reason of want of practise. I am very glad c opportunity of practising my French again wit polite Monsieur de Romilly. It will be very a able to become more closely acquainted with him

I say with *ma chère mère*, it will be very agreea form a more intimate acquaintance with this ma a man of whom every body speaks, and nobody who distributes benefits and polite favours, and yet nobody knows, is undeniably a wonderful an teresting person.

Ma chère mère was a long time at work wit French epistle. On reading it over, I had the u trouble imaginable to keep myself from laughin precise and old-fashioned was it; it was, howev like the composer, and in its antiquated style expr her ideas so distinctly, that I considered it bot possible and unnecessary to attempt any alter I therefore left those expressions, "*Monsieur e honore voisin*," "*politesse magnanime*," "*present et courtois*," and many other somewhat sin words, standing as they were. I said the lette

very good; and *ma chère mère*, who had all the while been watching me with some little uneasiness, was very well satisfied with herself, with the letter, and also with me.

The 30th July.

Ah! I breathe again. It is fair weather again between Jane Maria and me; and the south wind which chased away the misty vapours, was called—Flattery! The day before yesterday Björn returned, satisfied with himself, with his brother, his journey, his business, and, above all, with his little wife, who on her part again was not dissatisfied with him. Yesterday evening there was a Sunday dance at Karlsfors. *Ma chère mère* had asked us to be present on the occasion, because she wished to drink the health of the new married couples, and to make an address to her people; which, on account of Björn's and Peter's absence on St. John's day, was left unperformed. *Ma chère mère* played to the dancing, on the violin, almost the whole of the evening. Ebba danced with heart and soul; I did the same. Jane Maria, who had been making visits with her husband did not return till late, and only remained a spectator of the dance. I poured forth a stream of encomiums respecting her toilet, which really was very tasteful; and at length the dark cloud dispersed which hung between us, and Jane Maria became, to my inexpressible joy, as friendly as before, but with the *divina comedia* of our friendship there is an end. I am sorry for that. I should like to find one friend among my many neighbours and acquaintances. Ebba is too childish, Miss Hausgiebel too much like a bird, *ma chère mère* is—*ma chère mère*. For long

and the impression which the heavenly land had made upon me, I dressed myself plainly but nicely, according to Björn's taste, and away rolled the cabriolet with him and his little wife.

I was duly and rightly set down at the door. Björn had taken it into his obstinate head not to go in with me, but to let me speak for myself. In vain I represented to him that I was not even so fortunate as a medicine-bottle, which, at least, bears a strip of paper, explaining "how to be taken," and told him my fears that they would be at a loss in the house to know what to do with me. Björn told me only to greet them in a civil tone, and assured me that this, in conjunction with my face, would have all the desired effect. Chiding we separated.

As I walked up the stairs quite alone, I looked upon myself as having no more right there than one who comes with the intention of borrowing money; but scarcely had I entered the door, than I was ready to fancy myself cream to the coffee, or a long wished for present, so was I hailed and welcomed and embraced, and I felt in my grateful soul that all this was to be placed to Björn's account.

I just came in right time for the coffee, eat and drank, and chatted, and felt myself in a very short time like a child of the house.

And now you shall have in prose a description of that family, which I have already described to you in poetry; it is as a working-day to a holyday, but the Kingdom of Heaven is still at hand (I do not speak now solely from personal experience,) but according to the descriptions which I have received from Miss *Hellevi* Hausgiebel and *ma chère mère.*

THE DOMESTIC LIFE.

For upwards of half a century have the aged pair inhabited these same rooms. Here they were married, and here will they celebrate next winter their golden nuptials.* The rooms are unaltered, the furniture the same as fifty years ago, and yet every thing is clean, comfortable and pleasant, as if it were a dwelling only of a year's date; but it is more simple than our modern abodes. I do not know what spirit of peace and comfort possesses me in this house. Ah! in it fifty years have passed away as one happy day; here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and wrought. Many a pure joy has flourished here, and the intruding cares have not been bitter. The love and fear of God has brightened the darkest clouds; from hence has issued many a noble deed, many a beneficent work. Here happy children have grown up; they drew strength from the example of their parents, and went forth into the world and established themselves like them, in goodness and happiness. Still, to this present moment, they often return to the parental roof full of love and joy, to bless and be blessed. Ah, Maria! I feel that I fall again into the poetic strain. But what would you wish? There are pictures of every-day life, which, let them be turned whichever way they may, always appear in poetic loveliness. I will endeavour notwithstanding to bind my-

* Alluding to the celebration of a marriage jubilee, on the 50th anniversary of the wedding day, it is a custom in some places to marry the aged couple over again.

self more to earth. Well then!—the cl
sons and four daughters come once alm
with every soul belonging to them, to visi
and to diffuse new life into their early
home is still unchanged to them, still is
as dear as ever. It has only become mo
peaceful, for evening is there, and the
grave begin to fall around the venerable
and now a glance at these.

THE VENERABLE OLD MAN

The mark of a long life full of integrit
benevolence is stamped upon his open fo
be seen in his frank and kind demeano
is yet strong, and his gait firm; the cro
is bald, but beneath, a circle of silvery-w
round his dignified head. No man in th
this head without bowing his in friendly
salutation. All in the vicinity as well
love him as their benefactor, and honou
patriarch. He has acquired his fortu
exertions; sacrificed much for the gener
spite of many adversities and losses his
abated. In thought and in word he is
even cheerful; but since the last few
has become weak. Sometimes he has
gout, which affect his equanimity. Ah,

But around the couch when he lies
pain, an angel hovers. His feet are
moved by white soft hands; the sick ch
as the countenance of the old man, are
Serena.

are coming into the house where Serena rules,
t of poetry.

THE VENERABLE OLD WOMAN.

ged face, a bent back; you see an old woman.
ew her something beautiful; speak of something
e, her countenance brightens, her smile beams
at eternal youth, which dwells for ever in the feel-
l. Involuntarily you are then obliged to exclaim:
t a handsome old woman!" Where you to sit
her, and gaze at her gentle, honest eyes, you
feel as if you were ready to open your whole soul,
ten to her words with faith as firm as they were

She has lived through much and experienced
and still she says, that she should like to live
n. Ah! truly, we ought to learn from her.
ne and demeanour betray true culture and re-
nt, and great knowledge of mankind. She alone
ncated her daughters; she still lives in thought
ed for her children and children's children; still
the cares of her house and family upon her
rs, though she reposes some at present on
; since the death of her youngest daughter she
come somewhat melancholy, to which in words
ves no expression, but it is perceptible in her
it sighs. Like her husband, she is universally
ed and beloved; and all agree in saying, that a
erfect union than that between this couple can-
conceived.

you wish to see in one short trait a miniature
of the whole?

Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples; when they are done he gives one to his Old Beauty, as he calls his wife. Thus, they have shared every thing with each other for fifty years past.

The kind old woman in a good-natured grandmotherly tone, which did my heart good, at once called me "Franciska," and addressed me with the cordial "thou." *Ma chère mère* I like very well, but I could love this excellent old woman.

And now to the third person—the very life, the real charm of this family.

SERENA.

Her mother was called "Benjamina;" and, like the Benjamin in the Bible, was the youngest and most beloved child of her parents. When scarcely eighteen years old, she formed a matrimonial alliance with a young man, who possessed and merited all her affections. It was a union fair as a spring day, but much too quickly dissolved. The daughter, who after the lapse of two years, was the offspring of this union, received the name of Serena. With her it terminated on earth. The mother blessed her daughter and died; the father followed her after a few months. They were not to be long separated from each other. The cradle of the little orphan girl was conveyed to the house of her grand-parents. Serena was their comfort, and soon, also, their greatest joy; and not to them only, but likewise to all their friends and acquaintances did Serena become endeared. The happy life of her parents and their premature death, had flung the veil of mourn-

er the orphan child, which claims a sympathizing
rom every benevolent eye. Her childhood was
e; a pain in her hip, which for a long time kept
it were, a prisoner, and from the sports of child-
gave a paleness to her cheeks, and prematurely
it that smile of patient sadness upon her lips,
even now sometimes rests with a most mysterious
upon them. All this in connexion with her
resignation, with the perfect amiability of her
character, gained for her the interest and the
of all men.

ng one period it appeared as if the languishing
rould spread her wings and follow her parents on
assage to heaven, but this was not the case.
and faithful nursing held her back upon the
Like a rose blossoming in the sunshine upon
like a young vine-branch entwining its soft
ound firm old stems; thus grew up Serena,
l by loving looks, tenderly cherished and guided
e who had been the support of her parents. She
stored to health, she smiled, played—her soul
ed itself, and by degrees she ripened into a
harmonious being.

learned every thing with difficulty, but retained
e learned in a most faithful memory. Ever a
imid in commencing any work, she never de-
rom it until it was completed and executed well.
structors were at first impatient, but always be-
atisfied at last. Serena was not richly endowed,
finished her work so well, and then,—she was so
t, so sincere, so loving!

she grew up, unfolded her powers, and became

the Flower of the Dale. The earnestness of her soul, the clearness of her understanding, rendered her gay, gay in angelic happiness, pure, animating to all, imparting happiness!

"Look at Serena," said every mother in the vicinity to their daughters, and the daughters looked and strove to imitate what they were constrained to love.

But the prose in this sketch! the touch of earth in this angelic picture! ah! this too must be told. Serena is lame. This word alarms me. I am ready to exclaim "No!" to what I have said: if you think you see in Serena a limping awkward figure, I call out with all my might, "No, no, no! it is not so." Behold a graceful, perfectly formed shape, whose slight inclination forward in walking, by no means disfigures her. It is a gentle, wave-like motion, which resembles the pleasing exception from a rule more than a real defect. Is it the remembrance of her sufferings or the tone of her character, which so entirely hides this natural defect? Enough, it inspires no other feeling in those who behold her, than an involuntary wish to be permitted to support her.

Serena's appearance in other respects you may learn from my former sketch. That innocence upon her forehead, that bright child-like gaze with those stars in the azure sky enraptured me as at first, and I found her almost still more beautiful in her simple every-day attire, than in her festive robes.

I dare not forget "Goldhead," who often fluttered twittering around his fair mistress. On my inquiry how the little creature had become so tame, Madam Dahl replied: "During that severe winter two years

ago, Serena one day found that little bird lying on the floor. She took it up, and nursed it, and fed it. The sparrow revived and attached itself to Serena, as if it knew how to be grateful. But it is true also that Serena is tender and kind to it, as to every thing, which she takes under her protection. Goldhead flies at his pleasure into his cage to eat, but is otherwise fastened up only at night.

And now for myself. for I must not forget myself, Madam Dahl requested me to sing. (It is after all a pleasant thing to possess a little talent.) I obeyed, was successful, and received the most lively thanks. The old Dahl cried with cheerful voice: now Serena must sing a little too!

"Oh, Grandfather!" said she blushing;—"how would it sound after what we have just heard?"

"Dear child!"—answered the venerable old man smiling,—"do not let Madam W—, believe you to be vain."

"No!" rejoined Serena gaily,—"and therefore she shall hear my poor little voice."

She seated herself instantly at the instrument and sang a pretty, simple, little song, by Lindblad. Her voice was not poor, but rather weak, and apparently unexercised, but notwithstanding, she sang with so much soul and expression, that I felt heartily delighted.

"Yes!" said the old man, who was evidently rejoiced in his inmost soul, "I like that sort of thing far better than all our Catalini's, Mara, and Dulcamara, and whatever else their names may be, who are more instruments than singers. This I comprehend at least with my heart and understanding. If Serena

had only had opportunity to learn them, then—" The venerable old man made a most expressive mien.

"Are there no singing-masters in the town?" I inquired.

"None, except old E——, who sings wretchedly ill. Many of our friends here wished to have taken Serena to Stockholm, to cultivate her talents there, but nothing could induce her to leave us. She knows very well, that we feel lost without her. But the reason why her voice fails her, and she gets hoarse, is because she reads so much Latin."

Saying this, the venerable old man held out his hand affectionately to Serena, who embraced him with filial tenderness. Both laughed—"If you are not tired of singing," continued the old man—"come my good child, and read a little Latin to me out of the book. You know which I mean, from Victor—I always forget the man's name. Will you my child?"

"With all my heart," replied Serena, and they walked out together.

"Does Miss Löfven know Latin?" I asked Madam Dahl somewhat astonished.

The good old woman answered smiling, "Ah, that is an absurdity! Since my old man's eyes have become so weak, Serena often reads to him. His favourite readings are travels, and novels; these latter keep him as he says, young in spirit."

When passages occur in these works, which Serena thinks improper for reading aloud, she skips them, or when that is impracticable, she says: "Here comes some Latin." My husband, who sometimes sleeps whilst she is reading, let these excuses about the Latin

pass for sometime, although he remarked it as strange that they should occur so often. "That is a singular style of writing," said he at last, "which our modern authors have adopted, it is a cursed pedantry," &c.—he was downright vexed about it. One day, however, there was so much of Latin occurring during the lecture, that my old man highly astonished, began to inquire how the matter really was. After the conclusion of the lecture, and Serena's withdrawal, he took up his double glasses and commenced to study the pretended Latin himself; he soon discovered the nature of it, and the Latin afterwards became a standing joke between him and Serena, whom he gradually persuaded to be less particular about the Latin quotations with him.

We spoke for some time yet about Serena, and the good old Lady listened with pleasure to what I had to say about her favourite. She then sighed and said: "she certainly is at present far less handsome than she was; for a twelvemonth past, I fancied she was in a decline, and she still coughs occasionally. I am afraid, that the retired life which she leads here with us, is injurious to her. Doctor Werner has recommended her country air and exercise."

"Many of our acquaintances have been so kind as to invite Serena to their country seats, but she will not leave us, and we do not know indeed how we could live without her. My old man in particular, cannot bear to hear a word about her leaving us, and we have therefore thought of hiring a small country house near the town, where Serena might be with us, and at the same time receive benefit to her health. In the mean time she shall take exercise on horseback as often as

possible, and my old man and I will accompany her in a carriage. We intend to commence this plan next week, provided Serena can get a good and safe little pony."

I took up this point and inquired eagerly, if it were not practicable for Serena to take a trip to Rosenvik, and spend the day now and then at my house? I would take good care of her, we would be out in the fresh air, we would drink fresh milk, we would sing together, said I, and heaven knows what more I said, for a flood of eloquence came over me.

The dear old woman thanked me, appeared half happy, half perplexed, knew not whether it was practicable, sighed at length, and said: "We must see what my old man says, we will speak to him."

"I shall speak to my Björn," thought I, "and if I get him over, who will be able to withstand us?" I was full of spirits for the accomplishment of this project.

Björn came. At the very hall door I seized him unawares.—"My dear Björn, if you have any regard for me, you must be on my side and speak with me and for me, that Serena may come to Rosenvik, and stop there during the day. You see she is to ride out for the sake of exercise, according to your own prescription, dearest! now prescribe likewise that she is to ride only to our house; say, that it is indispensably requisite to her health. I will attend to her, I will sing with her—say so to the old man—talk with them and bring it about. I am sure it is your wish too, my dear little Bear, is it not?"

"Bless us! what a flow of eloquence. Where is our

to get breath? Well, I see clearly you are pretty well at home here already, you monkey!"

"All my own merit, and no one else's, you Bear!"

Björn was welcomed and hailed by the family, as a very dear and esteemed friend. He always looks on such occasions something like a Bashaw, and receives all such civilities and kindness as a tribute due to him —and I suppose it is all quite correct.

Having devoted myself to-day to prosaic observations, I directed my attention at dinner very minutely to the domestic management and arrangements, by the neglect of which, all the poesy of life here in the north, at least, evaporates like bubbles in a glass of champagne. But I only discovered here, that I should be able to learn much from Serena in the cooking department itself, as well as in the serving, &c. &c.

For several years she has superintended the management of her grandmother's house, and appears to perform her part excellently. The charming girl was an attentive and graceful hostess to all at table, whilst sitting near her half-blind grandfather, she paid perpetual attention to his wants with the kindest solicitude.

After dinner, I soon adverted to my project with Serena. Björn entered into the theme with much force and reason, and we succeeded happily. The old Dahls hesitated at first about it, but when I spoke of our desire to practice in singing together, he gladly consented, shook me by the hand, and said, "that will be most desirable." When Serena had the hearty consent of her grand-parents, she also expressed her joy at the plan, embraced me, and said, a tear starting

in her eye, that I was too kind to take such interest in her and her music.

I was delighted beyond measure, and feeling light-hearted, every thing else appeared charming. The afternoon passed over in agreeable conversation. Mr. Dahl talked with animation of Mr. de Romilly's bounty and of all the advantages which a school-establishment of this kind and of such an extent, as could now be accomplished, would yield to this part of the country. The old, but yet energetic man, was already, as its director, in full activity for it. Though already in his seventieth year, he is as warmly interested in projects for the welfare of mankind as any enthusiast of twenty years. To behold such a sight inspires a wish for long life.

Serena's conversation is very agreeable. One cannot exactly say that her expressions contain any thing very striking; but there is a sort of soul-euphony in them, which I should like to call feminine. I wish she were a sister of mine. Ah! that I could have her for my friend. This wish is most vivid in my imagination. She is certainly very young yet, compared to me, and takes probably a very different view of life from what I do; but she attracts me with irresistable force into her gentle angel-world.

On our return home, Björn and I scarcely spoke of any thing else than of her. Björn was more communicative on this subject than he is wont to be.—"She is a most estimable young woman," said he, among other things. "It would touch the heart of every one to see her sacrificing herself in mind and body for her grand-parents, and so forgettin herself in anxious love

for them. As their family physician, I have had excellent opportunity to observe this. Four very good offers of marriage, I know, she has rejected, and more are talked of, all under the pretext that she could not love her suitor. But the principal reason is most assuredly, her unwillingness to leave the old people. They show it too plainly, that they cannot part with her. Two years ago, a young, very amiable, Englishman, who was deeply in love with her, sued for her hand. He received a refusal, like all the others, although Serena, as is supposed, was not altogether unfavourably inclined towards him. He made no secrecy of his desperation, threw himself into the vortex of dissipation, in which he miserably ended his life the following year. This was ascribed to the desperate state of his circumstances, but certainly his disappointment in love was the chief cause of his lamentable end. Be this, however, as it may, this much is certain, that this event has made a deep impression on Serena, and that her character since that period is less cheerful; her cheeks have become more pale; but her peace and amiability are still the same."

"May she find roses and joy at Rosenvik!" I exclaimed.

July 5th.

I have seen him, I have seen him, the man of the wood, the spy, Don Miguel; the kindness, the benovoence, the secret—in a word, the neighbour of Ramm, Mr. de Romilly! I have seen him, and were I to live for fifty years, and never see him again, still I should never forget him. Is he then so handsome? I don't

know. Or so ugly? I don't know. Is he so agreeable? I don't know. Or so disagreeable? I don't know. What is he like? I don't know. Is he a novel hero? I don't know. What is he? I don't know. Such were Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel's interrogations to me to-day, and such my responses. Listen now, dear Maria.

Yesterday, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from our brothers and sisters-in-law. I had already let them satisfy their curiosity on all points; we began to be cheerful, and at home, and I projected a plan for our supper at Svanö, when suddenly the door opened, and was immediately darkened by a tall, strong, and dark figure. At the first sight of him, I recognised the man of the wood, and felt quite oppressed—I cannot conceive why?—and within me there was a voice crying: "Samuel, Samuel!" Björn went up to the new comer, with his usual frankness and cordiality, and bade him welcome. The stranger announced his name in a tone of voice which sounded harsh to my ears. Björn introduced him to me, and we all sat down. A less inquisitive man cannot be found in the world than Björn, and strangers may for ever remain a secre to him. Not so Jean Jacques; he immediately i terrogates people, although in a social way, which not offensive to any one, who is not very particul Before many minutes had elapsed, he had asked l de Romilly how long he had been in Sweden, how l he intended to stay, how he liked it, &c. I must fess, that the stranger did not encourage his inq tiveness, and I have never heard any one give brief, indefinite dry answers. Notwithstanding

as it were infected by Jean Jacques, and as I, like the rest, understood French, I asked whether the Swedish language did not seem harsh to his ears? and, to my great astonishment, he replied with a foreign accent, although with an altered, and melodious voice: "On the contrary, it sounds very harmonious to me, especially when spoken by ladies."

"You speak Swedish?" said I, surprised.

"Several years ago," he replied, in the same soft tone, "I spent one winter in Sweden, and then learned your pretty language."

The conversation was afterwards carried on in Swedish, but Mr. de Romilly took but little part in it, although Jean Jacques did his utmost to draw him out since he touched on subjects which must have been familiar to the stranger; he spoke to him especially about Portugal, its commerce, and colonies. The conversation then turned to the various races of mankind; asubject on which Jean Jaques displayed with much interesting information, but I thought him unjust towards what he called the Ethiopian race, which he reduced to the level of the brute creation, whilst he declared the Negro to be quite incapable of a higher cultivation. Peter contested this assertion in part. The slave-trade became the topic of discourse. To my astonishment, Jean Jacques spoke in favour of it, and maintained, that only as a slave to the civilized Europeons, could the Negro become of any value, or enjoy any continued happiness. Peter opposed this opinion throughout and indeed with profound reasoning. Jean Jacques quoted Tarleton and Gascoigne in support of his assertion; Peter answered them triumphantly with

Wilberforce and Canning. During the whole of this debate the stranger uttered not a word, but followed the conversation with the greatest interest. Sometimes a kind of sneering, and bitter smile, moved on his lips; sometimes his dark eye lightened with a peculiar fire. I could not turn away my eyes from him, but his thoughts I could not fathom. I fancied as if he listened to Jean Jacques with approbation, especially to a long and warm speech, in which he endeavoured to show the low and degraded state of the negros, especially in an intellectual point of view; proving that nature herself placed them within an insurmountable barrier. "Do with the negro whatever you please," concluded Jean Jacques; "give him education, and enlightenment, still his intellect will always be the slave to the intellect of the white man; develope all his faculties,—he will still remain a machine in the hands of the European. He is, by nature, designed to be the servant of the latter."

I could see by Björn's grimaces, that he was not very much pleased with this speech, and at the conclusion of it he said, with emphasis: "I do not know whether the negro is capable of developing high intellectual power; nor do I know, whether such development is the most important object of human civilization; but I do know that he is a man, and as such, my brother."

"Brother!" cried Romilly, with a tone which made me start, so singular, awful, and almost threatening was the sound of it.

"Yes, brother," cried Björn, growing warmer, "and he who traffics with his liberty and life is a monster, and worse than a murderer."

"A murderer!" repeated the stranger, with a convulsive movement in his eye-brows, and in a voice so gloomy, that the looks of all were involuntarily directed to him. The expression of his face changed again, and he said, calmly, but seriously, to Björn: "*Monsieur, je pense entièrement comme vous:*"—After this, he was silent, looked quietly down before him, and did not seem to pay any further attention to the conversation, which Jean Jacques transferred, with his usual facility, to other subjects.

After a time I renewed my proposals respecting Svanö, and moved, that the company should repair thither immediately, whilst I would follow a little while after, with a cold collation, which I wished to prepare in the interim. Mr. de Romilly, I should conclude, had no great taste for such pastoral repasts. He begged us to excuse him, and took leave. As we were moving to go to Svanö, we saw him mounting his fine black horse, and, saluting politely, he vanished between the green trees. I felt easier when he was gone, notwithstanding I involuntarily gazed after him, with the wish to obtain another glimpse of this gloomy but striking form. We rode to Svanö, and spent an agreeable evening there. The green grass equalizes all claims and every pretension to precedence. Jane Maria and Ebba took milk out of the same glass. But I can talk of nothing now but of the stranger, I could think of nothing else the whole of the evening, (Jane Maria lectured me on account of my absence of mind,) I cannot get this picture out of my mind. I have now seen the much talked of neighbour *en face*, and yet I do not know what to say about him. At first one felt an im-

pression of the union of great simplicity with great power; but this power is felt to be oppressive. He reminds one of a beautiful thunder-cloud. He is very tall, of a strong physical structure, rather stout than thin. His face is energetic and manly; his complexion very dark. Several scars, as from sabre-cuts, are by no means disfiguring. On the mouth a pleasing expression is sometimes seen, but his habit of contracting his great black eyebrows, till they meet in an almost perpendicular line above his nose, spoils his whole countenance, and gives it an unnatural look, almost amounting to ugliness. When his brows separate again, the face so brightens up, that one is obliged to pronounce it "handsome." Under the brows are a pair of eyes, which I cannot well understand; they seem to vary from black to flame color. At one time they do not look up for a whole minute, although the mouth may be speaking; at another they are fixed with such a piercing and penetrating look, that one is involuntarily obliged to cast down one's own; then again they flare up like blazing flames in a dark night; thus they looked when he exclaimed the words: "Brother and murderer!" This singular and sudden change is to be found also in his voice, and I cannot help inquiring, if it may not extend much deeper. There is a mark about him which seems to me to indicate some fatality, for I have seen the same peculiarity in several men of strong passions, it is a vein in his temple, which is in form exactly like a thunderbolt, especially when it swells up suddenly. In other respects, I was pleased with his character: it is quite natural, without a trace of affectation or assumption of any kind; at the same time there

is nothing frank, nothing to inspire confidence about him; he appears to me to resemble a gigantic power, but whether good or bad, whether destructive or beneficent, I cannot say. But whenever these wonderful eyes should be fixed in love on any one, when this voice should speak loving words, they would then be dangerous indeed. I have never seen any one who was so much a living mystery. My desire, mixed with fear to fathom it, is extreme.

But, I thank Heaven that my Björn is no dark mystery, that his soul is as bright and open as noon-day. This indeed constitutes the happiness of married life, and fills home with peace.

July 6t

To-morrow comes Baron Stellan, I cannot say that I am glad of it. Björn is somewhat busy in making preparations for his reception. There is scarcely anything that is good enough for him; he is to be cherished as if he were a little petted Countess. Such a spoilt fine little gentleman will be but a difficult guest to please, especially at rustic Rosenvik.—"Yes, yes, Björn, he shall have your morocco slippers, and the real China washing ewer? Yes, yes, dearest! your gold-boy shall get all this!"—I wish the Chamberlain was at Constantinople. But Björn is so full of glee. He is so friendly, therefore I will now likewise appear philanthropic.

July 10th.

Baron Stellan is here. Well, we get on very well with him. He is polite, amiable, seems contented with every thing, and it is no difficult matter to live agree-

ably with him. He walks with Björn, and
politics and physic. To me he reads, or ch
with me, whilst I sit and work. One soon be
intimate with him, as if one had known him
years past. Country-life certainly contribut
especially if whole days are passed in eac
company. Björn has requested me to stay at
account of cousin Stellan, and to manage ev
so that he should feel comfortable and satisf
house. Björn really loves his former pupil mos
Here you have his portrait with a few rous
of the pen. I should almost be inclined to
the opposite of Mr. de Romily; the latter I
to a sort of grand and wild scene in nature, l
Stellan I should compare to a fine, perfectl
dered English park. His finished educ
polished cousin Stellan, and given him every a
his handsome charming figure moves with
gracefulness. This freedom in his demeanour
the gifts which nature has bestowed. Hi
around which plays a sly, almost sarcastic
hibits, when open, the most beautiful set
which look whiter still in contrast with the bl
tache. His eyes are not large, but have a
pression, and his hair curls gracefully over
forehead. His dress is extremely precise,
plays much taste. What more shall I say
Stellan, possesses many talents, he draws, sin
ly, is very agreeable in conversation, and b
this, is (in the country at least,) unassumin
ner and conduct, for which he is highly to
mended, especially when one considers hi

s prospects in life. His toilet occupies him a
oo much, but there is no harm in that; it is a
of course when men are young, rich, and hand-

July 12th.

is, however, a singular being, this worthy cousin,
I cannot yet understand exactly what to make of
In the first place, I see that he is no sincere
istian. Yesterday evening he talked a good deal
he Mahomedan religion, and commended the Koran
the wisest of books. He confessed quite openly
at he should like dearly to have been born a Turk or
rsian, and spend his days in oriental luxuries, have a
arem, &c. I was quite vexed at this remark, opposed
ne Koran, (without even knowing much about its
contents), and gave him very clearly to understand my
contempt for all such Turkish ideas. Cousin Stellan
was not in the least moved by this, but plainly expressed
his views respecting the highest happiness of man.
This was not all together very edifying to listen to. I
was a little angry, and was vexed besides, at my own
warmth and Stellan's coolness, and particularly at
Björn, who never spoke a word, but made the most
horrible faces whilst carving a chess-queen. The con-
versation was interrupted by the supper, and not re-
sumed after it. Before Björn went to bed, I made him
give me a full account respecting the morals of this
Gold-boy. I must say, that I am not altogether satis-
fied with Björn's morals, at least, on this occasion.
He defended Stellan too much, and declared that in
spite of his Turkish ideas, he was a man worthy of the
highest respect, and would never be guilty of a bad
action.

"His only fault," said Björn, "is a li
with regard to ladies, but this is such
ing with young people, that we ough
severe with him about it."

"Very well, Björn," said I, "I sh
up, and should he during your absenc
indiscretion" to gain my heart, I shal
this is only a usual thing with young p
not be very severe with him."

Björn looked so astonished and co
that I was obliged to laugh, throw my
and undeceive him. Björn at last q
me, that it would be very desirable for
sounder principles, to become steady,
good match. His mother, and all his
anxious that he should marry, but co
not manifest the least inclination for it.
me very much to talk to his cousin abo
of matrimony. I shall certainly not n
I mean to teach him a little of the cat
is no Sultan, and certainly shall learn t

July

Dear Maria, I certainly have many
a good priest. Faith, earnestness, zeal
those of convincing my auditors. I
hear now, my dear Maria, the sermon w
and the effect which it produced?
usual, attending his patients in the to
ing. I was sitting at the window se
was light. I sang to my work in rival
birds in the elder bushes. Stellan th
his seat at my side, and began to p

pretty monthly roses to pieces, which were standing in a glass upon the table. I wished to improve the opportunity, and felt myself moved in spirit to deliver a sermon. As an introduction to the discourse, I began, probably not very wisely, with reproaching him for his destruction of flowers, which, if left in their beauty, would have afforded far more pleasure. He replied, whilst continuing his work of destruction: "They would at any rate soon die. It is this very perishableness, transcient loveliness, which pleases me. I know no flowers so unattainable as everlastings." You see to what point this opening obviously led, and I drew quickly towards it, leading the discourse to the chapter of matrimony. I attacked Stellan's favourite ideas, and upheld the lasting, pure joys of life, in opposition to the transcient pleasures of a fluttering butterfly-existence. I pictured in glowing colours from my heart the fair invading bliss springing from a happy marriage.

Cousin Stellan's replies were at first only evasive; soon he added a little jest, and then compliments; as for example: "If all ladies were like Franciska, I should soon become a convert to matrimony! If all marriages were like this, &c."

I pretended not to hear it, and in my zeal for persuading him to marry, I proposed one pretty amiable girl after another; but Stellan had something to object to all of them; the one had too large hands, the other bad teeth, the third dressed badly, the fourth had a thick complexion, the fifth had a shrill voice, &c.

At length I became vexed at all these difficulties, and asked him if he thought himself to be so superla-

tively perfect. "No, far from it!" replied he, in his little pleasant quavering accent. However, I could perceive that he was self-satisfied, and, as I could not dispute that he was more than commonly handsome and pleasing, I turned my discourse to the inner man, reproached him with judging superficially, said that external advantages were but dust, and extolled the beauty of the soul, especially in two young ladies, whose hands and teeth he had found fault with. I connected with the above remarks the prettiest encomiums of domestic life, which I praised and lauded as warmly as the late Miss Rönnquist.* I was becoming quite affected at the beauty of my own descriptions, when Stellan cooled me by a pretended yawn, while, in an under tone, he hummed the song "Old Noah.† I now became almost angry, and told him that he was a heathen, an Orang-outang; that he was not worthy to possess the hand of a noble-minded girl, that he did not deserve to enjoy the highest and purest happiness of earth.

Suddenly he grew quite serious, and said: "! then such happiness as that you describe, Francis really to be found? Or is it, like the Phœnix, only pretty fiction on earth? You, who seem to be so so at home in the matter, mention to me, among families you know, one pair really happy, really uni really blessing the bonds which enchain them, not for a moment, but in all changes, all periods of

* See "The President's Daughters." (Clarke & Co., Lon

† "Old Noah," or "Gaffer Noah," is a popular song i den, composed by Bellman.

Mention me one such family, Franciska!" Stellan looked at me steadfastly and seriously, and I began to reflect. Is it not the most provoking thing in the world, that the very words, the things, which we are seeking, escape us, and retreat further the more we seek? Such was my case when seeking for a pattern couple. I believed I knew a number of such, and now I could not find a single one. I sought and sought, ran from one house of my acquaintance to another; I became excited and warm, for I could nowhere find the object of my search. With mischievous pleasure Stellan sat looking expectantly at me. To rescue myself and domestic happiness, I now pretended to remonstrate against Stellan's immoderate demands, and began as follows. "Perfect happiness is no where to be found on earth——" Stellan interrupted me, and said:

"You are right, Franciska; and least of all do we find it in domestic life. Man, that butterfly of a day, can find a certain degree of enjoyment on earth, providing he lives upon it, like a butterfly flits over the fairest boughs, extracting the juice from the sweetest flowers, and settles no where; so soon as it settles on the earth is it a prey to worms and maggots. All that is troublesome and insipid in life, its dull tedious prose overtakes us where we settle. Psyche's wings drop, the butterfly turns into a caterpillar. Believe me, Franciska, I have seen more of domestic life than you, and far too much for me to be able to praise it myself, to wish to play the part of a *père de famille*. Domestic love is an instrument which sooner or later necessarily gets out of tune; this belongs to the nature

of the chords, and their relation to one another. I will prove this to you in particular families which I know. I might commence with my own; for I also have had parents, and brothers and sisters; I also have been a witness of many a matrimonial contention, have myself quarrelled and chidden with my own flesh and blood; but that is now past, for we are now separated, and thereby we are become good friends. There are the A.'s, everything went on, I believe, very smooth with them until their children sprung up; the latter had received a careless education; they turned out badly, their parents sit sorrowing in poverty, reduced to it by them.

"The B.'s, adopted another course, they were severe and despotic. There they sit forsaken. Their children are gone from their parental home, and shun it more than a prison.

"The C.'s made it their most important care to educate their children well. They let them learn every thing; had masters for them in every branch, spared no expense, and were for a time delighted and proud at the progress they made. The children became accomplished and talented, and despised their parents, who, in comparison with them, were uneducated. In silent grief the old people walk like shadows by the side of their showy children.

With the D.'s, things look better. They have no children, and are rich; they give brilliant entertainments, as they have done for thirty years. But if you were to contemplate them more closely, if you knew —the emptyness, the frigidity of their life shew the dishes on their table are the only points to them of *interest* or natural attraction.

the E.'s, every thing appeared for a time very
They were lively, friendly, and hospitable. Their
ers were called the three graces; there were
and courtiers. Time passed on. The graces
ld in their paternal home, they faded away to-
. The world forgot them. They remained
er single, and spend their wretched lives in self-
ning and vexation. In the evening they sit at a
table, light candles, and expect visitors—but
ome.

the F.'s I shall say nothing. The husband has
l, the wife another; there is a perpetual storm.
hildren are accustomed to say: 'When there is
rm from the north, there is a storm from the
' But there is always, at least, a cold north

is no matter, so long as one knows how to make
tters again!" said dear Mrs. G., when she had
up a gap, which her violent husband had shot
wall. "This family had continued to exist
such patchings up, and have worked themselves
all comfort and order. It still exists, and holds
er only by mending and concealing. The family
state of perpetual asthma, it neither lives nor

y mother wished that I should choose a wife
the H. family. I went there one evening.
thing looked very charming. The daughters
handsomely and becomingly dressed; all was
ne and elegance. I went there again one morn-
A pair of—not clean—stockings laid upon a
in the ante-room. An abominable smell of nasty

weaver's glue met me. I went into another room. The young ladies flew up from the looms: domestic habits are excellent things, but weaving deranges the toilet excessively, and to the smell of nasty glue I have always had the greatest aversion. Nasty glue and domestic happiness do not harmonize together, according to my feelings."

"But that is childish!" cried I, "with an excessive sensitiveness; "you are not at all fit to live in this world."

"Well, I grant," rejoined he, "that this sounds somewhat paltry; but I confess that I am so constituted; the nasty glue of domestic duty frightens me from becoming a father of a family.

"My friend J. has been married four years, and I had not seen him during this period. A short time ago I took a journey to that part of the country where he resides, and accepted his invitation to pay him a visit in his sylvan habitation. In the first room two bare-footed servant girls were scouring; in the second I very nearly tumbled down, or stumbled over a line, wherewith a spinning-wheel had been fastened to the foot of the stove; out of the third I heard children's voices screaming. I waited a few minutes till their cries had abated, but grew sick and tired of it, and hastily ran, half dead, with a leap over the scouring-buckets, out of this poetic domicile."

"But you chose a very improper time for your visit, let me tell you!" said I, provoked. "Are people not to have any cleaning in their houses? Must little children not cry sometimes? Must one not have *patience* with little children?"

"Very true, Franciska! But I have not this sweet patience, and do not find these family joys so enviable; and just for this very reason am I not a fit subject for matrimony. But I have more weighty objections than these against domestic life. There is a something in man which for ever repels them from each other. The more individuals are brought into close and constant contact with each other, the more these stumbling-blocks are felt, the more do these sharp spikes and edges wound. External circumstances increase the difficulty; one person offends another so easily; people are mutually in each other's way; and the consideration which one has, and ought to have, is just so much dead weight on freedom and comfort. If all are to live for one-another, no one can properly be said to live happily for himself. I do not deny that great happiness may be found in matrimony and domestic life, but such instances are rare exceptions, they are echoes which still reverberate from a lost paradise, and *a propos* of this—— What do you say to the apple, in the history of Adam and Eve? It is our inheritance, and most of the families upon earth have to bite into an apple, from which proceeds discord and sorrow. Do you wish to know, Franciska, where the greatest want, the greatest disgust, the greatest envy, the greatest bitterness, and the deepest mutual hatred have their home? Do you wish to know when the most tearful eyes, the palest checks, the most joyless, spiritless hearts are to be found? I will show you all this near at hand, in the domestic circle, in a word—in family life!"

I cannot say how I felt during these descriptions of Stellan. I was obliged in many parts to acknowledge

the truth of his pictures, and although I found his views partial, although I was obliged to laugh at some of his touches, as, for example, the "nasty glue," I was nevertheless deeply wounded at heart. I shuddered at the thought of the mental destitution, of the profound misery which was to be found in married life. But I loved the idea of domestic happiness, I believed in it, it had grown together with all that is best in me, and now it seemed to me desecrated by Stellan; I felt anger, anguish, and pain, and a thousand mingled feelings made me burst into tears, whilst I almost screamed: "But I am happy, Björn is happy, we are happy!"

"Yes, at present, during the honeymoon, for two or three years, perhaps," said the cruel Stellan; "but let years, let children, and cares come—say, for example, you have ten daughters, what will you do with them all? No money, no marriage; one girl lame, one sickly—"

"Ten daughters!" I received a shook. I saw them all around me, grown up, tall, demanding of me to give them fortunes, as I had given them existence. saw a crippled, a diseased——I sank together und this burden which overwhelmed me, and whilst I wep without being able to give utterance to a word, Stell rose, threw away my roses and walked out,—t abominable man! I almost wished never to see h again.

"Ten daughters!" For a length of time I coul nothing else than think of these words, and cry them; but, by degrees, I tried to console myself, began to consider the subject seriously, and Christian. It gradually assumed a different aspe

no longer alarmed at my ten daughters, but quite
ified to have them. I wished to devote myself
lly to them; I wished to make of them, useful
gs, fearing God, and diligent in their vocation;
should be happy and good; they should love each
r, and be of good courage in the world. The longer
ntemplated my family picture, the more pleasant
ew. I began, as a matter of course, to love my
laughters; and, most of all, the lame and sickly
. I conjured up no more phantoms, but felt in
trengthened heart, that it might really be so; that,
the help of God, and Björn, I should make my ten
happy; and the thought beamed into my mind,
richly I should come forward at the last Judgment
and say: "Father, here am I, and the children
n thou hast given me!" Such were my thoughts,
my feelings, and I was composed and happy.
lked out into the birch-grove, to cool my red eyes
flushed cheeks; I then had something to attend
the kitchen and store-room, and with my various
s, I had almost forgotten my ten daughters; but,
Björn's coming home, they all rushed together
ily upon my heart. I became quite weak again.
n Björn wanted to kiss me, I fell on his neck, and
, half laughing, half crying: "Won't you love me
be satisfied with me, Björn; and shall we not be
y, if we should even have ten daughters,—and
you not love them every one, even if they be—
and sickly—?" I could not finish my speech
erly—dearest Björn—he made a horrible face,
looked as if he had his ten girls already about his
. But, seeing me so excited, he became really

concerned, gave me a glass of water, and begge
to "speak Swedish." (I dare say he thought that th
daughters belonged to the Hebrew.) I explaine
matter to him in Swedish, and then he laughed, g
temperedly, and assured me, that he should alway
happy, and would ever love both me and all the
dren with which I may present him. At this mo
Stellan appeared. He seemed ashamed and sor
seeing me so excited, but, in the joy of my h
I held out my hand to him, and cried, "We sha
happy, my Björn and I, we shall be happy even
ten daughters, and even if they were all sick and h
We will love each other and our children!"

Stellan became, in reality, affected; he blus
kissed my hand, and begged pardon for his thou
less jest. Björn was as kind as an angel towards
and would not sit down to table until I was comp
I made haste to become so, but nevertheless could
swallow a single morsel. I believe my ten girls
sticking in my throat. It appeared to me more
as if Björn looked at me in a sort of perplexity.
girls! That certainly was too much.

But I will think no more of this. Whilst Björn
Stellan are taking a walk, and evening colours th
landscape with shades of Sepia and Bister Umb
shall once more cast a glance on cousin Stel
sketches of family life. Are they really correct?
many isolated cases—alas, yes! but, in general-
oh no! and were there even more of shade than l
in our earthly homes.—All-wise artist! thou who
painted the great picture of life in tints so glor
thou wilt teach us to lay our colours in purer har

upon our little canvass. But thou hast already taught us this, Great Master; and all depends upon ourselves. If we work with energy and truth, then will our family picture likewise be lovely, and worthy of its place in the gallery of the blessed.

"There is," said Stellan, "in men, a something, which for ever repels them from each other." I grant this; there is envy, jealousy, unreasonableness, disgust,—a thousand greater and lesser stumbling-blocks which give rise to bitter feelings. I grant that they are most keenly felt when the circle is drawn most closely—in domestic life. But what? is there not also a power—mild, but still mighty—whose efficacy consists in conciliating, uniting, and changing the evil into good? Who is not hereby reminded of the apostolic doctrine, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind;" and who has not blessed it a thousand times during the course of his life?

I will apply this to some of those family-scenes which Stellan has painted. I leave the external circumstances as they are; and conduct into the interior, the angel-sisters—truth and love. Behold how the picture changes. See, for example, the family with talented children, and the less educated parents. *True* education, *true* enlightenment has elevated the characters of the children. It does not enter into their mind to despise their kind excellent parents, because they are scientifically better educated. They know that real human worth consists in moral goodness; in uprightness. They attend to the comforts of the old people with all reverence and thankfulness, adorning their house, and enlivening their days by their talents.

And then the three graces! In truth, a most mournful picture! I am obliged to yawn when I think of it; but it is not the ties of domestic life, but vanity, love of dress, and empty minds, which have made them the silly puppets that they are.

If Stellan banishes happiness from families, I should very much like to know whither he could transport it. I shall ask him, whom he considers the happiest, and what picture he conceives most to be desired? I should not wonder were he to answer—that of a bachelor! But he must be an egotist indeed, who renounces all the ties of nature. I envy no one such a happiness; but I shall ask Stellan, whether he himself is happy.

July 13th.

I have asked Stellan. He wished at first to evade the answer; he joked and was witty, though not cheerful; and on my asking him, with increasing earnestness, and intreating him to tell the truth, he became serious too, and said: "I am not happy. Life appear poor to me, and I often feel in my heart an almo intolerable void."

"Ah, thank heaven!" I exclaimed, touched, a overjoyed. He looked at me with astonishment. "Y are therefore"—continued I—"no unworthy egot for that you must necessarily be, if you could be ha with your sentiments. You have so pictured man life to me, that one could weep over it; but I c paint you a bachelor's life, which you would fin wretched, so insipid, that you would not think it w a pinch of snuff. But that is needless in your Stellan. You are good, and able to reflect; you

be a discerner of the true value of life; you will give up your exaggerated desires, and your excessive sensibility; you will become happy by noble employments; by an amiable wife; by home, and domestic life."

He smiled, half melancholy, shook his head, and said something about "nasty glue."

"But, cousin Stellan," said I, "there are domestic employments also in my house; here is spinning, and nasty glue, and weaving, and scouring. Do you find it so very uncomfortable here?"

"If all wives were like you," said Stellan. He took my hand, said something about the "fine white hand," kissed it several times, blushed, and earnestly looked at me. I also blushed; I felt very strange; I withdrew my hand from him, began to speak of the weather, and then went away into the kitchen. Indeed a most foolish scene! It shall not happen again. No, it shall not, as sure as my Björn is alive, and I am his Fanny. Only think, if *ma chère mère's* lecture should really suit my case; if I should really have occasion to say: "Sir! you are mistaken! etc." But "straightway to my husband," I shall not go, to tell him: "My dear, such and such has been said to me, etc." A wife, who loves her husband and her duty, ought to be able to take care of herself. There is no occasion to call in the police. But—after all, I am doing it perhaps at this very moment, since I am shocked at such a trifling matter.

Meanwhile I have a sort of satisfaction in knowing, that Stellan is not happy with his way of thinking. Had I reflected on the matter, I should not even have

had occasion to ask him. Stellan is, with all his many good properties, after all, an *ennuye*. He opens a book, reads something, yawns, throws it aside; then takes a newspaper, and does the same with it. He begins a paper, and leaves it unfinished. He has no desire for any thing; no interest in any thing. He likes to be out in the open air; loves nature, and flowers; but is very easily put out of his way by the most trivial causes. Now it is too cold; now too warm; sometimes it storms, and stormy weather he abominates. Strange! This man, in matters of every-day occurrence is so conceited and particular, is nevertheless, (as I have heard from Björn) most bold and daring in the moment of danger. He has a good understanding, and considerable acquirements, and might perhaps become a distinguished character, if he would only apply himself to study in good earnest. But very probably, among his books, he finds also a strong smell of nasty paste. And herein he is right in more than one respect.

July 14th.

No, I have not acted so very wrong, to arm myself, to be upon my guard. One ought to keep a strict watch in trifles; for the proberb, "A little spark kindles a great fire," is true enough. How many a young woman has, merited or unmerited, suffered a stain upon her reputation, because she was not circumspect in trifles.

We had spent the afternoon of yesterday at Svanö. Cousin Stellan was agreeable, and in good spirits. On our return, in the evening, he challenged Björn and me to a game of *les graces*. I cheerfully

accepted the proposal, and soon the rings, wreathed with pink ribbons, flew about among the green trees, and we caught them again quickly and merrily upon our sticks. Björn made several throws, but soon grew tired and warm, and said, that the deuce might take this wearisome pleasure, and marched into the house. I confess my fault, Maria! As a prudent wife, and faithful to her duties, I ought to have followed my husband; but the game amused me much, and I had no desire to leave off. Heated, eagerly, and almost rompingly, we (Stellan and I) continued to throw our rings. We thus gradually removed further from the house; it began to grow dark, so that we could no longer clearly discern the flight of the rings, and Stellan's ring remained hanging on a birch-tree behind me. I ran up to it, and began to spring to catch it, when suddenly I felt myself embraced by Stellan, whilst his lips, resting on my curls, whispered, "Fanny, sweet Fanny!" —The heat of a thousand strange sensations flushed through me, but in an instant I disengaged myself, and said, singular enough, in *ma chère mère's* very words: Baron S., you are mistaken; there—on the tree, hangs your ring." This I said with such earnestness, that I was understood at once. "Ah!" said Stellan, somewhat confounded, as it appeared to me— fetching down the ring. "It is getting cool," said I; "it will be best to go in!" —And without any more delay I ran quickly into the house. Stellan followed me slowly, humming an air from Fra Diavolo.

It was not until half an hour later that he came in. I sat near to my Björn, and was telling him how dear he was to me—a communication which he listened to

with his placid Bashaw-look, when Stella
He held a pretty provence-rose in his hand,
it to me, with these words: "I have stripp
thorns!"

"Many thanks," I said, and took the rose
it—in my bosom?—no, Maria, that you will r
nor should you, for I stuck it into a butt
Björn's coat. Stellan hummed again his air,
afterwards we separated somewhat coolly.

"Oh no, my Björn, your confidence shal
misplaced, nor will I ever abuse it, no, not in
est trifle. My ten daughters shall at least i
their mother an unblemished reputation a
name!"

But what shall be now my course? I d
any longer to keep Cousin Stellan company
whole day, nor can I run away from the h
Björn has so expressly requested me to sta
Still less do I wish straightway to go up
say: "My friend, so and so is the case, etc.
would only disturb his peace, and estrange
from his young friend, while the latter has
tentions, but is only thoughtless. I know w
do. This forenoon I have domestic occupati
afternoon we will drive over to Karlsfors, an
Cousin Stellan to *ma chère mère*. To-morr
comes to me, and then I shall move heaven
to keep Serena a week or a fortnight at Ros
shall make Björn tyrannize over the whol
Dahls. Serena will derive benefit from it,
wise. That will be delightful.

July 15th.

It is tiresome that Cousin Stellan should choose to manifest his ill-humour just in the same way as Jane Maria. There is certainly a difference in the manner, for Stellan does not sulk exactly; but he acts with such indifference and coolness, which is far from agreeable: and seems anxious to persuade me that I am the very person for whom he cares least of all in the world. I endeavour to convince him that I do not notice it at all. But I am always sorry not to be in perfect cordiality with all around me. Notwithstanding I am at present reserved towards Stellan; otherwise he might fancy I wish to attract his attention towards me again.

We spent yesterday afternoon at Karlsfors.

Stellan was received by *ma chère mère* in a singular manner.

"I knew your father, Baron,"—said she—"he was an honorable man, but a *Roué*. I have heard that his son treads in his father's steps, and although one ought to respect the tree, whose shade one has enjoyed, yet I must tell you, that you might follow a better example. Well, well! your father became an altered character in his latter years, and I hope that his son will do the same, and become steady by means of a prudent marriage. This would be wise conduct on your part, Mr. Baron, for the saying is:—'Wed early, and you'll never repent.' 'One cake in quiet, is worth two in riot.'"

Stellan looked quite astonished, and a little offended at this unexpected salutation. *Ma chère mère* seemed to be not altogether in the most placid mood, and on further observation we found the whole house up in arms. Jean Jacques had opposed *ma chère mère* upon

the subject of some new arrangements which he wished to make on the estate, and on the abolition of some abuses of long standing. The contest between the old and new regime had broken out at Karlsfors; but *ma chère mère* held the reins of government firm in her hands; and Jean Jacques, who was compelled to give in, found his situation at Karlsfors far from agreeable. All this he complained of to my husband. Jane Maria was engaged in an open war with Ebba, and told me with bitter feelings the injuries she had sustained, which consisted in a number of trifles, all of such a nature, that I was more inclined to laugh than to cry; for it is truly ridiculous and pitiable that people, who might live free from all cares, should embitter each other's lives by unnecessary vexations of their own creating. I endeavoured to draw Jane Maria's attention to this in a delicate manner, but with no success. Jane Maria was angry that any one should view affairs so greatly derogatory to her dignity, in the light of trifles, and hinted to me that she herself was best able to judge of what was important or not in things of this kind.

I had firmly resolved never to let it come to a quarrel again between Jane Maria and me, and I now moreover felt so great a longing for harmony, that I replied to Jane Maria's pompous words, nothing more than:—"Certainly, dearest Jane Maria; but your education, your good sense, raise you, in my opinion, high above Ebba, and you might have forbearance with her childish ignorance, without fearing her abuse of your kindness on that account."

"You don't know Ebba," said Jane Maria, some-

cified; "she is full of selfishness presumption,
le; she would dance upon my head if I were
:t myself on a high horse against her."
was a time when I believed that all men had a
rinciple of reason and common sense; when I
that all were disposed for improvement; that
y wanted to hear the truth to own it, and owning
d their faults; and that they would consequent-
oiced to hear it. I then declared the truth to
ever omitted to give good counsel, and gladly
ed as peace-maker between contending parties,
rely found that I had thereby rendered any
:o others—and still less to myself. And, can-
ıeaking, kind offices of this nature which my
ıave occasionally volunteered, have only served
nce me that zealous interference is not always
:. At a more advanced period I have become
ıtious in telling people the truth; I am very
with good counsel, and have a real dread of
volved in a quarrel, whilst acting the part of
r, or in other words—to stick fast between.
ıowever, I happen unavoidably to have such a
ome office imposed on me, I shut up my heart
ne with a sigh, and endeavour to do the best I
l call to my aid the experience which I have
in former unsuccessful attempts. I did not
e now say to Jane Maria:—
dearest Jane Maria! you yourself are proud
sumptuous, your own faults are the very cause
's. Had you been more prudent she would not
en so overbearing." I expressed none of these
s of my heart, but only sighed and said: "Poor

child! she has no doubt received a defective education. Those who have had the privilege of a better, ought to excuse her; an imperfect education is a misfortune indeed."

"Yes, a misfortune indeed!" repeated Jane Maria, apparently more softened towards Ebba, "But with *ma chère mère* too was Jane Maria by no means satisfied. *Ma chère mère* yesterday ordered her Heaven-chariot, and said to Jane Maria and Ebba, "One of you can ride with me." When the carriage had driven up, and *ma chère mère* was already seated in it, Jane Maria and Ebba both came, intending to go. There was only room for one of them by the side of *ma chère mère;* both were anxious for the drive. Whilst on the steps a violent squabble arose between the two sisters-in-law, *ma chère mère* whipped the horses, and drove off alone in the Heaven-chariot, to the great astonishment and mortification of the contending parties.

By and by, when I was walking in the park at th side of Ebba, (for she had become a lover of the countr since our morning promenade,) I listened to all h complaints against Jane Maria. Jane Maria had sumed such intolerable airs of superiority, Jane Ma had called her "a silly thing, Jane Maria wished tc at the head of every thing, Jane Maria always war to be first in entering the door, always to be called to table. Jane Maria wished to have every thing ter and more splendid than Ebba, generally called ba's dresses and ornaments dowdy, always found with what Ebba did and what Ebba had, whilst other hand she extolled every thing belonging t *self,* and called it select, distinguished, and exc

The poor little creature was sadly hurt by all this, I also was pained, but in a different way. We now stood by the side of a murmuring brook, whose banks were richly adorned with verdure and flowers. It was so very beautiful, fresh and calm, about us. My heart grew warmed, and I felt that I could speak differently to Ebba than I could to Jane Maria. I turned to her and embraced her, and said: "My dear Ebba, do you wish to be happy?"

"Yes, certainly!" replied Ebba, looking at me with astonishment.

"Ah, dear Ebba," I proceeded, cordially, "then do not yield to such trifles, and do not suffer yourself to be discomposed by them. Do you see how fair, how lovely every thing is about us? You have enjoyed nothing of it, have scarcely noticed it, because Jane Maria assumes 'airs of superiority' and possesses richer things than you! Dear Ebba! is it not lamentable that we mar our satisfaction in the many good and lovely things in life by such trifles?" To repeat all that I said in my warmth on this subject, would be tedious; enough I found a willing listener in Ebba, and pictured to her so vividly, the folly of such contentions, and the torment of the bitterness produced by them, that she both laughed and cried at once. She was most engaging and docile, and promised 'for my sake,' quietly to resign to Jane Maria in future, all the rights of precedence, which she so much insisted on.

Meanwhile Björn had on his part interfered between *ma chère mère* and Jean Jacques. By his influence, he had prevailed upon Jean Jacques to promise to trouble *ma chère mère* less urgently in future with his plans of

reformation, whilst he had induced the latter to take those changes proposed by Jean Jacques, into mature consideration. What did Cousin Stellan do, in the interim? He was busy with those who were not involved in the quarrel, played the gallant with all the ladies, one after another, except with me, and succeeded in making himself liked very well by all, even by *ma chère mère*, who said to me, "On my word, Baron Stellan is a very nice man, he takes good care of his plate, he is a steady young man!"

I was delighted with Ebba this evening, for she kept her promise perfectly; and instead of contesting Jane Maria's favorite privileges, she gave way to them several times. Jane Maria seemed at first to suspect some stratagem in this conduct; but when she saw Ebba's friendly earnestness, she quite changed her manner, and descended considerably from her "high horse."

What foolish creatures we are! How do we torment each other and ourselves, and yet how might we often so easily change the picture from strife to peace, from vexation to happiness.

When Björn and I arrived at home, we communicated to each other "our heroic acts," and how we each had interposed a word in season. Our hearts were filled with joy that in this signification of the word no one would ever have occasion to interfere between us.

This very instant I received the intelligence of Aunt Ulla's death. Dear Maria! I could only say "It is well," especially as I heard how peacefully she departed. Aunt Sophy, who conveyed to me the report, added "*Anne* Maria may now occupy the room, which

ıore convenient and pleasant than that which
l hitherto been obliged to content herself."
re people, (harmless, guileless creatures), whose
re is good, in as much as they make room for
This thought makes me sad. Oh, if ever I am
n on my fellow creatures, if any one ever should
occupy my place, then I will away, away! Here
r, however, and weep at this idea, and at the
of my ten daughters.

FRANCISKA.

IX.

SEVENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, July 16th.

Yesterday, Serena and I commenced our vocal exercises. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, a pretty little brown horse ambled before my door, bearing a light graceful burden. A heavy Calash, antique like the owner, containing the patriarch, followed the Amazon. I was glad to see the venerable pair at my house, and happy to be able to receive and retain Serena, who enlivened by the ride and the loveliness of the morning, appeared to breathe already more freely.

I had kept a little breakfast in readiness; and my eggs, my fresh butter, my boiling chocolate, received no little commendation. After the old people had breakfasted and inspected Rosenvik, they prepared again for their journey, and I kept Serena for the whole day. I begged and insisted on her not being sent for before nine o'clock in the evening, and this was promised to me. The kind grandparents tenderly embraced their darling, who accompanied them to the carriage with a thousand kind caresses.

We then had a singing lesson. Serena has a weak but a pure, alto voice; to exercise the voice, and read

music, will be the object of our lessons, for her expression and articulation are really excellent. Her own mind, her own taste has taught her these better than a teacher could have done. It was pain to me, to call Serena *Miss*. She is one of those beings, whom I have at once an involuntary inclination to address by the endearing *thou*. I begged her therefore to permit me to say *thou* to her, and recommended her to call me Aunt, (certainly the most tiresome appellation I know) if my superior age seemed to demand some little respect. Serena hesitated, laughing, to honour me on account of my age, and requested me that if there was no other impediment in the way than that of age, to allow her to say *thou* to me likewise. Gladly I consented, and found to my surprise, that there were only four years difference between Serena and myself. She is twenty-three years old, although the delicacy of her complexion and figure does not show it.

Having settled this affair—do not laugh! this *thouing* is in Sweden indeed an important crisis in an acquaintanceship, a great step forwards, sometimes however backwards,—we took up our work, walked out, and seated ourselves upon a bench in the shade of some Syringa-bushes and lime-trees. Serena, whose delicate fingers were exceedingly clever in many little handiworks, had plucked several blossoms, and practised copying their seed vessels and all the minute parts of the flower, with the utmost exactness. Cousin Stellan was already early out hunting with the brothers Stalmark. I was glad to be able to be alone with Serena, and anxious to hear her talk of Bruno, and I soon led the conversation to advert to him. On hearing his

name she sighed, and to my question: "Whether she believed that Bruno had a bad heart?" she replied smartly, "No! certainly not! His heart was assuredly good, yes, even tender, or else how could he have been so infinitely kind towards me; I, who was only a weak, sickly child, and could only have been a burden to everybody? Is not that Ramm, the opposite side of the lake? I remember yet so well, how Bruno carried me about among yon woods, and drew me about in my little carriage. My first feelings of the beauty of life and of nature take their date from that period. I recollect how delighted I was with the murmuring of the forest, how enraptured with the flowers which he plucked for me. When he sang, I sang with him, and when he leaped from one precipice to the other bearing me on his arm, I felt no fear but only a slight tremor, produced more by pleasure than by dread. Never at any time was he impatient or unkind towards me, and never shall I forget how in a rage he once wished to strike one of his brothers, but desisted the moment I called him, and began to cry. Why was he so tenderly disposed towards me, if his heart at bottom had not been good and loving. Once, moreover, he saved my life at the risk of his own; it was in the park at Ramm; some starlings had built their nest upon a high oak there, and in my childish ignorance, I wished to have their eggs. Bruno sat me down upon the grass, and climbed up the tree, but on my cry for help, he immediately precipitated himself down from one of the tree branches, and with a shriek of terror seized a snake which had entwined itself round my neck. I saw him strangle the monster, and crush its head. He then took

me up in his arms, and I remember that he wept, and that it was I who endeavoured to compose him with childlike caresses. Ah! they did not sufficiently estimate the depth of his affections, otherwise he would not have inflicted that grief upon his mother, nor have forsaken his home and father land."

"Do you still recollect how he looked?" inquired I.

"Not very distinctly! I feel as if I still see through a mist a pretty blooming boy, with large fine eyes; but when I try to get a fuller view of the picture, it fades away."

"And do you know what prompted him to flee from home?"

"I was told, a disagreement with his mother, and harsh treatment on her part; they are said to have resembled each other much in character, and both have opposed harshness with harshness, violence with violence. Bruno is reported to have died abroad. I have deeply bewailed his fate. Poor Bruno! He was so kind towards me."

Serena sighed again, and her placid countenance wore a look of sadness: a sorrowful feeling crept over me likewise. I turned the conversation to other persons. I spoke of Serena's grand-parents, and she was cheered and animated by the enconiums which I passed on them. In general, it appears to me, as if gratitude was the feeling which predominates in her, to an unusual degree. It seems as if, of all recollections, she only preserves those which led her to love; even when she speaks of a book, it is done with an expression of gratitude for the good which it may have afforded her. And then her words, her whole character, how simple,

how charming! I loved her, she did me good. I wished that I also could creep into a leaf of the book of her recollections.

At dinner we had Björn, good humour, good appetites, and—without boasting—good fare. In the afternoon came Cousin Stellan, in the usual condition after a hunting party, viz: hungry as a hunter, and having had no sport. When we had spent an hour or so after Coffee, in agreeable conversation, we determined on a trip to Svanö, and taking our supper there. Serena and I cut bread and butter, filled several bottles with *Kaltschale*,* laid them and a piece of cold roast meat into a basket, and thus our little cheerful company marched off towards the strand, where a little green boat received us. Stellan rowed. A gentle breeze wafted around us and ruffled the waves. Serena and I sang "*la biondina in gondoletta.*" Thus we arrived, and seated ourselves beneath the great oak, upon the fresh bank of white and red clover; I sat between Björn and the provision-store, Stellan next to Serena; and when I saw her sitting on the green grass so fair and happy, seeking with him the white five-leaved clover and binding grass, the hasty, (perhaps sinful) thought of a possible connection between the two, rose up in my mind.

Björn, with his pipe, was lying upon the fresh fragrant mead, slowly puffing clouds of smoke into the azure sky, and listening to his wife, who told him heaven knows how much nonsense, about the Grand Mogul, etc., when suddenly the air trembled, and a sound

* A cold beverage, or soup, made of beer or wine, with grated bread, sugar, lemon, etc.; or fruit, such as strawberries, currants, etc.

as of melodious distant thunder, struck upon my ears. This solemn, rich, and low sound made a singular impression. We were silent and watching. Every thing was still for a moment, but again a breeze passed by, and on its wings again, trembling, melancholy, but inexpressibly harmonious tones penetrated into my very heart.

"It is the organ of Ramm," cried I; "the wind conveys the sound to us. Oh, if we could but hear it nearer! Silence! silence! Here it comes again!"

We listened. The melodious booming sound came again, and again, with every breeze which floated over from Ramm; but we could catch nothing connectedly, the trembling sounds rose and died; they were like the sound of a troubled spirit, and when I listened to them I felt, what many a thinker of antiquity must have experienced, when he mused over the broken inexplicable melodies of existence, and believed that the winds of fate played wantonly among the chords of life's Æolian-harp.

And a longing seized me, a torment, which those only can conceive, who share a like passion with me for music and harmony. "I must hear this nearer!" exclaimed I with determination. "Serena, we two will row along to Ramm, and fathom the mystery of this music. I shall go mad with listening to these unconnected sounds." "Lie still, dear Björn, and smoke your pipe in peace." "I entreat you let us go." "Stop you here, cousin Stellan. We wish to be alone, Serena and I; we shall soon return." The gentlemen both looked far from pleased; Björn growled, but remained quietly in his position; Stellan accompanied us grum-

blingto the boat. Serena and I set off with earnest glee. I rowed the light boat without difficulty. The trip was enrapturing to me, for the farther we went, the more distinctly we heard the music. To me it seemed as if the boat glided along of itself: the wonderful sounds attracted us forward as if by an invisible power. The evening grew more serene; the rays of the sun quivered through the wood in richer and richer lines of gold, higher and higher swelled the storm of melody, my heart beat violently, and tears started in a kind of rapture into my eyes. Serena was more calm, her white hand played with the waves, and her bright lovely eyes wore a look of child-like innocence, and of the purest enjoyment. Thus, we both sat in silence, abandoning ourselves to the wish of hearing the enchanting music more distinctly, we imperceptibly came nearer and nearer to Ramm. Shall I confess it? Dame Curiosity so asserted her power over me in the boat, that Serena raised her warning voice in vain; the boat crept up nearer and nearer to the gloomy walls of Ramm, and at length came too like a smuggler's boat, within the shade of an elder bush, close under an open window. Here we heard in sounds which did not appear to originate from the hand of man, the popular song, "*Neckens Polska*," in rich variation, which in beauty and power exceeded all I had ever heard or imagined. They were evidently the production of a mighty inspiration. Enraptured, enchanted, I bowed my head into my hands and dreamed that the King of the Sea himself made bold by twilight, and the loveliness of nature poured out his wonderful life before us, that life of mysteries passed in the crystal-palace

: the bottom of the sea. Suddenly, however, the ounds ceased, and I awakened from my dream to the onsciousness of the present reality. Involuntarily I eized the oar, and with a few soft strokes I rowed the oat away from the shore, but Serena and I both looked involuntarily upwards to the open window, and immediately withdrew our eyes, for the sombre-looking Romily stood there in his own gloomy person, and his looks rested upon us. We blushed, both seized our oars and hastened back, in much shorter time than we had spent in going, although our oars now beat time to no accompaniment; for the music altogether had ceased. We had been away for an interval of nearly two hours. Cousin Stellan appeared quite sleepy. Björn was not in the best humour, and no wonder; but he was soon kind again, when I earnestly entreated his forgiveness. I sometimes feel a sort of wicked pleasure in contriving to sin against Björn's goodness, and then to coax a pardon from him.

We enjoyed our supper in peace and merriment; but Serena, who thought of her grand-parents, and expected to be fetched, turned her looks often to Rosenvik. Their carriage arrived there almost at the same instant that we landed at the bridge, and Serena took leave of us after I had arranged with her that the next singing day should be on the Friday. Cousin Stellan escorted her with the greatest politeness to the carriage, and shewed her many kind attentions. It is remarkable, how well acts of this sort become a young man; "come to see us soon again!" cried I, after Serena, and her sweet blue eyes smiling forth from her little straw bonnet, cast back a look of cordial acquiescence, and

waving her hand she vanished between the green trees.

"That is a charming girl," said Stellan, who stood a little while yet in the portico, "pity only that she limps a little."

I smiled and said, "In your eyes, cousin Stellan, every thing indeed limps in the world."

"But I confess," continued he, "that I have scarcely ever seen a defect less disfiguring in any woman."

"I am quite of your opinion, cousin, and it is, perhaps, moreover possible, that the eye, under certain circumstances, may perceive nothing but beauty in such a defect."

He smiled and made a motion with his head, as if struck by it. I was on the point of going into the house, when Stellan stopped me, and said in a serious tone.

"Cousin Franciska, you have not been so friendly towards me for the last few days, as heretofore. Have I offended you?"

"Yes," replied I candidly, "for I was obliged to believe that you cared nothing for my respect, and this has grieved me."

"Forgive me," said he pleasantly, but with earnestness. I would not like to live without your respect, Franciska, give me your hand in token of your credance in my statement, and your friendly disposition towards me."

"Here!" said I, and cordially gave him my hand. I prevented him, however, from kissing it, and satisfied with having changed Stellan's gallantry into respect, I rejoined my Björn.

To-morrow there will be a large party at *ma chère mère's*. All the neighbours will assemble at Karlsfors. Mr. de Romilly is also invited, although he has paid no visit there yet. I am very anxious to see this problematical person again. His sounds have captivated me; he who can produce such magic melodies, must possess deep and powerful feelings.

July 18th.

I was deceived in my anticipations of being able to pursue my closer observations on the gloomy neighbour of Ramm. He came nevertheless to Karlsfors almost the entire company were already assembled, and his entrance created a sort of sensation. An unpleasant feeling thrilled through me, when I beheld the tall figure in black, and noticed the almost threatening expression of his frowning eyebrows on his entrance. *Ma chère mère*, who was in full dress, and really looked very well, walked up to him majestically, and delivered a pretty stately French address to him, which the stranger, however, appeared to understand as little as if she had spoken Laplandish. He stood immovable, with down-cast eyes, and spoke after she had finished, a few words in a low tone of voice, which I did not hear, made a profound bow, and withdrew quickly. I believe that *ma chère mère* was not very much edified by the foreign politeness, which she had formerly so greatly extolled, and, as if infected by de Romilly, she also frowned, whilst resuming her seat. A moment afterwards a strange movement arose in one corner of the room. The gentlemen crowded together, and when the group opened, Romilly was seen pale as death and almost unconscious, supported by two others, at-

tempting to leave the room. Björn followed them, and *ma chère mère* offered everything the house could afford for the service of the sick man. After a while she went to him, taking me with her.

Mr. de Romily sat on one end of the sofa—he appeared to have recovered himself, but covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief. He replied with a low dull voice to *ma chère mère's* friendly enquiries, complained of a violent head-ache, and said that he found it necessary to go home, as his head-ache rendered him perfectly unfit for society. *Ma chère mère* said all that a polite hostess is accustomed to say on such occasions; the stranger merely bowed his head in mute thanks, and we left him after *ma chère mère* had entrusted him into Björns care; soon after we heard him drive off.

Now a few words on the pleasures of the day. I begin with skipping over the dinner, which like all grand dinners, was somewhat dull. *Ma chère mère* was not in good humour, and this had its effect upon us all. Therefore I pass to the evening.

Mrs. v. P. had saluted me on her arrival with short gracious nodding of her head, but did not troub herself any further about me; whilst she paid partic lar attention to Jane Maria. The latter played h difficult piece by Herz, viz.:—the "*cheval de bataill* and warlike it is, that, one must confess, as well that her execution of it is excellent. After she finished, Miss v. P., ran up to her and exclai "Charming! charming!" — our modern comp alone are capable of writing things of this kind. effect, what colouring. Weber is odd, Rossini is poor in melody, but Meyerbeer excells both. He to speak, "*le prince de la musique!*"

"The piece I have just played is by Herz,"—answered Jane Maria, somewhat drily.

"Yes, he is excellent, excellent!" repeated Mrs. v. P. "My dear Baroness, it is art alone which elevates man above the brute creation. Education alone is the true aristocracy, it levels all inequalities of rank and property. We live indeed, in an age of enlightenment."

The two Misses Julia and Adela, had run up to Serena, whilst crying with affected vivacity and soft mimicing voices, "Oh, how delighted we are to see you dear little Serena! how are you, dear Serena? Do you suffer much pain yet in your hip, poor little Serena?"

Serena replied, smiling somewhat roguishly, "I thank you, dear friends, it is just fifteen years since I had any pain in it."

"Indeed! I positively thought that you still continued to suffer from it, you look so pale, but that's partly the fault of your dress. What kind of material is this? What? Levantine, I do declare! well, you are old fashioned indeed, Serena, very *arriereé*."

"I do not come from Paris," said Serena with that pleasing good nature, which made the hearts of others as free from bitterness as her own. She looked at the dresses of the young ladies, praised them, made some inquiries respecting Paris, and listened with visible pleasure to the replies. I fancied that the two sisters grew more pleasant whilst they were with Serena.

Cousin Stellan ran about, first holding a lively conversation with the Misses v. P's., of which, howeve he soon seemed to grow tired; then steered his cour

to the brothers Stalmark, who had been sitting together with some other gentlemen in one corner of the room where they talked of horses and dogs; then from these to several corpulent landed proprietors; marching again from these, he was intercosted by Mrs. v. P, and was obliged, for his sins, to hear her deliver a discourse on the arts and sciences. At length he tore away from her, and remained with Serena, in whose agreeable company he appeared to feel: "Here I like to be." Meanwhile I received a lesson from my friend Brita Kaijsa, on her servant's domestic management; grew sleepy over it, and sought up the patriarchs, with whom I commenced the introduction to my great scheme "of Serena's fortnight's stay at Rosenvik." The accomplishment of it did not appear impossible. Success to eloquence! Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel had been prevented by a prior invitation, from being present at the banquet at Karlsfors. This, *ma chère mère's* ill-humour, and the great heat without and within, were the cause of the want of any particular spirit pervading the company. After Serena had set out with her grand-parents, which they did rather early, the dulness gradually increased, and I was glad when I found myself once more in the coach with my Björn, on the way to our agreeable Rosenvik.

July 19th.

Oh, that stupid, obstinate, cruel, infamous, detestable,—you shall hear who? Cousin Stellan had ridden yesterday afternoon into the town to pay the Dahls a visit. Björn, and I, were glad to be alone; he had taken his tools, I had placed my little work-table near the sofa, and opened the third part of the "Watch Tower in Koatven," which I was reading to Björn. It

ms to me to be a most horrible book, and I cannot tter describe the impression it made upon me than in örn's term 'choking.' The only good lesson, which in r opinion, may be derived from it,—(I have run it er to the end), is: to feel what moral incongruity s life of many men and manythings would exhibit here on earth, were we not to look beyond the grave as solution of the problem, for the continuation of the tory. I, for my part, would gladly throw the book o the fire, but Björn is determined that we should d it to the end. I believe that horrible things like se are still a little amusement to him. But now in to the sofa, to the table, to the book. Just when vas on the point of commencing to read, my eye ppened to glance at the window. The foliage of the ringa's rustled in the wind, the swans flapped their ite wings, the clouds moved slowly towards the est; every thing seemed to me to beckon, and to isper, "Come out, come out!" And an inconvable desire impelled me to go out into the open amidst the verdure. I took hold of Björn's ear, I whispered to him my wish. He grumbled a little, etched himself, but got up after awhile, and took hat. Kind Björn! I soon had my bonnet and wl in my hand, and took my Björn under my arm. st when we were about stepping out of the front door, looked about him with a sort of long face, as if he had gotten something; and I, who need very well underand all his looks, quickly took his pipe, filled it myf, struck a light and lighted it, to Björn's great asure. Björn had a mind to look about him in the k at Ramm. We procured a rower, and had a com-

fortable and cool passage across the calm lake. Björn puffed the smoke out of his pipe in great volumes, I sang little barcaroles, thus we travelled over almost a mile, and landed at Ramm's shady banks. We got ashore at a tolerable distance from the house, and arm in arm we walked into the fine gloomy park. I felt myself happy, happy in walking clasped to Björn's arm in the lonely forest, to feel the fresh, pleasant breezes playing about my face, to know Björn to be so kind, and to see the sky so bright above us. He likewise was happy to walk with his wife amidst the recollections of his childhood; he looked about, drew breath deeply, and said, whilst pressing my arm to him, quite softly:

"How splendid!"

And do you know, Maria, if Björn says *one* word, it conveys more than a hundred from the lips of others. Thus, we continued to proceed further into the wood The lofty, thickly foliaged trees, the shadows, the stillness, the recollections, which seemed to dwell unde these shades, and the picture of the gloomy hermit Ramm, which involuntarily stepped forward as t genius of the place, all contributed to solemnize minds. But in walking further we heard at first a c fused sound, and then more and more distinct sta ing, as of wild horses, which a man in vain striv get the mastery of. I am no friend of unmanag horses; but Björn seemed to take a delight in i he ran with me, to the spot where the noise was l We came to an open place, and remained, as it rivetted to the spot by the sight of the wild, but *tiful* spectacle. The same man, and the same

whom we had seen walking at the side of each other in such Idylian peace, we now saw again, but in the wildest conflict. The man sat upon the horse, and was determined to make it leap over a wide ditch. The beautiful animal started back. It dashed to the right, then to the left, it plunged, it reared, and it would not take the leap. The foam ran down from its black glittering body, but, like an immovable despotic will, the man sat firm, chastising, encouraging, compelling. The splendid animal displayed all the magnificence of its nature in this wild contest; its eyes sparkled, its widely expanded nostrils appeared to stream forth fire, whilst striking the ground with its hoofs, and endeavouring with a hundred powerful springs to escape the leap which it was unwilling to perform. With unparalleled skill the rider sat firm, and bent to the motions of the horse whilst he curbed him; and again and again was the obstinate animal led back to the same spot, and the same contest followed. Thus, they contended positively for the space of an hour, when the horse appeared to grow tired, become more quiet, but made no attempt to succumb to the will of its master; the blood streamed down from its flank, lacerated by the spurs. The man dismounted leaving the reins loose; the horse stood still, and looked at its master. The latter took something out of his breast pocket, and placed it against the forehead of the animal, saying in a stifled voice: "This is the third time that we have fought together. Farewell!" It lightened before the horse's head, a shot gave a report, and the horse fell down at the feet of his master. We saw the dying head stretching itself out towards the latter, as it were, to caress him, heard

deep groan, t en all was still and silent. Björn pressed my arm to himself with such violence as I had never before seen in him, struck his forehead with his clenched fist, whilst drawing himself back, he exclaimed:

"It is Bruno! Gracious Heaven! Yes, it is he!"

"It is Satan, the Satan himself!" I called out, incensed. "Oh, Björn, let us go away, far away from this frightful man—I never wish to see him again."

"It is Bruno!" repeated Björn, whilst leading me into the wood. "Where had I my eyes that I did not sooner——but now he was himself; wild, unmanageable at every resistance, and that expression upon the forehead and the mouth. Bruno living?—Bruno here?"

"I wish he were far enough from here!" cried I vehemently. "He is a monster, not a man; he will murder us all should we not do according to his mad will!" I was violently excited, and was obliged to sit down. Björn, also, was pale, and repeated with mingled feelings of anxiety, joy, and pain, "Bruno returned! What, what will his mother do?"

"Ah! she will not own him. I wish he was in Botany Bay; that is the place for him."

"You will not wish that, Franciska," said Björn; "Bruno is not bad, he has his wild moments, but when he is himself, he has, also, his good ones. Gentleness and affection have an infinite control over him, even his very coming here, his stay in this place, give evidence of his good feeling."

Seldom had Björn spoken with so much warmth.

"And what, now, is to be the end of all this?" inquired I, quite dejected.

'He must become reconciled to his mother, he must nain with us"

"That bandit?—that murderer?"

"We shall see: let us wait."

"Let us begone from hence, dearest, otherwise he ill shoot our brains out because we are standing in his ray. Oh, let us ride back to our quiet little Rosenvik," and so we did. To me it seemed as if I was tossed on the stormy sea, so agitated and uneasy was I. When we got home we talked (i. e., I talked) about what had happened, what could and what ought to be done Björn walked up and down the room with his hands across his back, whilst he perpetually groaned out, "hm, hm!" At length I agreed with him, that we had nothing else to do but keep our discovery secret, and wait the event. Björn never closed an eye throughout this night, nor I either, but towards morning I fell into a slumber, and I dreamed that Bruno thrust a dagger into his mother's breast; I heard her penetrating cry: "My blood, my own flesh and blood!" and saw her sink into a dark abyss. When I awoke, I was so strongly affected that I wept, and again I was obliged to give vent to my indignation, by exclaiming from the bottom of my heart, "Oh, that irrational, obstinate, cruel, detestable man!"

July 20th.

No, I cannot detest him notwithstanding. Bruno has a heart, although he was cruel towards his horse He came yesterday evening to us, and when he entered my heart heaved against him like a wild horse, and could not exchange a friendly word with him. Th visit commenced with an almost general silence; but

could see Björn's brotherly-love swell within him, as if it could not contain itself much longer. Cousin Stellan had commenced, a short time previous, to read to us a part of Spindler's "Jew," which he praised as a master-piece of the terrific style. Bruno's arrival interrupted the reading, and immediately after, Stellan laid the book aside. Bruno perceived this, and begged that if we were occupied with reading, he might be allowed to be an auditor.

Cousin Stellan briefly repeated the subject treated of in that part of the book, related how the Jew Zodick, walking already in criminal paths, was, by a cruel act of violence, baptized into a religion which he abominates, by some Christian knights, and then barbarously mocked and insulted by them; how in this situation the most dreadful desperation possesses his soul, he feels that he is an outcast in heaven and on earth; every paradise closed to him. "Must I, then," he exclaimed, "be cursed? Cursed Christians! You have robbed me of my soul! I curse you! I swear against you the most terrible revenge!" Here Stellan had left off, and from here he proceeded: "This thought inspired the unhappy Zodick, rent by anguish and despair, with a fire, descending not from heaven, but sent from hell. He raised himself from the ground, looked wildly up to the chasing clouds, which in vain whirled down thick snow-flakes to cool the glowing image of Moloch. "The covenant is rent," cried he with a yelling voice; he, the only living being in the still ice-rain, "Samuel, Lord of the wilderness! prince of death! thou husband of the hideous hag! Lilus, the mother of goblins and of sin! to thee I dedicate myself. Protect me from

he wrath of our God, defend me against the fury of Edom, teach me to wield the sword against that law which is mine no longer; grant me to take vengeance on Israel as on Esau, till thou one day shall claim my spirit, and bear it hence in the storms of thy wrath."

The narrative goes on to relate how Zodick hardens himself in the feelings of hell. He becomes more composed, perceives that it must be permitted to the destroyer of the life to come, to exist below, living doubly in his own bliss, and in the sufferings of others. He teaches all men to be free as the birds; and intoxicated with wild joy by the frightful images arising within his soul, he thanks fate for the event which gave him strength to quench his thirst for revenge, and to be the enemy of the whole human race.

"This is horrible!" cried I, when Stellan had finished, "but is it also true? Is it not one of those images which modern romances so often conjure up, but which have no counterpart in reality? Crimes and criminals I can conceive, but not the hardened misanthropist, not a devil in human nature."

"And for as much as it is natural throughout," said Bruno, emphatically, "the sinner himself becomes a devil when hope has left him."

"But, why should it abandon him," said Björn, with that confidence which so well becomes the pure in heart "Who is there who should not hope?"

"Can you," asked Bruno in a tone of reproach "roll away the burden of remorse and anguish from the human breast, so that it should open to hope? Can you hinder the passion from destroying and desolating Hope? Take then out of this world punishment

which are ten fold better than even sin deserves; let words be again unspoken, which, once uttered, burn in the soul for ever."

The brothers Stalmark, who were crossing the yard in hunting dresses, followed by a pack of hounds, here beckoned Stellan away. He was, (or wished to be), hungry for the chase, and left us. He therefore heard nothing of the bitter reply, which in my anger against Bruno on account of the horse and other things, I thus made to him.

"Banish pride, rage, and resentment from the human soul, and you will see that punishment corrects, and misfortune and suffering purify the soul, and lead to humility and hope."

"Punishment!" interrupted Bruno with a melancholy vehemence. "Believe me there are sins which no punishment can correct; there are natures which severity hardens more and more. They plunge continually deeper into their hearts the point of the sword which is set against them. Would you rescue such a criminal from sinking into eternal perdition? Would you change the heart within his breast? then extend to him your hand in love, pardon him, though he may not deserve it; but cast him not out, abandon him not. A heart may for a long time be irresolute between good and evil, long it may continue in a state fit for repentance; but the time comes when it may turn to stone for ever. When the only bosom after which it longs remains closed to it, then the Eden of life is closed to him for ever; when a dreadful unatoned-for remembrance perpetually recurs, returns unceasingly, day and night, every hour, every minute falls upon a soul like a shower of ice, then

ble! terrible! terrible!"
ıo hid his forehad in his hands, and appeared to
ırgotten us and all around him. The thunder-
on his temples was sharp and full. After awhile
ed up with a loving gaze, and proceeded: "And
ıuch cirtumstances can man become virtuous,
nd hope.—(He laughed bitterly.)—Ah! ye good,
py ones, go out into the world, visit the prisons,
leys, cast a scrutinizing eye into those hearts
nore than the bodies are chained, and then speak
improvement. There are furies in life, in the
the sayings of antiquity about them are no fic-
"Go out to those possessed by furies and preach
f you have courage to do so."
s, by Heaven!" cried Björn, stamping, as it
ngrily upon the ground, although the tears stood
ye, "Yes, I will preach hope in dungeons, on the
and on the sea! I will cry into the ears of the
nalefactor; I will proclaim it beyond death, be-
ıe grave—into endless eternity will I proclaim it,
:! hope ye!"
promises boldly, but he is right," thought I,
l and pleased with my Björn.
ıuld you also," said Bruno, slowly, and his
ı grew pale, whilst he leaned his head on his
'speak of hope to him who has received and
l the curse of his father and his mother?"—His
rew faint at these last words.
s, in the name of all heaven!" cried Björn,
ently, and proceeded with a tone and a manner
'or a moment quite amazed me: to what purpose
doubts and lamentations, and this despairing

wretchedness in a man and a christian? Why have you come hither to disturb our peace with it?"

The blood rose into Bruno's face, whilst he cast an inquiring look at Björn.

Björn looked quite incensed and furious, whilst he cried, "I must confess that I find it very strange, that you as a stranger, come into my peaceful house and disturb our tranquillity by remarks on dungeons, galleys, furies, and by detestable arguments which we have no inclination to hear."

Bruno rose astonisded, wounded and proud, and fixed his strange, penetrating, piercing looks at Björn; he then cast them down, and with a voice, betraying smothered pain and anger, he said, "I have disturbed your rest? I will do so no more. Farewell!" he bowed to me, and walked towards the door. Björn followed him, whilst he cried still louder; "Yes, I find it wonderful, singular, inexplicable, and almost unpardonable, that you as a stranger should come here, talk of wretchedness, helpless misery and despair, and this in—" here Björn suddenly laid his hand on Bruno's arm, when the latter paused at the door, with a countenance as if all the lightenings of the world would flame out of his soul,—"in the house of a brother, which is also your house, before a friend who would do all that he could for Bruno! yes, it is unpardonable!" Björn held him in his arms, pressed him to his honest breast. The storm subsided into the harmony of love. Bruno was transported. Pale, and burning by turns he betrayed a thousand contending feelings. He abandoned himself at last to a flood of overwhelming tenderness, he pressed his brother with ardeur to his breas

again and again, whilst he said with a
ice: "Brother! brother! . . . . . *Lars*
. . can you still remember me? will you
edge and love me as formerly?"
"—sobbed Björn, with a voice choked
'be still! Come, here is my wife. We
embrace her."
hat the ghost of the horse had quite van-
y thoughts, I sat weeping at the sight of
of the brothers, and on Bruno's approach-
ered my cheek to him. He kissed also
d embraced Björn again. His warm lov-
amed forth from his eyes, and animated
son. I felt affection for him at this mo-
had scarcely begun to be somewhat com-
we unexpectedly heard cousin Stellan
"Secrecy!" said Bruno softly and em-
Ve feigned to be as indifferent and calm as
runo remained mute for a time after Stel-
at length he said: "One of my people at
ngerously ill. May I request you to pay
Doctor Werner; I should have liked it
ing, yet—but if not, perhaps to-morrow?"
s evening!" replied Björn, "and the
tter, before it gets too late."
ediately proposed to go, and Björn begged
one, whilst taking leave of me, not to be
should stop somewhat late at night.
l alone with cousin Stellan, who must have
most tiresome companion in the world,
ts were far distant from him, and although
uch of Serena, I remained mute and

Björn did not come home before midnight, and informed me as follows:—From Bruno's papers, and his own words, it is manifest, that he has served for a considerable period in the Portuguese war. On the re-establishment of peace, he took his leave, travelled to the West Indies, entered into partnership with a planter, and made his fortune in trade. He became rich, led for many years a very busy and active life, partly in the plantations, partly in travel. But his longing after his native country, the wish to become reconciled with his mother, seized him with increasing vehemence, and rose at length to such a pitch, that life became worthless to him. He resolved to liberate himself from the curse which persecuted him like the furies. He travelled under his assumed name to Sweden, and came to Ramm. Here he made inquiries as to his mother's state of mind. He ascertained her condition after his flight, how she had since banished every recollection of his name—and his soul was filled with dark despair. It appeared to pain Bruno to speak on this subject, and he interrupted himself with these words:—"No matter, I must venture a trial, when, I cannot say, let us not talk of it till by and bye."—If he succeeds in his hopes, then he intends bringing over his great fortune to Sweden, to purchase Ramm, and to settle there. Should he fail, then he goes back to the West Indies, and will be dead to his family and his father-land.

Such is the state of things. How will it succeed! Björn has said to his brother "hope," and at the same time the knowledge of his mother's character made him very unhappy respecting the issue. Notwithstand-

gnized him." Bruno blushed, and said:
unfortunate moment; I had determined to
: issue of my fate in the leap over the ditch
:: and I longed to put the future to the
my horse's resistance was not to be con-
rew enraged, but I repent of what I have
'hen he is at least a man," I exclaimed,
be not a rational one."

good Maria! what is all this to end in?
rudent son, an inflexible mother, who has
of fire, and between them both such recol-
Iow is this to succeed! what result may we
ticipate! Björn, who speaks so much of
is but little in his looks. God help us

X.

EIGHTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, July 28.

I have been so busy, so animated and happy for several days past, that I had forgotten care and anxiety, the threatening future, and—forgive me, dear Maria—almost my pen too. I have lived and revelled too much in the present. Serena has been with me, and remains so still. My plans have succeeded; I tyranised over Björn, he tyranised over the patriarchs, and I obtained Serena, with the permission to be allowed to keep her a whole week, and perhaps still longer, with me.

How happy I felt on the evening when she came. It seemed to me as if I had received a dear younger sister into the house, to whom I was to be as a mother. How pleased I was to set before her my eggs, my butter my fresh-baked rye-bread, and in the evening to drav the pure white drapery over her bed, which is put u in the drawing-room. In the morning we had made a point of always rising early; have drank milk fro Audumbla, then walked into the birch-wood, whe

Björn had caused winding walks to be made, so that it is now like a little park. I have imbibed air and fragrant odours in her company, and seen her daily grow stronger and more beautiful. We have been reading, working, singing and chatting, and every thing acquires in Serena's company a new and increased charm.

On Wednesday, there was a coffee and tea-party, at the Bird-cage. A spirited *fete!* Lively and cheerful, like the hostess, and with whom body and mind were alike agreeably regaled. It is a fine thing to have a museum.

On the Friday following, there was an elegant display at Doctor Werner's. Rosenvik cannot vie with the Bird-cage; it has, nevertheless, as *ma chère mère* pleasantly expressed herself about its hostess, (excuse my egotism!) its *little* charms. Being the first time of my receiving a large party, I was a little fearful whether every thing would go off well, especially on Björn's account, as it was my earnest wish he should satisfied with "my wife." Fortunately every thing passed off admirably; the only misfortune was, that I had already prepared Björn a few days previous to expect that at the banquet he should be graced with a piece of sweet-cake, which should quite melt in the mouth. Unfortunately my sugar-cakes had melted already in the oven, so that the mouth did not get the taste of them. But as for the rest, every thing was charming; and my friends very well satisfied. Maria played her difficult piece by Herz; I sang several things; and then there was dancing to the All were merry.

After our visitors had left us, Björn and I walked up and down the saloon, and congratulated ourselves that every thing had gone off so well, and that our guests had found our house so pleasant.

"And how they all liked the lemonade!" cried I.

"And the sweet-cakes too!" cried Björn, with a horrible grimace, "which *so* melted in the mouth, that one could not even taste them!" Unfortunate sweet-cakes!

The most happy and agreeable days, however, are those we have spent alone at Rosenvik; we have then always taken our supper at Svano." Cousin Stellan is *aux petits soins* for Serena. Come, come, cousin Stellan!

We have spent a few evenings at Karlsfors, (Since her misfortune, *ma chère mère* accepts no invitations.) *Ma chère mère* is very kind and pleasant towards me; she almost calls me "Thou," and "Child." And when we are in very happy mood, I call her "Mother," which seems to please her very much. Notwithstanding there is no confidence existing between us; she does not invite me to it; and, besides, I am afraid of the "Idol of Berlichingen" in her.

Ebba departed with her husband on Saturday. I was sorry for it; I had become attached to her latterly. There is so much naturally good in her, and by a wise treatment of her on Peter's part it will develope itself more and more. Her tears on our parting evinced to me that she was not indifferent towards me. We promised to correspond with each other.

The 2nd August.

I have permission to retain Serena a fortnight

The kind old Dahls arrived here yesterday.
pleasure to witness how Serena flew into their
d how she was embraced by them with heart-
ion. They were happy to see Serena's bloom-
ks, and to hear her improvement in sing-
boasted of her, as much as the best aunt
) And they themselves persuaded the sweet
mply with Björn's advice, and my earnest in-
It appeared to be difficult to leave the old
at length she consented to the general request,
the gainer of fourteen more happy days.
en Jane Maria and me all is harmony again.
interests me to converse with her; and her
talent is really rare. I fancy also, that since
eparture she is more amiable than previously.
ever was a proper understanding between
It is with some men as with certain witnesses.
itself may be very well, but when they come
, they confront each other, and appear to mutu-
vantage. Jane Maria grows more and more
l towards *ma chère mère*; who, on her part,
n her stiffness towards her, but still—especi-
omestic affairs—keeps herself somewhat re-
Jane Maria has real merit, as a wife; and she
n Jacques are very well satisfied with each

rto I have only given you sun-shine, but now
cloud, and the cloud is—Bruno. Bruno has
n here in the evening. I do not know how it
, but I grow nervous, whenever he enters; I
if some wicked power had its dwelling within
l that he would bring some sorrow with him.

The warm sun-beam which broke forth so beautifully in his character, when he found himself recognized and embraced by Björn has vanished with that moment. His thunder-cloud nature has regained its predominance, and Bruno is gloomy and reserved. This singular man has, nevertheless, a secret influence over us all. I fear Serena feels it deeper than I could wish, although I cannot assert it with certainty. Bruno, on the other hand, appears to be evidently thoroughly interested in her. He looks at her, listens to and watches for every word proceeding from her lips, as one listens to a music, of which one does not like to lose a single sound. Serena is kind and gentle towards him, and so, by-the-bye, is she also towards Stellan; but to whom is she not so? I think, however, I have perceived her betraying a sort of embarrassment towards Bruno, which she does not manifest towards Stellan, and that is no good omen. Perhaps this is a natural consequence of the dissimilar nature and character of these men; even I myself am not quite at ease when associating with Bruno. I should not like to see either of them the husband of Serena, but Stellan rather than Bruno.

The 5th August.

Aha, cousin Stellan! Is this the state of affairs? Only think, dearest Maria, our former marriage-despiser has actually been sitting here for a whole hour, talking of nothing else but of the happiness of a suitable union, of the comforts and joys which may be found in domestic life; followed by sighs and melancholy looks and confessions, that he also would regar

greatest happiness to settle down to domestic
a really amiable and well-informed wife. But
ed him with some of his former objections.
ousin Stellan, the nasty paste? But, cousin
the scouring-buckets? Your wife will be
to have some scouring in the house? But,
tellan, the screaming of children? All little
—even those of the best-bred parents—do cry.
n, the apple, which is found in all families, &c."
was now prepared with replies on all these
the principal of which was, that in the case of
prudent and amiable wife all earthly discom-
ght be looked upon as fleeting clouds, which
ear for a moment and vanish in a bright atmos-
I was perfectly of the same opinion, and at
expressed myself to that effect. "Yes," said
"one only perceives this clearly; only when
at last a person, who, by her lovely, harmonious
r, spreads lustre and rapture all around her.
n alone that a man feels that the mind can in-
the external world, that his circumstances are
is controul."
so it is, cousin Stellan; and I confess, that I
ng since anticipated this revolution in your

so?" inquired Stellan, blushing.
fess, that one of our neighbours has especially
ted to exhibit the picture of domestic life and
ny to you in a more attractive light."
—well, yes, perhaps! I cannot dispute it."
ve long since noticed it; I am not surprised at
sin Stellan. You could not contemplate Miss

Hellevi Hausgiebel and her Bird-cage, with feelings of indifference."

"What? Whom? How?" he started up, quite scared, and looked at me with dire consternation. I was obliged to laugh. Stellan grew angry, and said: "You are jesting, Franciska, and that is not kind from you."

"Forgive me, Stellan," said I; "but do confess that the Bird-cage possesses none of those annoyances, which appear so great in your eyes; there never can be any smell of 'nasty glue' there, and scouring certainly only occurs once a year there; besides this, Miss Hellevi is a person, with whom life never can become irksome and tedious."

"Heaven keep me! Her unceasing vivacity gives me the cholera; eight days at the Bird-cage—and I should be a corpse, from mortification; she might then embalm me, and think herself lucky, in getting me, in the shape of a mummy, for her museum. No thank you, cousin Franciska! you may look about in some other quarter."

"I have done so too, cousin, but then some great *But* has come in the way; she is charming indeed—but she is—lame!"

"The celebrated, fair La Vallier was lame too!"

"Ah, that's true, and alters the case very materially with people at Court," said I aside.

"But she seems, however, to have a greater fault, which I abominate in a female!"

"Heaven forbid! and what is it?"

"She appears to me to be phlegmatic,—there is a calmness in her demeanour which borders on indifference,—this is a great defect in a female!"

"You astonish me, Stellan; I have never observed my coolness in Serena!"

"Still I believe that she possesses it. How glad should I be to find myself mistaken, for she is indeed most fascinating; but icy natures are a chilling sort of thing after all." Cousin Stellan repeated this in a natural and tolerably indifferent tone, whilst he rose and walked out.

Ah, Cousin! you are very cunning—but you can't deceive me! I see very well how matters stand. Stellan wants me to pump out Serena's heart, and then to tell him whether it beats warm or cool for him. In the first case, he will come forward with confidence; in the second, retreat behind "the great fault in a female;" and then he endangers neither his equanimity nor his dignity. But—is love really at the bottom of such cautious conduct? At all events, it is amusing to see, how the nasty glue can at once turn sweet; I shall indeed endeavour, on the first opportunity I have, to find out, whether Serena is warmly or coolly disposed towards my nice cousin. Whether I shall tell him anything of the result of my investigation, that is another matter.

August 6th.

Now I know how the land lies, and you shall know it too, my dear Maria! Oh Serena! Serena!

I was yesterday afternoon alone with her. I thought of Stellan, and asked her, without any circumlocution, what she thought of our young visitor.

To my astonishment, I discovered that she had thought very little of him. She considered that he was handsome, agreeable, and very talented, but she

expressed her approbation with most chilling indifference. Then I began to abuse him a little. Love, thought I, has strange lurking-places, and often, when it cannot be got out with sugar, one may get it out with salt. But in vain did I season my remarks with salt respecting Stellan's conceit, thoughtlessness, etc. I could not discover the slightest point of an arrow, from Love's quiver, in Serena's replies. Serena made apologies for his conduct, as christian charity is wont to do, even whilst she owned his faults.

"You are very indulgent towards him, Serena!" said I; "would you be willing to take him under your training? viz., as his wife?"

"Ah! no, no!" said Serena, laughing.

"Why, 'Ah! no, no!'? You own yourself that he has many good qualities, and you are warm in excusing his faults."

"Yes! but—still I could not fancy him for a husband."

"And why not, Serena?"

"What shall I say? I believe that he is very agre able and amiable, but I do not believe that he co sincerely love any one or any thing but himself."

"I should suppose, Serena, you would much ra take my Björn?"

"Take him! he who is so kind towards every so sympathising, so active for the good of othe O yes!"

"'Tis well for me that I have made him sec myself. But tell me, dear Serena—forgive me if my inquiries too eagerly—is there no one else way of cousin Stellan—for I really believe, tha

wise, you must be a little more inclined to favour him, —perhaps your heart is already given away?—I have heard that your hand was sued for, a few years ago!"

Deep blushes had, on the first utterance of my question, covered Serena's cheeks, but, at the conclusion of my speech, she turned pale, and replied, after short reflection:

"No, I did not love him; but had I been perfectly at liberty to act for myself, I should probably have become his wife?"

"And why so, if you did not love him?"

"Because I believe, that he loved me sincerely, and that I could have made him happy; it certainly is a delightful thing to make a man happy upon earth!"

"But you have had many suitors; has not one of them pleased your parents; or have you not had the same consideration for these as for the last mentioned?"

"There was no need for that!" said Serena, smiling.

"How so?—they certainly loved you?"

"Oh, there are various kinds of love!"

"Very true! Let us see! First, we will take lukewarm love; it speaks in this way: 'See a pretty, intelligent girl, she will make a nice sort of wife, and not a very expensive one either; that's the kind of wife that would suit me!'—What kind of love shall we discuss next?"

"Suppose we talk of falling in love."

"Just so: The love which has a bandage before its eyes, and can fall into raptures about a foot, or a shoe. And this love may be as violent as a spring-storm, or tender, like an Anemone, and disappears like æther;

nevertheless, fortune favouring, it may, like luke-
love, spring up into a more heart-felt sentiment
become closely allied to a love, for which, I ha
highest respect. I mean warm friedship."

"Oh, that is lovely!" said Serena; "It de
itself to perfection only in marriage; and I
noticed in my own family how it speaks—mo
actions than in words."

"Tell me how it speaks, dear Serena; for I s
also like to introduce this language into my do
life."

If a man had been standing in the presen
Serena, he must have thrown himself at her fe
fascinating, so amiable was she, whilst she said:

"Thy prosperity is also mine; let adversity
worst, it cannot make me unhappy, if I can only
thee. When I have failed, and when I have
right, I can see it in thine eyes. This is my pu
ment, this is my reward. Whither should I go wi
sorrows, and to whom with my joys, except to
To whom should'st thou turn, except to me? I
not share everything together? What matter if
errest, if thou sometimes art unjust? I clasp
ardently to my heart, and we love each other a
more. Near thee, I find at all times support, h
and bliss. In all the wide world there is no man
so understands me, who so adapts himself to n
thou!"

I dried up a tear, and spoke: "But what can lo
even the highest love—say more, Serena?"

"The highest love?" repeated Serena, and
paleness dispelled the purple from her cheeks. "

it would say, I know not, but I can guess what it would feel. It is a quicker pulsation in the veins of friendship; it is the higher life—" Serena paused, her eyes filled with tears, and her inspired look finished the thoughts, which her tongue was unable to utter.

And a being like this is to be indifferent, thought I. "And you, Serena," I continued, after a short time, "you, who understand the highest happiness of married life, shall you never enjoy it? shall you remain unmarried?"

"Yes, I believe so!" replied Serena, "but I shall love my grand-parents as dearly, and you, and all who deserve affection, and I shall be happy!"

"My dear Serena! you may do so, as long as your heart remains free."

Her delicate warm hand trembled as I held it in mine. It was as if a heart-throb had run through Serena's veins, and when I looked at her, her cheeks were flushed, and her breathing was quick. Just when I was on the point of asking her whence this sudden agitation proceeded, I was painfully enlightened; I heard the trampling of a horse's feet, and Bruno immediately after dismounted at the gate. Serena must have recognized the sound of his horse's feet, while yet at a distance.

"Is that it?" thought I, and a slow fearful shuddering ran, like an evil omen, through my body and soul. I pressed Serena's hand firmer, I felt myself constrained to embrace her, to press her more ardently to me, but I was prevented by Bruno's hasty entrance. He always comes like a storm; however he now shook my hand so heartily, and cast such a sweet look at Serena,

that the uncomfortable impression which his sudden appearance made upon me, vanished in some measure.

Serena now sat intently at work at her embroidery frame, and Bruno's eyes rested on her fingers, and the flowers of their production. "It is a fine day!" said I to Bruno,—"Yes!" replied he, with a melodious voice, "but now only do I feel it!" we were silent for awhile, and I was glad when our trio was changed into a quartet by Björn, and soon after into a quintet by Stellan.

But this did not appear to please Bruno, he rose, and after having paced up and down the room several times, seated himself at the other end of the room at the piano, and softly, as if with hardly suppressed feelings, poured forth his tide of melody in all its wondrous expression. Serena appeared to dream; she paid no attention to the conversation, nor was she roused until we began to speak of the approaching golden nuptials of her grand-parents.

"It must after all be a touching moment," said I, warmly, "to look back from such a day upon an extended series of years, and to see in their long course nothing but pure recollections and good works."

Bruno moved, the sounds died away, he bowed himself over the chair back, and I saw that he was listening.

Stellan sighed, and said: "Such a happiness is the lot of but few mortals!"

And why, Cousin Stellan?" I began.

"Because so few live for it! because so few wish to know and to govern themselves!"

"And who knows himself? Who can govern himself?" inquired Bruno, rising.

"Hm! I hope very many!" replied I, somewhat confounded at this harsh interruption.

"Yes! people fancy so," proceeded Bruno, with gloomy vehemency, "they imagine they know their own power, and solely because they have not been tried, because they have never looked really into the depth of their souls. Circumstances smoothen their course, life passes like a sunny day, and the tranquil spirit, unobscured by any shadows, unshaken by any storm, believes itself to be bright and strong. The Blind! The Fortunate! They know but little of life; but what man who has experienced the temptations, the torments, and joys of the world; what man, who, has felt his soul shaken by passion, ventures to say, that he knows himself, that he can be and do whatever he chooses. And who is always the same? Look into history, do not vices and miserable actions stain the life of the greatest men? Cannot the malefactor perform noble actions? May we not, in one, moment possess a paradise of love in our hearts, whilst in another, all may be cold and desolate within? To know one's self, is it not to feel that man's heart is a wrestling-place for all contradictions, for all possibilities, a tennis-ball between heaven and earth, with which devils and angels play? Man can do every thing but be consistent; he is capable of performing the greatest, the noblest actions, but only for a moment; the next drags him downwards. To know one's self, is, to know one's weakness." Like an impetuous torrent, which suddenly dashes over its banks, and breaks through all impediment, thus rushed out Bruno's speech, and I confess that I felt myself as it were, carried away by it.

In my own, so often changeable and erring heart, a hundred testimonies arose for Bruno's sad doctrine. I felt my courage sink, but Serena had not lost her self-possession. She fixed her bright look on Bruno's countenance, as he stood opposite to her, and when he was silent, she said with heartfelt consoling mildness:—"Surely we do find contradictions and inconsistencies in all men, but may we not presume that these do decrease according to the degree that we try to overcome them?"

"So it ought to be," said Bruno, slowly, and as freshed his sight with a glance on her heavenly countenance.

"And do we not see innumerable examples of the actual success of such endeavours? Do we not know that fallen creatures have raised themselves again, that the heavy-tried have gone forth victorious from the conflict? Does not every man carry about in his breast a divine image, which in secret is able to reflect light into his soul, and which strives continually to bear him upward?"

"Yes, so it is, I believe," said Bruno, softly but musically, whilst he seated himself next to Serena.

"Then let us have hope for all men," continued Serena, ardently and agitated. "For certain natures the way may indeed be more difficult, and He who is good and merciful, and eternally the same, will one day also cause His voice to be heard, and raise them up to light and harmony."

"Amen! Amen! may it be so!" said Bruno, while laying his forehead in his hand. "May peace descend upon all unhappy souls!"

"And, above all, good-will," thought I to myself, but I did not wish to raise my voice, after Serena's angelic voice, even in utterance of a blessed thought. We sat for some considerable time plunged in silence, each deeply occupied with his own thoughts. At length they separated themselves into Mozart's Don Juan, as proposed by Stellan, and Bruno, as our leader, inspired each of us with a portion of his genius. He really enchanted me this evening, and I believe that all were equally enraptured, with me; we scarcely took time to eat a morsel, but continued, without interruption, till eleven o'clock. Divine art! Glorious Mozart! Through him we had all become such good friends, that on Bruno's departure we accompanied him a good part of the way. The air was mild, and the starry firmament shone brightly in the dark midnight of August. Involuntarily we looked upward with silent admiration, and Stellan, who since the last few days appeared to feel every thing more deeply, said: "Beneath such a sky, man must have had the first forebodings of immortality!"—"Or rather, perhaps, his mortality, his independence of external powers," replied Bruno, "for what does the crowd of stars tell him, the eternal wanderers upon eternal paths, which are silent as the Trappists in their heavenly course; strangers to our feelings, our torments, our joys, they revolve in eternal succession, and appear to answer to our questions only, Poor dust and ashes! measure thyself with eternity and be silent!—Immortal life? No! These lofty ideas are not derived from the feelingless firmament; the starry heaven rather oppresses than elevates us. But the world of sound!—Can we plunge into this, and not antici-

pate the grandeur of eternity, its harmony, its infinity, not conceive it (at least for a few moments)? Oh!" and Bruno's voice here assumed its profound melodious tone, "Oh! if there are high aspirations in this our life, are they not expressed by music? Hear the fugue! Hark! how sphere sings to sphere, how thought answers to thought, how manifold is every thing, and yet how one idea sustains these endless parts in power and beauty. The fugue is the Creator's "let there be!" Thus innumerable worlds repeated the first command. Listen to a Symphony of Beethoven, if you would have life explained. Hearken to the sounds, how they live, suffer, love, embrace each other, and at the same time form all the inexpressible melodies of existence. Hear lastly, how the dissonances melt into harmonies, how storms, anguish, joy, hatred, and love run along like the streams of earth, and rush into the ocean, in which every thing dissolves, every thing melts into one full accord of harmony, and ends in peace!"

I was strongly affected and carried away by Bruno's expressions, although not fully satisfied with his mean ing. We now walked slowly towards the avenue Cousin Stellan conversed with me, and I believe th I suddenly received two pairs of eyes and ears, for listened and replied to him, whilst I directed my tention to what passed between Bruno and Serena, w walked a few steps before us. Bruno plucked a flov offered it to Serena, and said, with a suppressed vo of infinite tenderness, yes, even of tenderness: "F ers and wishes generally go together. Will you ac these from me? May you always be as peaceful *present*. May your bitterest torments be alway

this night, be brightly illuminated by lights in heaven. May you ever be as happy as you are innocent and good. But—" (and here he suppressed his voice still more) "when you yourself are borne in the arms of angels, still pray for those who enjoy not peace, who are not so pure as you, pray for all, and—pray for me!" These last words I more anticipated than heard. Bruno at this moment bowed his head on Serena's hand, and Cousin Stellan, apparently now like me, received two pairs of eyes and ears. Serena had turned her face towards Bruno, but I could not hear whether she made any reply to him. Bruno's horse was brought, he took hasty leave of us, and soon vanished out of our sight.

Bruno! such a singular mind one cannot fully understand, nor can one calmly enjoy peace with him. And these very contradictions in him, this sudden change, these alternate snow and thaw, storm and calm, this night and this flashing day, this plenitude of life and warmth, all invest him with an uneasy overwhelming interest. He repels and attracts, but meets the latter, because he is so perfectly natural. However I am extremely uneasy that Serena should have attached herself to him. What can the lily do upon the boisterous waves? Can Bruno make a wife happy? Does he deserve such a wife? Only think, if he should be one of those malefactors, whose cause he espouses. What is he? What does he seek? Such are my inquiries to myself, such my inquiries to Björn. The latter always believes the best, and loves Bruno sincerely. Nevertheless he does not fully console me, I have fearful forebodings; with a heart full of these, I bid you farewell for the present, my sweet Maria!

XI.

NINTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, August 14.

Again eight days have passed, since I have written last to you, dear Maria. Absorbed by the romance, which is now performed around me, I forget that I ought to have written to you. But the necessity I feel of living in your presence, Maria, leads me again to the pen, and to my narative. Cousin Stellan has taken his departure. He must have gradually become more and more convinced, that Serena had "the fault which he found most unpardonable in a female." He was often seized when Bruno came to Rosenvik, with violent gaping-fits, received business-letters from Stockholm, which required his presence there, and-departed accompanied by my wishes for his welfar Notwithstanding, I was sorry that his conversion w arrested just at its very commencement.

Serena and Bruno, however, have occupied me much, that I have had few thoughts for any else, but for them. Bruno had made our house

home. Björn enjoys this, and in spite of my uneasiness in the presence of that eccentric man, I can still not be indifferent. Serena is, as it were, under a misterious magic influence, and—what do you think? I have not yet ventured to inquire into it. She seems so happy, so gay, so calm, that I am afraid to say a word which might disturb her, or awaken her half-slumbering feelings into perfect consciousness. In addition to this, she goes on blooming to fairer life; her voice has develloped the most splendid sounds, but Bruno is quite a different sort of teacher to me; never has her face, her general demeanour possessed a more fascinating vivacity. And Bruno? He is reserved, but it is apparent in him, that he is altogether in love with her. He follows her, wherever she goes, he seats himself next to her, sometimes he casts one of those looks on her, which do not dart in vain from the human eye! Oh, that look from him! I do not like it. Sometimes I tremble before it,—it is said, that the serpent when it has selected the lark for its prey, raises itself, and fixes its eyes upon it. The lark looks into the serpents eye, and a strange and terrible charm seizes it. With its trembling wings it flies singing in a circle, never has its song been so enrapturing, never have its wings shaken in higher joy of life, and thus it sings, and encircles the serpent gradually nearer and nearer, till it rushes into her jaws, and remains silent, for ever.—Oh, Serena! Serena! Indeed all this must not be. I must warn Serena, she must know what we know of this dangerous man. I must speak to Björn.

Later.

Notice here our conversation: "But my dear Björn that will never do. I can assure you, that something

very serious might be the consequence of it

"Well, and then? what can we desire wish it may become so perfectly serious, a nate in a wedding. I really believe that tl desirable."

"But is he worthy of such a wife? How (whether he is not after all something far w(told? I do not trust him. I believe som(he is capable of doing the worst actions. if he should be a murderer!"

"My dear little Franciska," said Bji angrily, "why do you suffer yourself to be l your fancies? Why do you judge so with tion, of any fellow creature? This is un Franciska!"

"Forgive me, my angel! but are you r bearing? No cause! we know at any ra has stolen!"

"And have you never stolen any thi child?"

I paused, reflected, blushed, and was sile ber of biscuits, and sweet cakes, pieces c particular sort of little mother-of-pearl bc like spirits from my innocent years of chil testified against me. In conclusion, I s Björn, I have stolen, and readily confess n at the age of fifteen years I stole no more!'

"Consider the circumstances under wh grew up. Almost all children pilfer a little, education and wise treatment by and by the dangerous and yet so natural desire, to the coveted object. Bruno was not treated j

and must be judged accordingly. At all event his last lines to me testifies that he had acknowledged his error, and was desirous to repair it. And certainly the fearful lessons, which the last scene with his mother gave him, has withdrawn him for ever from pursuing such a course."

I sighed and said, "At any rate we have seen, how soon he dispatches those who do not choose to conform to his will. He who is so unreasonable towards horses may be equally so towards men!"

"There is immence differense yet, Franciska! At all events I will not defend Bruno's errors. Yes, he is wild and sometimes unreasonable, but he is still as in the days of his youth, vascillating, restless, but not wicked. On the contrary, his heart is warm, and I am convinced that he will become at last a good man. Just such an angel as Serena, can acquire power over him, make him good and reasonable, whilst at the same she will make him happy."

"My dear Björn! I admire your reasoning, but still I am not satisfied. Ought we not to acquaint Serena with the character of the man to whom she leans so blind? Ought she not likewise be informed of what we know of his youth and his adventures?"

"Why? for what purpose? If she loves him, this will not estrange her from him. But as a wife, it might be painful to her, to know, that Bruno once merited the contempt of his nearest relatives. At least no other persons except Bruno himself ought to inform her of it. Eye to eye, heart to heart, much may be said, and much forgiven."

"Ah, would that we only knew something better of

the latter part of his life!"

"I have listened to all he had to tell me, have his papers. All is authentic and in proper o They all speak highly of him. Besides—if E should ever have done wrong—do we not see clear him, earnest strivings after that which is good? Lord would not reject him—and you, Franciska, to do it?"

"Ah, no, no, Björn! But Serena. . . ."

"Think of Bruno's warm heart, of his great tal yes, of his mind, and then—of his great fortune! should Serena not be happy with him?"

"Ah, Björn! That which makes a wife happy, which gives lustre to a family is not the husb talents, his property, not even the ardour of his s these can also set the peace of home on fire—no happiness of the wife consists in the husband l upright, kind, intelligent, reasonable and good short, in being like you, Björn!"

We quarrelled no longer.—

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THE NEIGHBOURS.

I.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BRUNO M. TO ANTONIO DE R.

.... I drew near to her without any intention. I only wished to behold the beauty of her countenance, the innocence which shone on it, fair as the brightness of a serene sky. I only wished to listen to her voice, to her words—to all her peculiar loveliness. What the freshness of the waves, what the sounds of song, what the caresses of my mother have ever been for me, that was now her presence. I felt happy within the sound of her voice; at a look from her every painful feeling, every unholy thought subsided,—I felt myself a better man.

Not she, not I, but the power which filled my soul's depths with the fire of a volcano,—that power caused this feeling suddenly to grow up into a consuming flame.

But I do not love her as I have formerly loved. No Serena then stood in my nightly path. She is my first, pure love.

Just because she is so unlike those women which I

have hitherto sought and won, just for this very reason is Serena so enchanting to me; it is her gentle young maiden dignity which stamps her whole being with such moral beauty, and binds me to her, as it were, with magic force. Just because she is so free from the desire of pleasing, do I love to bend the knee before her and worship her. My eyes repose with indescribable delight upon those lips which no wanton kiss has desecrated, no word of anger and falsehood has polluted. Purity—a word, the meaning of which, I have learned too late. Purity is the heaven beaming upon her forehead, the spirit which is breathing from her lips, and for her purity do I worship her, I who..... Yes, I can worship, and in this is my salvation. What is there beautiful, what divine, that is not also pure? Light, virtue, heaven, eternal brightness! dark was my life, but in her do I now adore you!

Serena appears, and with her the angel of life, her whom I have profaned and despised! Tranquil virtues, peace, domestic life, sacred ties, which I have ignorantly mistaken and injured, how enrapturingly inviting do they become to me through her.

Do not say that it is too late. I have wrestled with the wild spirits of life; like Faust, I have danced with the witches of Blocksberg, the body of one which I embraced was ashes; and from the lips of another which I kissed, sprung a disgusting monster; the third changed itself into a serpent in my arms, and thus I stood at the brink of a precipice and looked around me, and behind me, and everything was terrible and dark. I felt yet the same restless fire, the same thirst *but it sought* other springs to quench it. I was con-

strained to lead a life of toil and strife. In the battle field, in contending against the raging elements, I felt a higher power, a mightier life, but then—all was blank, blank! I had no belief that the fullness of life could be found in the human breast. A human heart expansive, loving as heaven, faithful, gentle, and pure—oh, such a heart is a world of fullness, beauty, and eternity! There the fire is purified, but not extinguished; disquietude is hushed to repose; power is elevated and strengthened.

Were a wife with a soul so noble and loving to walk through the path of life by my side, were her heavenly spirit to pass over my soul every hour of the day like a breeze of spring, were every object that surrounds me to be imbued with her pure harmonious life, when I could rest on her as—Oh, God! I cannot say, as on a maternal bosom, for mine repelled me; but if I could press a wife in firm indissoluble embraces to my heart, and say, "thou art an angel, and thou art mine!" would you not believe that those former sins might be expiated, bitter recollections forgotten, and the wavering heart firmly established in entire love? Would you not then believe it possible for a paradise to blossom upon the devastated soil? I look at Serena, and I must deem it possible I have said to myself, "she must become *mine*, then shall I find peace upon earth!" But she—the pure, the kind, the lovely, can she love me? will she unite her destiny with mine? and those who have the guardianship over her, those who value purity of character, civil and domestic virtues above all else, will they be willing to give the loveliest and dearest which they possess, to a man whose reputation is stig-

II.

TENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA W. TO MARIA L.

Rosenvik, August 17th.

Yesterday was a wondrous—an eventful—a joyful, and yet disagreeable day. We spent it at Ramm. We were invited thither a few days ago, together with several of the neighbours. *Ma chère mère* also received an invitation, but declined, on the plea that she had not visited for many years past, and was unable at present to think of making any exception to her rule. Serena had spent the day previous with her grand-parents, and was to accompany them to Ramm, where they had been urgently invited by Bruno, who on account of the new school, and other business, has established a close connection with the old Dahl.

On our arrival at Ramm, we found every thing according to outward appearance unaltered; the trees grew as formerly, wild and thick round the dark walls. Bruno came out on the staircase, and received us with sincere cordiality. There is occasionally something so winning in his countenance! Björn was agitated and pale, when he shook his brother's hand. Not one of us spoke, and Bruno silently conducted us into the *upper rooms*, where I was suprised by a luxurious

Serena, Serena! did I not love you so ardently, I should have lamented over you, for I feel that my looks of love have found their way to your heart. But I will love you as no woman has yet been loved. With all the charms of life will I surround you. Every day you shall contribute to the happiness of some fellow-creature, and your noble heart shall breathe and live in the atmosphere of benevolence. Hagar must reconcile herself to her destiny. She has already long since left off making demands upon me, and this, indeed, she must, if we are to live together. She will and must make herself happy with another without murmuring. She knows me; she will not venture ..... Curse upon her, if she should breathe poison upon her whom..... But I get desperate when I think of this woman; and that I would not be, I would rather be kind, loving as Serena could wish me. There is a fount of goodness and tenderness within me, yet the spring is not yet irretrievably dried up; it will only be purified, but an angel must, must touch the water.

But can an angel approach him whom the curse..... My mother! if she should not pardon!—

Thought of destruction! Vulture, which gnaws at my heart, away—away!

Soon everything will be made known and decided, for my soul longs for certainty. It would, perhaps, be more prudent to defer, to abide the time; but I neither can nor will. I have always taken my fortune by storm: so let it be now!.....

in leaving nature unconstrained, blushed at the entrance of her daughter, and looked vexed. "What a sight you are to be sure!" said she, trying to regulate her hair and dress.

"Oh! oh! mother you hurt me!" cried Mally petulantly.

Bruno conducted Madam Dahl to the dinner table. The others followed in pairs. The dinner was splendid. Bruno will spoil the simplicity of our country manners by introducing an example of such luxury, I shall tell him so. Bruno was an agreeable host. His attention to the old Dahls seemed paid in a reverential and almost filial spirit, which became him well. Serena seemed to notice it with delight.

From the dinner-table Bruno led us to the garden, where two large tents had been erected. The greatest care seemed to have been taken for the convenience and comfort of the patriarchs. In one tent two easy chairs were placed for their reception, the floor was covered with costly matting. A fountain cast up its fresh splashing glistening jet, in front of the tent. Orange trees, full of blossoms and fruits stood around, and every little breeze wafted its balsamic odours to us. I was enraptured with the whole of these arrangements, which the unusual heat of the day rendered still more delicious. My phantasy transported me into an ideal world; I imagined a picture of nomadic life in such a scene, and shepherdesses like Serena, and Patriarchs, and tents, and orange trees, and... But just at that instant came Madam v. P. running up to me exclaiming: Oh, how charming all this is my dear Madam Werner! *It was* exactly such tents that we had when we were with

Count L. at Gustafsberg. One day they were at our house, the next we were at theirs *tout familièrement*. It was delightful, the L's. and we did not mix with the rest of the society. We were sufficient of ourselves. Ah, I should like to know how our mutual friend the dear Baroness H. is. A charming person! She and I were so happy in each other's company, of course we have both of us been so much in the world, and have so many mutual friends."

"It is very warm here," said I. (It was agreeably cool in the tent, but Madam v. P's. speeches made it oppressive.) I rose, and so did my persecutor, just before the tent we met Bruno, and Madam v. P. attacked him, "*Ah mon cher Monsieur Ramilly, c'est charmant, c'est charmant!* Your park is a paradise! What tints upon those trees! What grouping! What vistas! Look, my dear Madam Werner, yonder through the arch of the bridge, what effect! No, you must stoop a little more, a little lower yet. . . . . below that branch. . . . is it not heavenly? (I was very near breaking my neck,) what a *coup dæil*, what an effect!" Bruno gravely bowed to Madam v. P., and betook himself to the tent. I thought: Oh, how does the artificial part in the character of man spoil the enjoyment of nature even to others! Madam v. P's. "tints and effects" had spoiled all the beautiful prospect to me. At this moment I heard a loud shriek, and hastening towards the spot whence it proceeded, I saw the Adamites, who had plucked flowers and fruits from the orange trees, and were skirmishing with some young gentlemen who had evidently interposed to save the blossms.

"There we have unsophisticated nature!" thought I, sighing, Briti Kaijsa came up, dispensed shoves

and cuffs among the boys, and peace was restored for a time, so that we were able to enjoy our coffee and confectionary in quiet.

A little later, two open carriages were driven up, Bruno proposed to the company to take a turn into the park. The carriages were intended for the seniors, the juniors were to walk; Bruno offered his arm to Serena; the old Dahls, Björn and I, stepped into one of the carriages, the Major's lady, who was sitting with Madam v. P., got in the other, and wished to have her children with her; but the young Adamites screamed and refused to go, and were at last left in the charge of their sister Mally, during the time of the excursion.

We set off, the weather was fine, and the trip would have afforded me pleasure, could I have calmed my anxious thoughts about Bruno and Serena. "Will he address her?" thought I, "and what will he say?" The patriarchs took their little dinner-nap in the easy vehicle. Björn sat silent and reflecting, and thus we proceeded for the lapse of about an hour and a half.

When we returned, we saw the walkers also returning in various groups. As Serena, accompanied by Bruno, entered the drawing-room, I became uneasy, for I saw at once that something had passed between them. Serena was pale and agitated. Bruno's countenance, on the other hand, was radiant with rejoicing life. After he had saluted us, and inquired of the old people whether the drive had been agreeable, the carriage easy enough, etc., he seated himself at his organ, and the powerful instrument swelled under his hand. It was the same power, the same fire, the same pro-

found inspiration, which enraptured me that evening on the lake, and which now affected my inmost feelings as at that time. The Misses v. P. walked arm-in-arm into the next room, chattered and laughed incessantly with several gentlemen, and were obviously occupied solely with themselves. Madam v. P. had begun a lon and earnest gossip with Jane Maria, and I could not conceive how Jane Maria, who certainly has musical feeling, could sit and chatter through such music. It was natural that Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel, who has no taste for the art of sound, should remain with Counsellor Hök, engrossed in the study of some beautiful paintings. Bruno was, however, by no means without devoted auditors; among these were Björn, the patriarchs, and Serena, who was now seated between them. I was so placed that I could see Bruno's face. It was at this instant strange, full of courage, passion, and love. What was there depicted, he poured out in an impromptu, wherein all aspirations, powers, sufferings, and enjoyments appeared to contend with vehemence, and the conflict rose to desperation;—then Bruno made a wonderful and bold transition, and through modulations which brought to mind the words, "Let there be light!" Bruno introduced the splendid air in Haydn's Creation, in which the words, as well as the music express how the elements arrange themselves in order under the eye of the creator. I looked at Serena. Deepest emotion, but at the same time a tranquil illumination, were depicted on her sweet face. Oh! it is in such hours that we know the fulness of life, when the sky seems to open upon us, our souls mount up upon the wings of sound, embrace every angel of life, com-

prehend the highth and depths of the love of God, all the beauty of creation, and are ready to faint in bliss.

Bruno's voice is not, strictly speaking, beautiful; but it is strong, manly, and expressive. It indicates a powerful mind. "Oh, Bruno!" thought I, "hast thou been endowed with such noble gifts only to abuse them? Canst thou sing of life's pure glory, and not be able to realize it in thy soul, in thy life?"

The music ceased. Bruno's auditors sat silent and tearful; Miss Adele v. P. also stood by the door astonished, and as if rivetted to the spot by magic. Then came the unhappy Madam v. P. and overpowered Bruno with remarks respecting his skill, and ancient and modern composers. "Weber," said she, "is fanciful; Rossini, poor in melody; Mayerbeer excels both, he is so to speak, *le prince de la musique.*"

Old Madam Dahl manifested her satisfaction in another way. She pressed Bruno's hand and said feelingly: "You have made the old woman young again! It is long since I have felt such enjoyment; I thank you most sincerely."

"You make me sincerely happy!" said Bruno, kissing respectfully her hand, and seating himself by her side.

A great noise was now heard in the hall outside, proceeding from the Adamites, who were just arriving from the wood, with dirty and torn dresses, but full of life and spirits. They had started some deer, killed a serpent, and caught a little squirrel, which they now brought home in triumph. Brita Kaijsa tried to suppress this exhilaration of the Adamites, but she only

succeeded partially with Mally. The two younger children jumped about screaming and shouting, climbing with their dirty feet on chairs and sofas—I wished *ma chère mère* had seen it!—whilst they enjoyed the sport of first letting the little unfortunate squirrel loose and then catching it again. Their parents at last took no notice of their wild conduct, but Serena and I gave each other a look, and ventured to interfere. The result was, that I liberated the little squirrel, whilst Serena, partly in earnest, and partly in jest, drew the children to her and succeeded in keeping them quiet, by cutting out a number of little equipages, and ladies and gentlemen in paper for them. Art here also asserted its power of taming the wildness of nature.

The cheerful Miss Hellevi, who likes to keep people in motion, proposed a sociable game, and we commenced a game of forfeits, which soon became lively and amusing. A number of pledges were collected, and on the occasion of their being redeemed, Miss Hellevi shone by her humourous ingenuity. It was indiscribable entertainment to see Björn obliged to dance. I have never laughed so heartily. You should have seen his comical gravity and his grimaces!

"What is to be done by him to whom this pledge belongs?"—"He is to relate a short story," replied Miss Hellevi. The pledge belonged to me, and without consideration I began whatever came into my mind first. It was the following legend:

"Two little boys went down, one holiday-evening, to the river, not far from their father's abode. There they heard some beautiful music, and saw the Neck,* who

* Neck is the Swedish name of a spirit of the waters.

sat upon the blue waves in the shades of the alder-trees, and played upon the harp and sang with all his heart. After the boys had been for some time listening to the music, they exclaimed: 'Of what use is your fine playing, Neck! you can never be happy!' When the Neck heard these words, he threw away the harp, and sunk into the depth of the water."

Here I stopped, for I had accidentally looked towards Bruno, and a look from him so penetrating, dark, and sorrowful met mine, that I became speechless as it were before it. In this state I continued for several minutes before I could proceed:

"When the boys came home, they related the occurrence to their father. The latter reproached them with having spoken so harshly to the Neck, and told them they had been wrong, for that the Neck might also one day become happy.

"On the evening of the next day the boys walked down again to the river. They heard no longer the sound of sweet music, but they saw the Neck who sat on the waves in the shades of the alder-trees and wept. And they said to him: 'Weep not, Neck, our father says, that you shall be happy too some day!' Then the Neck cried no more, but took up his harp again and played and sang enchantingly till late in the night."

I looked again at Bruno. He was pale; his wonderful eyes were raised on me as before. But now they were filled with tears.

"Madam Werner shall have her pledge again, with our compliments and thanks for the pretty legend," said Miss Hellevi. Many pledges followed, and were

redeemed by various jokes. The owner of one was sentenced to declaim something in verse or prose. It was a silk pocket-handkerchief, and Miss Hellevi, who perceived it, inquired: "Does not this belong to our host?"

"Yes," cried Mally Stallmark with a loud voice, "but I took it to give it as a pledge, because I had nothing myself to give."

"Mally makes a figure in the world," thought I.

"The law of the game must be observed!" said Miss Hausgiebel, the owner of the pledge must redeem it! "Mr. Romilly, you have heard the sentence."

"But I was not in the game," answered the latter evasively.

"But you are so now," cried Miss Hellevi, and when Madam Dahl also, uniting with her, entreated Bruno to fulfil the conditions, he consented, good naturedly. He rose, made no hesitation, but seemed nevertheless transmuted in a moment, as he stood dignified and immovably sunk as it were in deep reflection. On his first motion to speak, a cold shuddering ran through me. The scene was truth itself. It was from himself, from the depths of his own cloud-enveloped spirit, that Bruno spoke Hamlet's famous soliloquy:—

"To be or not to be, that is the question!"

In truth, Bruno is no ordinary man, and has no ordinary gifts, but still—how much higher does not my Björn stand as a man. There was a long silent pause in the room, after Bruno had ceased to speak, and it seemed difficult to return to the recreations of life after this display into its gloomy depths.

Meanwhile it had grown late, and the old Dahls who would not stay to supper, took leave of their host,

whom they thanked most cordially for the a
entertainment of the day, they also took Ser
them, and promised to leave her at Rosenvik.
accompanied them to the carriage. When t
gone, every thing seemed flat to me, and in
escape from the game of forfeits, I asked Ad
who was sitting next to me, if she felt dispose
a walk with me in the park. She eagerly co
I took her arm and we went. The evening
the twilight, the stillness, everything that su
us seemed to invite to those serious, soothin
tions which light and social life so easily dissi

"How beautiful it is here!" said I.

"Yes," replied Adela, "for here is serious
truth."

I was struck by the expression with whi
words were uttered, and looked at my compar

Adela v. P. proceeded with emotion: '
Werner! you have hitherto, I dare say, consi
weak and superficial; and I now feel that suc
been; but to-day a wonderful feeling has been
within me; I feel myself humbled, and yet el
I wish to be able to return to nature and truth

"You would like to leave what is artificial,
nature,—is it not so?" said I. "You woul
comprehend nature, and restore to life
interest?"

"Yes... I believe so. I have sometimes
givings that my education was but empty s
now—that clearer views open to me, now that
time is already lost.... Heaven knows, w
shall ever now attain to light and truth."

"Do not doubt it!" said I, warmly.—"Only cherish the impressions and the longings which have been to-day awakened in you."

An anxious, hurried voice was now heard in the park, calling Adela, Adela! Adela answered, and Madam v. P. came running up to us, she exclaiming with visible anxiety: "Adela, my little angel! You out here without shawl and with a cough? and the dew and the night-air! My dear child, why do you do so? Come in, I entreat you—you must not go so lightly clothed, you must take my shawl, I can dispense with it better than you!" And in spite of the daughter's hesitation she threw her shawl around her, and drew it carefully about her chest; mother and daughter kissed each other affectionately, and hastened together into the house.

Did I ever find Madam v. P. ridiculous? At this moment I quite forgot it; I only saw the tender, amiable mother, and I thought: this is water for Björn's mill! If Madam v. P. but knew, how truly poetic and interesting she now appeared, she would despise the affectation of being so in any other way.

Meantime I had remained behind in the park alone, and whilst I walked slowly back, I met with young Robert Stalmark, who was walking up and down soliloquizing. He went with me, and said after a short time, with discontent depicted on his countenance:—

"What a stupid thing it is to have no talents, to comprehend nothing, to know nothing, nothing which belongs to . . ."

"To what is called high refinement?" said I by way of interrogation. (I found myself appointed this

evening to assist people into the right road.)

"Well yes," replied young Robert. I hear so much talk about nature,—but it would be well to assist it with a little art, a little cultivation!"...

"Yes, we must draw a distinction between nature, barbarous and ungifted nature in her enlightened state."

Robert stared at me with one of those lively intelligent looks, which depicts the brightening of a new idea; but immediately afterwards he said with an expression of sadness.

"Yes, were I not so old already..... however, the best thing to be done now is, to banish all these thoughts from my mind!"

"What thoughts," asked I, warmly, "of accomplishments or of a more cultivated mind? My dear Mr. Robert! to possess a talent for any particular art is comparatively but a light thing, but to be capable of loving and appreciating what is beautiful, to be able to hold intercourse with men of high acquirement, to invest life with noble interests, this is no trifling matter, and you are young enough to be able to attain to it. Reject not on account of the requisite exertion one of the most abundant sources of the happiness of life." We were now on the top of the stairs, and I heard Robert say to himself: "no, no, I will not do that! I will devote myself to it in good earnest! I will be very different yet!"

These two little scenes afforded me much pleasure. The precious seed which lies dormant in the human mind is sometimes suddenly and singularly vivified. Bruno's powerful spirit had now as if by magical in-

fluence roused two beings to a more exalted self-consciousness. So is the revelation of every noble power a cry of "awake ye!" to the soul of man.

But let us go back to Ramm and to the supper-table. I was glad when it was over, and I can vouch that Bruno was no less so. He was no more like the same person that he had been earlier in the day, than November resembles May. His eyebrows had contracted themselves, and Bruno seemed to find it hard to sustain the part of the polite host to the end of the piece. How sweet was it, when the cabriolet again rolled along to Rosenvik, and when I could with Björn's confidence, disburden my mind of all the histories which I have here written down.

In the bright moonshine we arrived at home. I met Serena in the anti-chamber. She stood at the open window with her face turned to Ramm, I walked softly up to her, and threw my arm round her. She leaned her head against mine. The evening breeze wafted by cool but mild, bearing along with it melodious sounds. They came from Ramm. I felt a tear drop in my bosom. Serena's lips bedewed my cheeks, whilst she whispered, "My sweet, dear Franciska! I must leave you, I have been too long absent from my paternal home Let me return to-morrow to my old parents!"

"Serena, my angel?" I exclaimed in consternation. "What has happened! why?"

"Do not ask! entreated Serena, laying her delicate and feverish hand on mine. Do not inquire at present. I shall tell you all some day; at present I cannot! Let me go to-morrow morning with the doctor!"

"And what will your grand-parents say if . . ."

"I shall explain to them; I shall satisfy them. Be not uneasy, sweet Franciska! they will be satisfied, they..."

"Yes, they! of that I have no doubt whatever," interrupted I, in an unamiable mood, "they, who are to be told every thing; but I shall have to lose you, and am yet to know nothing—I? "You have no confidence in me, Serena,—you do not love me!....."

Serena threw her arms round my neck and said, "Oh, Franciska, you hurt me! You know I have had no friend whom I have loved so sincerely as you. What I now keep secret from you, I shall not disclose to any other creature. But one day I shall have no secret to conceal from those who are dear to me."

"It is right, my dear Serena! I was cross just now. Forgive me. But you see, Serena..... You have become dear to me as a sister; your happiness lies near to my heart as if it were my own, and .... and..." I began to cry like a child, and Serena did the same. In this state we were found by Björn, who scolded us because we had the window open. After he had shut it, he took Serena's hand and mine, and inquired with a cheerful sympathising look, what made us so very sad.

"Ah, she wishes to leave us, Björn. Serena wishes to go home to-morrow morning."

Björn now looked so shocked that I became somewhat alarmed, and thought, "Well, well, it certainly is not such a national calamity as to strike one with apoplexy."

But Björn's face changed again, and with his accustomed good-natured calmness, he said:

"Well, if she should go away, I suppose she would come again."

I had almost overlooked this possibility in my anxiety, and partly consoled again, I exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, Serena, you will soon, soon come again, won't you? You will not stay away long?"

But I will not fill my paper with a description of the remarks and replies on the subject, and how (in spite of all the consolatory reasons which had been represented to me), I was heartily concerned to part with Serena, for I clearly foresaw that she would not return to me this year to make any lengthy visit. This morning at seven o'clock she drove off with a large flower-bouquet in her hand, sitting by the side of Björn, who was softly pronouncing anathemas on a basket of fruit, which had been put between his feet.

Every thing is so vacant now after Serena's departure. I endeavour to forget it whilst occupying myself with writing, but I am not able. It is indescribable, what a charm, what a feeling of Spring such a being diffuses around her. She was always so kind, so fresh in feeling, so good. I grew better by living in her society. She had taught me to be observant of much good existing in all around me. At present we shall correspond daily. At all events it is something. Björn will be the post-courier. I am glad that I shall receive a note to-day by him; but I shall still not get to know the secret. It troubles and distresses me!

III.

TO THE READER FROM A STRANGER LADY.

DEAR AND CURIOUS READER,

Availing myself of my former apology, and pitying the anxiety which you, dear reader, probably share with Madam Werner, I will—happening, strangely enough, accidentally to know more of the state of affairs than that excellent lady—tell you quite *entre nous*, a word or two of the secret.

In the park of Ramm, Madam Werner is riding, as she has already related. We—the reader and I—follow silently the walkers on their path. We notice during this interval how the Misses v. P., notwithstanding their affected gentility, condescend to sport with the brothers Stallmark in a way, which indicate neither propriety nor gentle feeling. From this we conclude, that excessive refinement and rudeness, often go hand in hand. But we shall not dwell long on this picture, destitute as it is of grace or keeping. We will rather follow Bruno, who conducts Serena with a deferential attention, which will to your glance, clear-sighted reader, most distinctly betray the nature of his feelings. After these follow the Adamites amidst laughing and screaming.

"Lean more on my arm," entreated Bruno, with a soft melodious voice. "Let me support you, let me believe for a moment, at least, that I can be some way of use to you."

They walked silently. The wood rustled gently around them, and its arched foliage above them. In Bruno's soul now reigned—and he has often said, that it was this feeling which made him so happy in Serena's presence—a peace which he but rarely enjoyed. Something of her gentle and bright spirit seemed to pass over into his; he had a feeling as if his good genius was near him, and those beneficent impulses, those feelings of enjoyment, those pure sentiments, those vague but strong hopes of a better future, those fair spring anticipations which are entire strangers to no human breast, all came like angels and hailed his soul. A voice then arose within him—it was that of remorse, it cried: "Weep for the past, the lost!" But another, lovely and strong like eternal mercy, cried stronger: "Despair not for she is near thee!" He then looked in her countenance—all there was so sweet and bright—and he saw only her.

All at once the Adamites raised a shrilling shout of joy, and sprang into the wood. Sister Malley called them back, herself at the same time pursuing them. A deer ran timidly before them. All vanished; Bruno was now alone with Serena. The latter stood irresolutely still. They were standing near a high oak, a bank of fresh grass was round its stem, and flowers were planted all about; the spot seemed to have been carefully tended.

"Will you not rest a moment?" asked Bruno. "We

can await our little friends here, who will no doubt come again."

Serena consented, and seated herself. Bruno stood before her, and watched her looks attentively; they were contemplating the spot, and betrayed awaking recollections.

"I believe I know this place, this tree again," said she at length. "Yes, I am quite certain here it was, that many years ago I was threatened by a terrible danger. I was then but a little child; a serpent had entwined itself round my neck. It would most likely have strangled me, had not the intrepidity and presence of mind of a little boy, saved me at the risk of his own life."

"Do you remember that event?" inquired Bruno, deeply affected.

"He remembers it likewise."

"He?—what?—when? How do you know....." inquired Serena, astonished and hurriedly.

"He is a friend of mine. He has often talked to me about the child, which he carried about in his arms in the woods of Ramm."

"Oh, is he still alive?....Where is he? What do you know of him?" inquired Serena with lively emotion.

"He is alive! perhaps, it were better were he no longer so. His life has been no source of joy to any one. However, his anxious heart can find no peace until it has found another and a better, to which it may attach itself. He has early been brought to know misfortune—even crime! He was rejected by his mother; he then wandered through the world for years, and

fought with life, with men, and with himself; he sought he knew not what, he had early become an outcast. He who reposes on the breast of a mother or a wife, he who holds a dear sister by the hand, he knows, he understands not the vacuum, the gloom, which that man feels who in all the wide world has not one single being to love him, to receive his love, not one who will say—"return!" not one who would press the penitent to his breast, and say, "I forgive!" Thus rejected .....Can it be wondered at if shipwrecked in heart, the sport of every wind, he should drift about and be lost? ..... Serena, would you condemn him?"

"I condemn? Alas! I should weep over him."

"Weep over him, Serena. He blesses these tears, and he—is not unworthy of you. Bruno has staggered on the deep, but has not sunk. An invisible hand has sustained him. Was it that angel, who once secretly whispered to him of a brighter and better world? I must believe it. Certain it is, that he never forgot her. In his sweetest recollection, in his best feelings, in the depth of his soul, she stood in the splendour of her innocence. Oh, Serena! were he now to stand before you and say: This childish affection has ripened into love, true, eternal love; these recollections are changed into reality. They are dear to me, Serena, dear as the reconciliation with my mother, as the hope in the mercy of God; dear, a thousand times dearer than life itself! —Serena, it is Bruno, the friend of your childhood, who here kneels before you! (and in endless love Bruno sank before the adored one.) It is Bruno who craves from you his peace, his bliss, his life! Serena, do you reject me?!"

'Good God!!—Bruno!" exclaimed Serena, with indescribable emotion, and extended to him her hand. He pressed it vehemently between his, and inquired, with a look and voice which seemed to have power to conjure up the deepest secrets of the soul, "Is it compassion—which this hand extends to me?"

"It is—not compassion—ah, rise!"

Voices were heard, steps drawing nearer.

Bruno pressed Serena's hand to his heart whilst rising, and saying: "Keep my secret! The hour has not yet come—" He could say no more. Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel, at the head of a gay band of walkers, joined them, and they were not again left alone.

In the evening, when Bruno escorted Serena to the carriage, he held her back for a moment, and whispered in her hearing only: "One word—one word! not compassion—it was a nobler feeling? Serena, one word, one look!—"

But Serena said not one word, gave not one answering look. She withdrew her hand from Bruno's, and timidly as the bird flying to its nest, she hastened to join her aged grand-parents. Bruno cast a dark look after the carriage as it rolled away.

And I, my reader, now take my friendly leave of you.

IV.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA W. TO MARIA L.

Rosenvik, August 22nd.

:he cloud which suspends over us, has darkened. storm is quite certain. May heaven only turn it › a blessing and not into destruction!

ierena was gone, and with her we lost much enjoy- nt. No one felt this more deeply than Bruno. He ıe in the evening as usual, but he was not like him- :. He entered, greeted me dispiritedly, and kept ·nt; then he walked up and down in a restless state mind, or took his seat near the place where Serena ıaccustomed to sit, and leaned his head upon his hand. ıs he sat long without uttering a word, and the vein ch swelled high upon his forehead, gave indication :he conflict in his mind.

Björn often turned towards him with the quiet ob- ·ing look of the physician, which seems to trace the rse of the inward struggle, and to watch the momet .he crisis. I was kind, yes sisterly kind, towards .no, for I saw that he was suffering, and unhappy. :imes he seemed desirous to speak. I fancied he something to request, or some confession to make,

which weighed heavy upon his heart. But not one word gave us light on the subject, and to all observations which we addressed to him, he returned only brief replies, or maintained a perfect silence. I must, however, say that no bad temper—that demon wherewith little minds often tyrannize over those around them, manifested itself in Bruno's deportment. It was apparent that it was a profound distress, which rendered him insensible to all that passed around him. We at length resolved to leave him to himself, and spend our evening as we generally do when we are alone,—Björn occupied with carpentering, and I reading to him. Bruno could then listen if he chose.

Yesterday he came again, and was more gentle than usual. He took Björn's hand and mine, pressed them, and said: "I am no agreeable guest to you, my friends; but bear with me!—" He turned away, left us quickly, and seated himself at the piano, where he played a lively and noisy piece.

The tea came. I prepared it, and filled the large cup for Björn—he always has a particular tea-cup for himself, with ugly, little, blue cupids, which he likes very much. When now I handed this to him, and he kissed my hand delightedly—I don't know how it happened, but he does so sometimes—I thought him so winning, so kind, so excellent, that I set aside the tea-cup and bread-basket, encircled his great head with my arm, and pressed it with ardent affection to my breast. Björn threw one arm round my waist, but, oh dear! he stretched the other towards the bread-basket. I felt so affectionate towards him, that, tenderly jesting, I reproached him with his divided love. Björn replied

in the same tone, when a sigh, deep, painful, almost resembling a suppressed groan, made us shrink with terror. We looked up, and our gaze fell on Bruno, who, pale, and with an indescribable expression, surveyed us. "Oh, good God! good God!" said he, slowly, whilst pressing his hand against his forehead, as if in inexpressible anguish, and now tears gushed with vehemence from his eyes, which at once amazed and affected me. Björn rose, and by a mutual impulse, we both approached Bruno. Now that his heart was opened, he stretched out his arms to us, and cried, with a voice which was suddenly stifled with most violent agitation: "My mother! . . . . Let me be reconciled with my mother!"

Björn and I went to him; we opened our arms to him and embraced him. Bruno was almost beside himself; he pressed us with wild vehemence to his breast, and in broken sentences, which rushed as it were from his agitated soul, he exclaimed: "Act, act for me! . . . .I cannot! I am cursed . . . . speak, prepare my way . . . . whether I may come . . . . help, help that when I approach her she may not reject me. Tell her that I have suffered much . . . . much . . . let me repose on her breast. There is no rest till then for me . . . . My mother, my mother! . . . ."

Our tears flowed in torrents; we spoke words of tenderness to Bruno; we tried to compose, to comfort him; we promised to act for him; we told him that all should be well. But the storm which had at length burst forth was not to be so easily allayed. Bruno was in the most powerful agitation of mind, and after he had violently paced the room for a few moments, he said:

"I must now leave you; forgive this scene! Think of me and for me. Let me know what you purpose doing, and let that which is to be done, be done quickly! Suspense is hell." The next moment Bruno was upon his horse, and vanished with the rapidity of lightning.

Björn and I now stood looking at each other as if the last judgment-day had broken in upon us. Björn forgot his tea. I never before saw him so disturbed. This almost surprised me, for I believed that this cause, though somewhat difficult to manage, was nevertheless sure of a happy issue, and that the lost son must inevitably be again received into the house of his mother. "Is it to be imagined," said I, "that a mother should not receive with open arms her penitent returning son?"

"Yes, you do not know *ma chère mère* yet," said Björn, grimacing and spitting—"this last only now happens on any rare occasion.—In some adopted notions she is, as it were, hardened as a stone; and then her disease of mind!.... I trust that she will recognise and receive her son again, when she sees him, and ascertains his temper of mind. I hope so. But how to bring it about? how to prepare her, when the mere mention of his name affects her brain? I will not vouch for the return of her mental disease. Minds like her's and her son's always border on the abyss of frenzy, through the violence of their passions. One blow may plunge them into it."

"Heaven keep us!" exclaimed I.

"At all events," continued Björn, more composed, "the trial to effect a reconciliation must be made. Better would it be that mother and son should die in

frenzy than in enmity. But we must go cautiously to work. *Ma chère mère* must first be sounded—must have her pulse felt; she is no easy patient to treat."

We now considered *pro* and *con* how the matter was to be arranged. We proposed and rejected a number of plans. At length we settled upon the following:

It has now been a custom, for some time past, at Karlsfors, when we were assembled together in the evening, occasionally to read novels, or any light and entertaining works. I was generally appointed reader, and *ma chère mère*, who does not care much for books, except her Bible and cookery-book, appears however sometimes to listen with pleasure. Björn and I now determined the very next evening we should spend at Karlsfors to propose a subject for reading, and then have a tale in readiness, calculated to rouse the feelings of the mother, and to give us some clue to trace her disposition towards her son. Should this prove favourable, a further step might soon be taken; but as to the nature of this, we could not agree. My wish was that Bruno should himself write to his mother. Björn however, rejected this, as being a too direct and hazardous mode of proceeding. Björn seemed more inclined to install me into the office of mediator between mother and son. "It is a peculiarity in her," said he, "that that which she reads on paper makes no impression on her feelings. She must read them in the eye, she must hear the voice, if words are to reach her heart. You, my Fanny...."

"Thanks, my dear Björn, a thousand thanks for your high opinion! But spare me, if possible, this

commission! I feel that I have not courage enough to interpose between these two violent beings. I might be crushed to atoms. Have you forgotten the fable of the earthen-pot?"

"Well, well, we shall see! There is time enough yet to think of the second step, when the first is made."

"And for this I will make immediate preparation. Whilst you are in the town, I will find a suitable tale; or perhaps compose one myself."

"Very well. We shall thus be prepared with arms for the hour of battle. But mark you, my little Fanny, the allusion must not be too obvious. If *ma chère mère* should perceive a hidden object, she would immediately set herself against it."

During the night (one often receives bright ideas in the dark) it became clear to my mind what should be the text which was to serve my purpose, and when Björn had departed in the morning, I took down from my book-case, which Björn had carefully furnished, "Fryrell's Narratives from the History of Sweden," and began to read and think over the story of Eric Stenbock, and Malin Sture. The more I thought about it, the more satisfied I became, and scarcely had I read it through the second time, when an invitation arrived from *ma chère mère* to spend the evening at Karlsfors, providing we had not a better engagement. I returned my thanks and said, that we would come. Since that moment I have been nearly in a state of fever, and I have endeavoured to divert my uneasiness by writing this. Before Björn left this morning he wrote a few lines to Bruno, acquainting him with our plan. The answer

which the messenger brought back, I broke open during Björn's absence. It only contained these words: "Do what you please!—Bruno."

In the afternoon.

Björn has read the narrative and is satisfied with it. We shall go. Ah, Maria! this evening! I am heavy-hearted and disquieted. I am going to sound the depths of a heart, and on this much depends. This thought shakes both body and soul. Adieu! Adieu!

The 23rd.

We have been at Karlsfors. The evening had closed in. Lighted candles stood upon the green table in the reception-room. We sat round it. The important and decisive hour had arrived, I felt wonderful courage and all the rest were unusually still and dull. Björn had a pen-knife in his hand and was chipping the table for the want of something else. *Ma chère mère* tapped his fingers and gave him a bundle of pens to cut. She then sat down to net a fishing-net, which was her usual evening employment; for her eyes are not strong, and cannot bear finer work.

She said to me, "Now little woman, read us your tale; but let it be a cheerful one. There is enough to mourn over in this world, without wasting tears over things which are written in books!"

"I cannot promise that it will be of a gay story," replied I, "but I think it very interesting, and it is moreover historically true throughout."

"That certainly is a point of recommendation," said *ma chère mère*, "and one ought of course to hold one's mouth to the dish."

I began to read:

OF ERIC STENBOCK AND MALIN STURE.

From Malin's Family-chronicle, written by himself.

In the parish of Mörkö in the province of Södermanland, near a deeply extending bay of the Baltic, lies a small, triangular island. Upon it rises a clift ninety feet high, from which the view reaches over fields, Schere's,* and a wide expanse of waters. This island became at an early period the residence of Wikingers, and deep caverns are still pointed out in the mountain, which are believed to have been used by them as habitations and prisons. Some believe that this was the place, where in the time of Ingiald Illrada the Fylkes-king of Södermanland, Granmar, received the Sea-king Hjorvard Ylfing, and Granmar's daughter, the fair Hildegund drank to the health of Rolf Krake, with Hjerward. The place is called Sjimonsö (Sjimon's-island,) which some interpret to mean Seaman's-island. At a later period it received from the form of the island the name of Hörningsholm, and by being repeatedly dammed up has gradually become changed into a peninsula. It was successively in the possession of the races of the Folkungers, Oernefoters, Ulfvers and the younger Sturies, was strongly fortified, and often besieged, taken, and was destroyed, for the last time during the period of Christian the tyrant.

Svante Sture, son of Sten Sture the younger, and married to Martha Lejonhufvud, caused afterwards a citadel to be erected upon the old ground, which was

* Small ships on the Swedish coasts.

ılly as splendid in architecture as it was strong by ıituation and fortification. Upon the foundation of many fathoms high, rests the castle of four es high, furnished at the angles with strong towers. may form some conception of the riches of Sture, of the nobility of that time, when one reads that at wedding of Sigrid Sture with Thure Persson Bjelke ıe year 1562, 50 awmes* of wine, 4 barrels of mead,† arrels of must,‡ 8 casks of cherry-water,|| 20 lasts of , 45 oxen, 200 sheep, 21 pigs, 17 calves, 453 cans** oney, &c., were consumed. By the confiscation of church's property, a great number of estates fell ıe nobility, and especially to Sture, the only off- ıg of so many families once so powerful. By these :s, by the untarnished splendour of the name of e, his affinity (by marriage of brothers and sisters) Gusta Wasa, and the distinguished qualities of the y children, the house of Hörningholm was, for a period, next to the regal, the most conspicuous in kingdom, and the seat of honour, pride and joy. vanished after the dreadful murder of Sture in year 1567, but Lady Martha retained her pride, he family had received the honour. Two remain- ıons and five daughters also promised to restore their

Whilst they were growing up, Lady Martha l over the house of Hörningholm, and all the

A Swedish and Dutch measure answering to what in Eng- is called a *tierce*, or one seventh of an English ton.
A kind of drink made of water and honey.
New wine not fermented, or the juice of fruit, cider, &c.
A cordial made of pressed cherries.
A measure of one or two quarts.

estates subject thereunto with a circumspection and power which acquired for her the by-name of King Martha. She, at the same time, distinguished herself by her noble-mindedness. Eric XIV. had murdered her husband and two of her sons. When, after the change of the throne, his wife and children wandered about in the country without protection and defence, Lady Martha took Sigrid Wasa, then four years of age, to herself and educated him with maternal tenderness and care.

"This story I like," interrupted *ma chère mère*, when I stopped reading for a moment, "it is an excellent one!" *Ma chère mère* raised herself up, and looked as proud, as if she herself had been King Martha. I am convinced that she felt herself closely allied to her. I proceeded:

Eric Stenbock, son of the old Gustav Olsson of Torpa and of Brita Lejonhufvud, often made long stays at Hörningsholm, as a near relative and there formed a strong attachment to Lady Malin, the second in the line of daughters. The latter returned his disposition; but Lady Martha would hear nothing of it on account of the near relationship. They were, namely—first cousins. Stenbock tried the usual expediencies. He loaded the mother, sisters and servants, with presents, but all in vain. Many were moved, but not the old Countess. She had written to the Archbishop Laurentius, in Upsala, asking his advice. The latter remained firm to his views, which he had expressed on the occasion of the third marriage of Gustav Wasa, and advised against it; after this it was in vain to speak to the Countess any more about it. Thus, many years rolled

The two lovers saw their youth fleeting along; rd Eric had finished his thirty-fourth, and Miss alin her thirty-third year. Notwithstanding their utual inclination was still as lively as ever. When all ieans of persuading the mother had failed, they de-ermined at length upon eloping. Stenbock entrusted his intention to Charles, Duke of Södermanland, twenty years of age, and received from him for his support, two hundred horsemen. In the month of March 1573, he travelled with his sister Cecilia (wife of Gustav Roos), to Hörningholm, concealed his horsemen at some distance from it, and issued orders to them for their execution. He came to an agreement with Lady Malin on the same evening, that they would fly the following day. She spent a night of the most dreadful anxiety. When in the morning she was alone in her room, she threw herself near the window upon her knees, and prayed amidst showers of tears. In the same instant the elder sister, Lady Sigrid, entered.

"God bless you! you are well engaged," said she.

"God grant that it may be well," answered Lady Malin.

"It is always well," said Lady Sigrid, "to pray to God with tears!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Malin, "if all my friends should cast me out, you will assuredly not close your heart against me?"

"Why do you speak thus?" said Lady Sigrid. "No one of the family of Sture has done aught for which account we need to turn away our hearts in displeasure."

At that moment the old Countess sent for Lady Sigrid to come to her, but Malin went into another

room. Immediately Lord Eric entered there, saluted the persons present, and then said to Lady Malin:

"Dear sister, do you wish to see the horse which I have presented you with? It stands in the castle-yard below?"

She consented, and he drew her arm in his to conduct her down stairs. On going through the hall, Nilsi and Anna Sture's nurse, Lucia, was sitting there. Lady Malin requested her to follow, which she also did. Below in the arched-gate stood the horse harnessed to a sledge, in which the young lady was placed with her waiting-maid. Stenbock got up behind, and drove away in the sight of many of the servants, who fancied that it was only a hunting excursion; but when the waiting-maid perceived that Lord Eric took the road towards the sea and drove so fast, she forsaw mischief, and began to call out:

"What are you doing, dear young lady? Consider how angry your mother will be with you to travel so alone and unprotected."

But Lord Eric pulled out a pistol, and held it to the breast of the maid with these words:

"Be still, or else you shall never speak again!"

Down on the shore the horsemen issued from both sides, and surrounded the sledge; they then proceeded, as fast as the horses would carry them, as far as Svardsbro. There they found tailors and sempstresses with costly materials of every kind, who took the young lady's measure, and began to prepare clothes for her; meanwhile the horsemen kept watch round the house that no one could come in or go out. Just when Lord Eric was driving towards the sea, Margaret Sture went

accidentally to the window, saw and comprehended the object of their journey. She began immediately to cry: "Lord Eric, I am sure, is carrying off my sister Malin!" At these words the old Countess and Lady Sigrid sprang first to the window, and then down into the court. But on the stairs the mother lost all consciousness and sank down. Having somewhat recovered herself, she ordered Lady Sigrid to set out immediately after the fugitive, and try to bring her back. Meanwhile Lady Martha sat upon the stairs, mourning and lamenting, and could not thoroughly recover herself. Then Lord Eric's sister, the Countess Cecilia, hastily ran to her, and lamented that Lord Eric should have acted in such direct opposition to Lady Martha; declared that she knew nothing of it herself; but she could not have believed that Lady Martha would have felt so much indignation. The latter turned her head violently and answered:

"May God punish you and your brother, who has robbed me of my child! Follow her, at least, now, and remain with her, that no injury may be done to her."

Lady Cecilia departed in silence. When Lady Sigrid, (whom the old mother sent after the fugitives,) came to Svarsbro, she obtained with difficulty permission to enter the house She then began to represent to the sister the displeasure and distress of the mother and to exhort her to return, in which case her mother had promised to forgive her. Lady Malin made no reply. Sigrid, then again, more and more urgently tried to exhort and persuade Malin, and told her, she would otherwise be the cause of her mother's death.

Malin said:

"If you can insure to me my mother's consent that we should be united, I will gladly return."

"I cannot do that," replied Lady Sigrid.

"Then," said Malin, "the first error is as good as the last," and began to weep bitterly.

When Lady Sigrid found that she could not persuade the sister, she returned to Hörningsholm, where the mother had now taken to her bed amidst mourning and woeful lamenting. Her grief increased when Sigrid returned alone. Her house had before been visited by misfortune, but now it suffered disgrace. She saw no ray of consolation, nor redress, not even hope of revenge. She was a lonely widow with many daughters; the sons were yet almost in their infancy. The seducer of her daughter, on the other hand, was himself a man of power, besides being the brother of the widowed Queen Catherine, supported by the Duke, and in favour with the king. Notwithstanding, Lady Martha determined not to yield.

Lady Malin meanwhile departed with the Countess Cecilia Roos and Lord Eric to his brother-in-law, Pehr Brahe, of Sundholm, in the province of Westgothland. There Eric left her and hastened to Stockholm. But Lady Martha's letter of complaint had reached that place before him. On his arrival, he was deprived from his fiefs and offices and kept in arrest. Perpetual contentions and strifes ensued between the families of Sture and Stenbock. The latter, however, prevailed so far, that Lord Eric received his liberty again. He then did all in his power to conciliate Malin's relatives, and succeeded with them all except

the mother. He wrote to a Lutheran college in Rostock, and received from thence and forwarded to her the favourable opinion of the theologians, that marriage between cousins were lawful; but she took no notice of it. Then Eric and Malin despaired of the possibility of ever softening her; three months had now elapsed after their elopement. They took their journey across the Dutch territory, had themselves married there by a Danish priest, and returned the same day to Torpa, where the nuptials were celebrated. At the same time it was arranged that King John, the widowed queen, Duke Charles, the Princesses, the Counsellors of the Empire, and all the relatives of Stenbock should write to Lady Martha and make entreaties for Eric and his wife. But the grief and anger of the mother were still more irritated by the news of the marriage, which was celebrated without her knowledge. In spite of all the intercessions, she would vouchsafe no notice either to her daughter or son-in-law.

Here I paused a moment in order to sound *ma chère mère's* heart. "Is it possible," said I, "that any person could be so obdurate? How could any one be so implacable, so unforgiving?"

"It is not reasonable!" said Jean Jacques.

"It is not reasonable!" said Jane Maria.

"It is unnatural!" growled Bear, with a horrible grimace.

"It is right!" exclaimed *ma chère mère*, with a thundering voice. "It is nothing but right. I should have acted in the very same way."

"Oh no! you surely would not have done so!" said

were that sinner, and I thine own mother
should punish thee. Thou shouldst never
into my presence again, not were the king
at my feet and entreat for thee. Weak m
conduct. Severe mothers, pure morals."

My heart swelled within me. I felt
mère's views were immoderate, but her w
thou that sinner, and I thine own mothe
a singular impression upon me. They ch
it were into the unfortunate Malin, and p
her situation. I suffered, I repented wi
acutely that the anger of a mother was terr
difficulty could I read what follows

"The mother's anger, however, oppres
of the daughter most heavily. Since the
elopement from Hörningsholm, Malin ha
any other dress but black. She had recei
husband a number of precious stones, but
them. She wrote continually to her near
letters of deep distress, entreating for their

quick glance, and proceeded:
year and a half had now elapsed since their
ge, and almost three after their elopement. They
ot permitted, however, to come at once into the
but were obliged to live several weeks in the
eth-house. At length, in consequence of the
ssion of the brothers and sisters, the approach
ter, and Malin's state of indisposition, they were
ted to remove into the castle. Malin was then
ted up into the great saloon, where Lady Martha
ced upon an elevated seat, with all the family
round about her. When Malin made her
ance at the door, the mother burst forth: 'Alas,
happy child!' Then Malin fell upon her knees
as crawled to her mother with tears to supplicate
giveness, while she pressed her head against her
'

pped, for my voice was unsteady and tears were
l. My heart was with Malin. At this moment
re mère pushed the table from her, rose, with a
ce, and without casting a look at any one of us,
alked out of the room with majestic steps and
l the door to after her.

all sat in mute consternation. We knew not
e should think. Was *ma chère mère* angry, or
affected? Did she surmise any intention, or
jörn and I gave each other a look of inquiry. I
xed with myself and with my agitation, which
l me to pause in the reading at such an impor-
risis. *Ma chère mère* had thereby gained time
ection, and now she could not hear the best of
ry, the fair conclusion. Ah, if *ma chère mère* had

only heard that, it would have made her feel the beauty of forgiveness, and King Martha's example would probably have had its influence upon her heart. I had an indescribable longing for her return. But one quarter of an hour after another passed away, and *ma chère mère* did not appear. I was indeed distressed when supper was announced, and it was stated at the same time that the mistress would not come to table. She was troubled with head-ache, had gone to bed, and wished us good appetite and pleasant repose. I was melancholy and uneasy; Björn no less so. We could not guess how we stood. Immediately after supper we took our leave of Jean Jacques and Jane Maria. On our way home we were less dejected about the occurrence of the evening. Our attempt had not altogether been without effect. The piece which was read had made a strong impression, and *ma chère mère's* excitement could with greater probability be construed as good than as evil.

We resolved that Björn should ride the next day to Karlsfors, under the pretext of some business with Jean Jacques, and then more minutely ascertain the disposition of *ma chère mère.*

We spoke of the severity of principle which she had approved. I deprecated the system, and said: "Not implacable severity, but rather wisdom and love are the means by which virtue, purity of morals, and family concord are established."

"This is the fine doctrine of our time, Fanny," replied Björn, "but *ma chère mère* still clings to an age in which those of purer morals endeavored to set a barrier against the prevailing laxity by excessive ri-

ty. She was brougbt up in rigid principles. Nature circumstances have contributed to confirm her in ı. This basis is pure; it is but the partial com-ension and too close appli—— Heavens! have ot home already?!"

örn was in Karlsfors to-day as had been agreed ı. *Ma chère mère* was not to be seen, had kept her ıs, and left a message with Elsa that she would not ıny body. What is to be the end of this? Bruno most certainly come here this evening. Oh, that ould but give him more gladdening intelligence.

Aug. 28th.

have not written to you for several days past. I o unhappy. No change with *ma chère mère* since ast letter. Jean Jacques, who with Bruno's ap-ation is made acquainted with every thing con-ing him, sends us daily reports. *Ma chère mère* will ıo one, remains shut up in her own apartments, all within is as still as the grave. Elsa alone goes ıd out as a shadow, and to all inquiries replies only a shake of her head.

uno, in a most desperate state of mind, has been every day. He comes generally at twilight, makes ame inquiry, receives the same answer, and goes with his eye-brows deeply drawn together, and his ny look fixed on the ground. Sometimes at night ı the wind blows from Ramm, I hear the wildly etic, but exquisite sounds, which once so enrap-l me at Svanö. They rise, they die, like invisible . I then fancy as if an unhappy spirit hovered e the water, and sought to inform me of its tor-

ments. I should not like, under any circumstances, for Serena to hear those sounds; they are cutting to the very heart. To avoid crying over them I draw the curtain over my ears.

Serena! alas, she has no doubt already heard more than is good for her peace. But what, I know not. It is strange that I should not know it! And Serena is for all that not of a reserved character.

She came here yesterday evening with her grandparents; the good old folks came—as they said—"to express their thanks for her." I returned mine for having had her. Goldhead was with her, but the naughty little thing was not so devoted as usual to his mistress, but flew restlessly in and out of the window; at length it took its course across the lake to Svanö, and we lost him out of sight. We waited for his return but he did not come. It grew late, and Serena concerned about her little favourite, repaired herself to Svanö to fetch it back. But she lingered long—much too long; we all became uneasy, and I more than any, for I know not what foreboding told me that Bruno had part in this delay. I could not endure the protracted uncertainty about this, but whispered a word into Björn's ear, left to him the care of our venerable guests, ran to the bank, took a little boat, and went to seek up Serena. I came to Svanö just in proper time to receive Serena, half-dead, in my arms, and to see Bruno standing there, more like a statue than a living man. I took Serena home. On the way she recovered herself, and the death-like calm dissolved in a flood of tears. She wept so violently and so painfully that I was beside myself. "Has this man offended you, Serena? if so,

I will detest him, I will have nothing more to do with him!"

"Oh, no, no!" replied Serena, "but--he is so unhappy!"

More I could not ascertain from her, the deeply agitated Goldhead flew twittering over our heads. I was cross with the little creature.

I purposely rowed very slowly that Serena might gradually compose herself. It began to grow dark already. When we came back, the old people, contented at having their darling again, were not curious about the cause of her long delay; Serena had recovered from her agitation, and the twilight concealed the tears which still moistened her eyes.

To-day I received a little note from her by Björn, which informed me that she was tranquil again, begged me not to be uneasy about her, and to ask no questions at present; by and bye I should know every thing. She wrote so kindly, so affectionately, I could not be angry with her. But strange it is that we should both have secrets, one from the other, and in fact both secrets, which relate to Bruno.

Later.

Bruno was here just now, more gloomy than ever. He went away with a wild look, whilst he said, "I shall come no more. Should any change occur, let me know." He left us without taking leave.

Six days have now elapsed since that evening when I read the story of Eric Steinbock and Malin Sture, and *ma chère mère* remains the same. Ah! what is to be the end of all this? God help us!

V

A STRANGER LADY TO THE READER, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE YOUNG LADY READER.

You, young lady, whose researches into the state of society and characters of mankind, have hitherto been made merely in the land of romance, and who on your entrance into the world, expect with shuddering joy, that men will hover about you, either as the butterfly about the rose, or as the spider about the fly,—a word to you.

Be at ease! The world is not so dangerous! Men have too much to do with themselves. You will be obliged to experience that they care no more for you than for the moon, and sometimes still less. You, young lady of seventeen, you are preparing to withstand the storms of life; ah! you will probably have more to do with the calms of it. But let not your courage sink; life and love are in abundance on the earth, only not often in such a form as romance generally exhibits them: romance distils life: it makes one day out of ten years; one drop of spirits out of a hundred grains of corn. In reality, it proceeds otherwise: grand events, agitating scenes of love are rarely there. They are not the rule, but the exception, in every-day life.

Therefore, my good girl, do not sit down and wait for them, for if you do, you will be tired. Do not seek the riches of life from without; create them in your own breast! Do you seek love? Love heaven, nature, wisdom, all the good which surrounds you, and your life will become rich; its sails will swell with fresh breezes, and thus be gradually wafted towards the home of light and love.

Why do I say all this? It is that in order to assist Madam Werner with her story of every-day life (she wished indeed to make a romance of it, but that was not to be her lot). I may now record one of those scenes which is one of those exceptions more often to be found in books than in life.

It was evening, and one of those evenings in which a lovely peace breathed through nature, and fills the mind with involuntary impressions of those days when all yet was good upon earth. The vaulted sky spread pure and glowing over the earth; and the latter stood like a myrtle-crowned and happy bride under the bridal roof, smiling and tranquil, in her beauty. The sun gleamed upon the yellow ears of corn and blushing fruits. The trees, with thick foliage, disturbed by no breeze, were reflected in the clear lake. Light mists veiled the heights. Here was heard the twitter of a bird, there the song of a happy voice. All appeared full of enjoyment.

On such an evening it was, that Serena's light bark glided along upon the calm water, like a fairy flower resting on a leaf. It was there also, where, from the gray-tinted Ramm, an eye, assisted by a telescope, was directed towards quiet Rosenvik.

Bruno sees the small boat put off the shore, guesses whom it bears, and an unexpressible longing, a powerful desire fills his soul.

The storming heart, which has long beat in wild disturbance—the wearied mind, which has consumed itself in days and nights of torment, longs for refreshment and repose. There is a Samoom more searching than that of Africa; there is a spring more refreshing, more panted after than that in the Oasis of the desert. Bruno is that pilgrim consumed by torturing feelings; Svanö is the Oasis, which contains the fresh spring of life within its bosom.

For she is there, she with her pure heart with the bright heavenly look, and in her presence, in the presence of the gentle woman, in Serena's presence Bruno longs after rest, after life—longs—and rushes forward.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of snow, or hast thou seen by what way light is parted?"

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in search of the depths?"

Well might he ask thus, the unfathomable creator of nature and of the heart of man, and well might the earthly-like inquirer Job, "lay his hand upon his mouth and be silent." It is into the depths of the human heart above all, that the Eternal's eye alone can penetrate and see how the light rises, whence the night and the storms proceed.

Bruno resembled the climate of the burning tropics. A blaze of fire ran through his soul and wasted his feelings. Hence this death-like tranquillity, this violent storm with its devastating power, thence also this excess of feeling, life and love, which sometimes broke forth

so powerfully, like the luxuriant vegetation upon a bed of lava, and like love itself, covered all trespasses.

And thus it was, that on that beautiful evening floating on the calm water by the little island, the abode of kindness and peace, Bruno felt the gathering of a storm within him, and feelings like flashes of lightning darted through his soul. Indignation against something, infinite longing after something, fever and anguish boiled within his breast. There are words which can extinguish such flames, which can bring happiness—with the spirit of a vulcan, he stands on the shore of the little Island.

Serena leaned against the oak-tree which spread its thick foliaged branches over the beautiful bright seraphic-head. A cloud of sadness rested on her innocent face, and she gave a melancholy smile to goldhead, who, attracted by her voice, had been flying about from branch to branch, and resting upon her hand. But suddenly he flew away from her in alarm, and Bruno's tall dark figure stood before Serena. She blushed, trembled, but remained still, and looked up to him with the clear look of a Madona. Bruno looked into her fair face, and his soul became more composed; then the unutterable bliss opened upon him which he never felt but in her presence. But this feeling now withered like a rose upon glowing coals, for one instant the fire within him cooled, but the next it was fed into fresh intensity.

"Do you wish to shun me too? Will you also reject me?" inquired he, darting his dark flaming look upon her. And when she still maintained a look of inquiry and distress, he said, "Serena, say something

kind to me. My soul needs it."

"Friend of my childhood!" Serena answered with her angelic voice, and extended to him her hand.

"Oh, Serena," said he, whilst pressing her hand to his lips, hear me! I wish to speak to you. Sit down by me! You will not? Will you not grant a moment to the friend of your childhood?"

There was such earnest intreaty, such anguish conveyed in his look and voice, that Serena could not resist. She seated herself upon a mossy stone. He kneeled before her. There was something child-like, something tender and mild in his whole demeanour. He gazed at her, and the fire in his eye melted away into feelings of inexpressible tenderness, and gave place to tears; he uttered not a word, but his fine lips displayed an expression of ardour and sweetness. At last he spoke:—

"Say *thou* to me, Serena! oh, say *thou* as thou was wont in the days of our childhood—when we were children, happy children; bridegroom and bride!"

Tears bedewed Serena's down-cast eye-lids, but she hesitated.

"Say *thou!*" intreated Bruno more cordially, more ardently. "Serena, dearest, loveliest Serena, call me *thou!*"

Serena still hesitated. She felt deeply at that moment the value of that word.

"You will not?" exclaimed Bruno. "Serena, then you feel indifferent towards me."

"Oh no, no," rejoined Serena deeply affected.

"Not indifferent?" returned Bruno ardently, and seized her hand. "Oh, Serena, torture me no longer

not leave me in this heart-rending uncertainty! speak! will, can Serena love me?"

erena looked at him with tearful eyes and said: es!" Her whole soul spoke in this reply.

Oh, then must you become mine, heavenly being! laimed Bruno, embracing her knees with passionate ; Serena, you will, you must be mine! Tremble ! Cast me not from you, glorious, adored angel! your heart prevail, listen to my love, and happiness ll be your lot on earth. Why do you tremble? en I was a child and carried you about in my arms he woods of Ramm, and leaped with you over many recipice, you did not tremble then. Oh! as in the s of my childhood I will support you on my arm ough life, and press you to my breast. Let every un- ainty, every doubt vanish at this moment: our love ll bind our fate. Serena plight me now your faith, mise to be mine, swear that henceforth nothing shall arate us!"

Bruno, Bruno!" said Serena, alarmed at his vehe- ice, "have you forgotten your mother . . . . Your her—my parents!"

Forgotten? No Serena, I have not forgotten them, those conventional ideas which fetter the affections, ve not forgotten them. But they do not bind me; I nowledge a higher power; I know of a wider world n that which they rule and enchain. But I compre- d your fears. Like the flower upon this island, have grown up and have believed that the world ends not beyond its limits. But the world is large, ena? And for two hearts, which beat in unison, adise opens in a hundred spots. There are other

climes than that, under which you were borne; other religions, other manners; but sunshine and love are every where. I have beheld this fair world, I have seen life there free from constraints, millions of beings live in that atmosphere of liberty, and obey none but the dictates of the heart. . . ."

"And where they happy Bruno, where they contented, these beings who set at naught the ties of duty, the commands of heaven? Where you yourself happy in that world, which you praise so highly?"

"Happy?—no, I was not, for I had not yet found a Serena. But now—oh! hear me, Serena, and consider that my life depends upon your answer; will you, should even all oppose our union, still become mine? Oh, speak, what can life offer you more than boundless love? Life, Serena, is poor, is wretched, if not relieved by love. That Almighty Being, who gave us the craving for happiness, has not commanded us to renounce it. He who has set love in our hearts as a leading-star of life, cannot wish that we should disdain its guidance. Serena I love you! I will lay down my soul before you and say: do with it what you please, but be mine for ever. Oh, let me lead you from this narrow corner of the world, where your life will vanish and fade away: let me lead you forth into a life of liberty and joy. Give me your hand, as you have given me your heart; become my wife in another country, under a fairer sky. Your path shall be strewed with roses; riches shall be at your command, at your wish, you shall be able to open your hand and make your fellow-creatures happy, and I will bless you for everything, for every body with an affection, as yet unknown in the

world; out of all that is beautiful in nature, all that is good and sweet in life, I will form a paradise for you. Serena—what shall you miss then?"

"Peace!" answered Serena, rising, while her breas heaved violently, "Peace with myself, peace with heaven!"

"Indeed!" said Bruno slowly, whilst he also rose and his flaming looks fixed on Serena, in scornful reproach. "Serena, you are then also like the rest of your sex. Your love is but a feeble flame, which can burn only in a close retired atmosphere. You do not wish to make me happy, you will not follow the dictates of your heart; for you have fears for your eternal happiness! You will not make the least sacrifice for him, who wishes to give up all to you. And this is called virtue? Oh, weak, miserable egotism! But, listen—(and he approached her with wild defiance) I will teach you what love is, what true love is!—But perhaps you do not understand me, pious girl! Do you know what he who truly loves sacrifices without regret for the object of his love? Yes, his own eternal happiness! oh, that you were doomed to the deep, glowing hell, that I might plunge into it, to share your condemnation, and there with you, with you in that abyss, would I despise the thunder and the bliss of heaven! But you do not understand me—you know not what love means."

Serena supported her noble forehead on her hand: a violent shock passed through her soul. Blackness and lightnings interchanged there. Ah! Serena knew what love was, and Bruno's words fanned an echo in her soul. For a moment her mind became obscured

and she lost the clear perception only in the struggle between the sacrifice and love. In a feeling of inexpressible anguish she lifted up her eyes and her clasped hands towards heaven, and spoke as to herself: "They would be miserable, they would rise in the morning and not find me, they would lie down in their beds and weep over their child!"

Bruno saw what was passing within her, a demoniac power took possession of his soul and exulted, when he saw her wavering, and in his looks were flames, and in his voice sounds, flattering, bold,—sounds such as by which angels have fallen:

"Oh, Serena, let no childish weakness mislead you to belie your own heart. Be strong, be true to your love, and trust to me. Become mine, and I will recompence every pang, I will change every sound which disquiets you, into bliss. Away with narrow-minded fear! My Serena, conquer the usual weakness of your sex! give me that promise, that vow, which will raise me above all the vicissitudes of life above the threats of fate; which will give a home to the exile, a blessing to the cursed, peace to the wounded heart. Oh, my Serena, why pause, why waver? Are you not mine already? Have not our souls been united since the days of our childhood? Are they not now warmed by the same flame of affection. Serena, we are one already, one before Him, who poured his love into our hearts. Do you believe, that they could be separated? the thought is vain! Serena, most beloved, you are mine, my own!" He had seized her hand, with loving and powerful force he drew her nearer to his breast.

There are sudden, wonderful inspirations by which

, but pure spirit maintains its power to
en the dearest object. Such it was, which
na's soul, filled at the same time by despair
from above. In order to resist Bruno's power
e was obliged to tear herself away, and on
ds, "You are mine, my own!" she replied
"No I do not love you!"
h to believe so," Bruno broke forth with a
nile; "but you deceive yourself." He em-
pressed his hand on her heart, and pro-
vehement exultation: "You love me just
I do. By the throbbings of this heart I
u resist me, your cheek will grow pale
r love, and my misfortune shall become
ain do you resist, in vain do you deceive
s true as your heart beats under my hand,
a higher power interwoven our fate. Resist
i in vain, Serena. You are mine!"
ood immovable; her dark eyelids sank on
eeks; her heart beat fainter and fainter
's burning hand; but, like the whispering
clearly, softly, awfully, and wonderfully
these words passed from her lips: "No,
e you."
e chillness ran through Bruno's veins. A
is, words so expressed, he had never yet
Serena stood like a marble-statue against
s cold, as still, as—death. He left her;
ated her with frantic amazement.
love you!" repeated Serena, and retreated
cheek grew paler and paler, her heart
and fainter.

"Serena!" exclaimed Bruno, with a voice as to awaken the dead from their eternal sleep.

Serena sighed deeply. "No, I do not love you!" said she once more, with a still firmer, still clearer voice. Her knees tottered; she would have sunk to the ground, if Franciska had not come at this moment and caught her up in her arms.

VI.

BRUNO TO SERENA.

"Once more these words!.... Repeat them once more and no sigh of love and pain on my part shall again disturb your peace. But, Serena! if you deceive me, if you deceive yourself at this moment, if your heart abjures these words when your lips uttered them, then — hear me once more. My vehemence has wounded you. Forgive me this, Serena; it is now over. I am calm—and nevertheless—this restless, this thirsting heart longs to believe, that it does not beat alone; and, though unworthy, I will still believe that I am loved. I stand at the verge of my existence. Love alone can save me. I have a mother; I have trespessed against her, and she has cursed me. I have no hope of reconciliation with her, although I seek it. If it be denied me, shall I then despair, Serena? Will no dear hand hold me fast in life? Will no angel follow me in the wilderness? Oh, Serena, do you love me, and yet have you not courage to share my fate?

ıold, I will not decorate our future; I will not
.te you to share fortune and joy with me; I invite
to partake my pain and tears. Perhaps our future
' be dark; perhaps your heart may never find peace
ny breast; perhaps your cheeks may grow pale
er my kisses; but notwithstanding—still I ask you,
sna, have you not courage, not love enough, to
er with me, for me? Serena! there are sorrows,
ows unto death, which are not bitter, which bear
ı them their great, their wonderful enjoyments.
at is the power of love in creating happiness even
he night of pain. But how? If the abandoned
ıld breathe more calmly by your side; if his eye
ıld follow yours towards heaven, the abode of mercy
of love; and if this eye were then to rest on you
ı infinite gratitude and blessings—Serena! could
then be unhappy? And if now your cheeks were
ving pale in death, were you to pillow your head
n a breast, filled entirely by your image, were
r look to meet in death, a gaze of inexpressible
, which, living only in you, would expire with
:self, and at the resurrection again seek you only—
Serena! was it a dream, which I believed to be the
h of my existence, to be the solution of its hitherto
mprehensible enigma? Serena! answer me with
truth, which once dwelt so sweetly on your child-
lips—once more I ask: Was it a dream? Say
and become mine. Or—repeat your last words!"

VII.

SERENA TO BRUNO.

"No, Bruno! I will not say again those words. They were not spoken in truth; called forth only by the dread of my own weakness. If it can do you good, Bruno; if it can afford comfort to your heart, then receive this assurance: 'I love you!' To share sorrow and life with you would be happiness to me. But hear also these my last words, Bruno! I am writing to you in the chamber of my grand-parents. They are slumbering quietly; my voice has lulled them to rest. The light of the lamp falls on their revered heads, and irradiates their grey hair.—Bruno! this is my post of duty. I shall not move from it, though the anguish of my heart be intolerable. To comfort and gladden the life of my two aged parents, those tender gardians and benefactors of my childhood, my kind supporters to the present hour; this is my calling, my precious duty. Providence has placed in my hand the lamp, which illuminates the evening of their life. I will watch over them faithfully until my last breath. Oh, Bruno, if you wish to win *me*, you must first win *them*. Not unless *they* will lay my hand in yours can I be yours with joy and comfort.

"And if this must be my parting salutation to you —then farewell, Bruno! God bless you! Wheresoever ou may go, remember that a faithful heart follows you ith sympathy, with blessings, and with prayers.

"Bruno! .... Friend of my childhood! .... Oh at I could say a word to you, which might convey eace. I fear that you think me indifferent, cold; ... is pains me But I know there is another, a better orld. There you will more truly read my heart. here you will forgive your

SERENA."

VIII.

TWELFTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA W. TO MARIA L.

Rosenvik, August 31st.

Two more days, since I last wrote, we waited with great anxiety, but as still there was no manifestation of the least change in *ma chère mère's* condition, Björn rode to Karlsfors, and frightened Elsa into telling him the truth. The latter then stated: "that her mistress was almost in the same state as she was once fifteen years before. She has no sleep at night, does not speak, and scarcely eats or drinks any thing. She has had her rooms darkened, sits perpetually with her face supported on her hands, and groans sometimes as if her heart was ready to break." She had prohibited Elsa's speaking a word about her to any body.

"This will do no longer," Björn exclaimed, after having told me this. "It might prove a relapse of her former disease. We must break this charm in some way or other, and this must be done—through you, Franciska!"

"Through me?" exclaimed I, startled. I am convinced that I turned quite pale.

"Yes, through you! You know very well, you little

nonkey, that no one is in such good favour with *ma hère mère* as you. No one has so much influence on ıer heart. Employ it on this occasion. You must ntrude into her room and into her breast. Yes, you nust, and you must be as cautious and bold in doing it ıs a thief in the night."

"But the pick-locks, Björn, the pick-locks?! How ım I to get through her barred door and how into her ocked heart?"

"Through her door! Elsa will leave it open. I have poken to her about it.—And how into her heart? Let 'our own grow warm, and your tongue will not be at a oss for words, which shall penetrate through marrow ınd bone."

"Ah, Björn."

"And you must not suffer yourself to be daunted by ı few violent expressions, by a few angry looks. Take courage, be firm, strong and tender. Think of Bruno, hink of being the means of a reconciliation between nother and son! Yes, arm yourself with these thoughts ınd feelings, and you will either bring about this good vork Franciska, or at least dispel this deep melancholy, vhich, if it should continue, as hitherto, will some day ead to madness."

Sweet is the voice of flattery, especially if it proceeds rom one's own dear husband. I yield to the persuaion to venture on a trial. But as to courage, I had ıone. To force myself contrary to *ma chère mère's* exıress injunction into her room, and to appear before ıer. . . . . Oh dear!

We further determined that Bruno, during my conversation with *ma chère mère*, should stay in Jean

Jacques' room, in order that if the matter should take a favourable turn, he could throw himself at her feet immediately.

Björn wrote respecting this proposal to Bruno, who simply replied in these words: "I coincide with you and will be there." The day following was fixed for the dreaded interview. I never closed my eyes that night, and I was almost on the point of rousing my sleeping Bear, to tell him that I had not the courage to interpose in the matter. But then I heard again the wonderful mournful sounds of the unhappy hermit of Ramm. The echo seemed to supplicate, I remembered Bruno's tears and his entreaty, "reconcile me with my mother!" and I firmly resolved within myself to comply with Björn's desire. But I was, nevertheless, in a thousand anxious fears, how to accomplish the object I was to say "whatever my heart might dictate," said Björn. My head wanted to be engaged in the work as well, and play the part of guardian to the heart, it rejected from it some undecided plans, and advised forms of address, which the heart in its turn would not acknowledge. Thus they disputed until the time when we were to take our departure. My situation was not unenviable. But I said nothing to Björn. I did not wish to annoy him with my uneasiness.

We departed. It was Sunday, the bells sounded sweetly, so solemly in the still air. Country people in their holiday clothes, with hymn-books in their hands met us on our way. They appeared so quiet, so full of peace as they went into the temple of the Lord. I envied them, and the nearer we came to Karlsfor the further I wished myself away from it. When

l of my hand to assist me out of the carriage, I
in all my limbs; my wise Björn said nothing,
d nothing, but only pressed my hand.
was already with Jean Jacques. I felt alarmed
leness, and at his altered appearance. How-
id nothing. He likewise was silent. Jane
s, I believe, somewhat offended on account of
er confidence which was placed in me, and
thing about "being too confident." Heaven
w far this was from being the case with me at
I would rather have been in Mesopotamia
heep, than have to appear thus as mediator
chère mère. After some unmeaning conver-
oken by long pauses, Björn fixed his quiet
ook upon me. It was to be plainly read,
the time!" I rose, I felt myself like the
sacrifice. I took a few trembling steps to-
door, suddenly I found myself in Bruno's arms,
his deep powerful expression said: "blessed
ing! blessed be the words of peace from thy
y life hangs on them."
e singular being pressed me vehemently to his
d his tears dropped upon my forehead.
surprised and affected when Bruno drew me
ssed me, and said softly but ardently, "God
!" I was blessed from this instant, all fear,
eartedness left me. I was, as it were, trans-
My heart grew strong, and with steady and
, I entered the room where *ma cherè mère* sat
s. I projected no further plans, as to what I
say and do. I resigned all to the inspiration
ment. Elsa stood before the dressing-room

oor immovable and silent like a statue. She motioned o me that she understood my intention and wished me success. She had left the door open, and I stole into the room. It was empty and dark. The curtains were drawn down. I unlocked the door to her bed-chamber softly, but when I entered the large dark room, I became terrified at seeing *ma chère mère* lying bent up together upon the floor. At my entrance, she partially raised herself and gave me a look so wild and bewildered, as to make me shudder. Notwithstanding, I drew a few paces nearer, and said with tender disquietude "Is *ma chère mère* ill?"

She raised herself entirely, and her cap appeared to erect itself upon her head. She walked up to me with a pale pointed nose, labouring breath, and in an attitude so threatening, that it would have alarmed any one who felt less valiant than I did at that moment.

"How did you venture to intrude into my room? How have you dared to disturb me?" inquired she with a wild and severe look, approaching nearer to me.

"I did not find *ma chère mère* in the saloon, therefore I came hither," said I, as composedly as possible, and without retreating a single step. She looked at me for a moment, while she appeared to collect herself, and then more calmly and in an easy manner said: "I suppose I had forgotten to lock the door . . . . stupid!" She retreated from me, opened the closet, and appeared to be anxious to put something away which she held in her hand; she dropped it on the floor and it rolled towards me, I stooped and picked it up. *Ma chère mère* reproached me with the look of a hyena, and wished, I

elieve, to snatch it out of my hand; but I looked at ıe little locket on which a pretty little child's head as painted, and said with composure which seems at resent scarcely conceivable, "what a pretty child!"

Ma chère mère stood still. She appeared violently ritated, but more softened. She took the locket gently ıt of my hand, held it however in such a position ıat I could contemplate it with her. "Yes," said she, yes, indeed a fair child! ah! prince of boys! do you now the child's name, Franciska,—do you know his ame? do you know whose child it was? say do you now, do you know it?"

She looked into my face with eager curiosity. I was bliged to cast down my eyes before her penetrating ıok. "No!" replied I, according to truth, although guessed it.

"His name was Bruno!" began *ma chère mère* again. He was my only son! my, my, . . ." And *ma chère ère* at the same time pressed my shoulders between er hands so that I believed she would have crushed ıem.

"He was my only son," continued she, whilst she t go her hands and raised them towards heaven, to-day is the day on which I gave him birth!"

She was silent, and afterwards began again speaking ı it were to herself, and with an expression, which ınt my very soul: "this day three-and-thirty years I ıve birth to him. In pangs of death I gave him life. h, that I had died at that moment, I or he! oh, . . , ıt he was my pride, my joy, my exultation, my hope y all. . . . . he was more than God to me! Oh. . . . e Lord has smitten my pride. . . . . no, not he, but

the devil! the devil smote my strength and took my child! . . . Oh! . . . Children rend the heart in life and death. Mine was worse to me than death." Here she crossed her arms on her breast, and her head fell as if destroyed by grief.

On raising herself again, she turned to me with a sharp penetrating look, whilst she said:

"You know what has transpired, Franciska;—you know every thing about him. Do not deny it! Your husband knows it, and husband and wife are one. You know it . . . . I can read it in your soul."

I did not deny it. My look said enough. I drew nearer to *ma chère mère*. My heart glowed for her; she laid her hand upon my shoulder and said:

"The Lord keep you, Franciska, from ever suffering what I have, from ever feeling what I have felt, what I still feel; may He preserve you from it!"

"Child, child! It is an evil thing, when the heart of a mother is turned to hatred towards that which once laid under it; when the breast is obliged to thrust away what once was nourished by it. I tell you—it is an evil thing. What does the happy mother desire for her children? That they may live long upon earth; that they may settle and live near her; that they may catch her last breath and close her eyes, when the hour of her dissolution has arrived. Yes, this is her desire. But what do I wish for my only son? Yes, that"—and here her countenance assumed a most frightful expression—"that he may be dead! that he may lie deeply buried in the earth or in the bottom of the sea; that these eyes may never see him more; these ears may never again hear his voice! Oh, that he were dead, dead, dead!"

A shuddering seized me on hearing these wild words of desperation, and in the highest excitement of mind the unhappy mother proceeded:

"When the son goes from his paternal home into the wide world, what does the mother give him to take with on his long voyage? She gives him her blessing; the best her house affords she gives him for the way, and she herself follows him to the door with tears, kisses, and endearing names. Yes, this is what she does. But to my only son I gave my curse. This was all which, besides his life, he received from me, which he took with him into the wide wild world. My only child I cursed! Look you,"—continued she with increasing fierceness—"I had centred all my love on his head, my honour, my pride; and he brought infamy on mine. Look"—and she tore her cap from her head and threw it violently on the ground; her grey, almost white hair, fell waving down from her shoulders,—"look, grief then strewed ashes upon my head. My hair was once black—but in one night a snow fell upon it—it became white. The son has whitened the hair of his mother; he has caused her to be pointed at with the finger of scorn, while people said, that she was the mother of a thief. Ought she not to curse him?!"

"Ah, he was so young, yet... he"—I faltered out. I could scarcely speak. *Ma chère mère* did not hear me, but continued talking more to herself than to me: "Yes, my hair turned grey, and what was there, that did not fade? My complexion, my soul, the whole world! When the curse was uttered and the accursed was gone, and no one knew whither.... then came a strange time. Darkness sprang up within me, and I sat in dark-

ness, and days, months, years, rolled on, and I only knew that all was black—black as the crime and the curse. I thought that the spark of life would become extinct in darkness, but it was stronger than the darkness, than the grief .... and I stepped forth from the darkness and beheld the light again. I learned at least to endure it. I endeavoured to forget it; I thought; he is dead!"

My tears flowed, my whole soul was in agitation, and I exclaimed: "Oh the unfortunate one! He wandered about an outcast, found perhaps no bread and no home! He died perhaps on a foreign soil, and thought of his mother, and longed to be permitted to press her hand to his lips and to obtain forgiveness .... and behold! .... Oh, wretched one!"

Ma chère mère was pale as death, and trembled violently; she gasped for breath. "Franciska!" said she at length, with a strong voice, "Franciska! desist from this useless lamentation! Bread,—he had no need to want. He could work; he was a man, and in youthful years strong as a lion. Home—he did not seek. His mind was bent on the wide world, and of this he will have had enough. But the curse"—here she approached nearer to me with tears, which quivered in her large eyes, and laid her hand on my head,—the curse is no longer in my heart. When it was uttered, I thirsted to retract it, and I should have done so, Franciska, I should have done so then, had he borne the punishment, and submitted to the penance which his crime demanded. I therefore sought him in the night—but he was gone. He fled from forgiveness—he did not wish to merit it—but I have laid it on his grave;

there it rests with the sun, with the flowers, imparting peace to him. At times yet, when remembrance of the past, and grief seize me, so that my breast is ready to burst, and my brain reels with dizziness, what do I ... then I sometimes still pronounce the curse—but afterwards the blessing! Or what think you, did I, when lying in the dust writhing like a worm before the Lord, I pressed the picture of my son to my breast? Think you, that I cursed him? Peace, peace to his ashes!"

"And if he still breathed," .... said I, with a feeling which I cannot describe—"were he alive still, and should he have atoned for the crimes of his youth by a long course of sufferings; if, in preference to all the honours of the world, he should long for the forgiveness of his mother, for the joy of pressing her once more to his heart?"

"Were this the case, Franciska! ....have you heard that he is alive?"—and her voice faltered,—"if you know his wish and desire, then should you tell him, that he must never come to that country, which would be ashamed of him; that he must not bear the name which he has dishonoured; that he must not venture to appear in the presence of that mother, whom he has covered with shame. But .... but tell him .... that I have retracted the curse .... half of my property will I send him into a foreign land; he may write to me and desire from me what he will, and I will send him what he demands, but—not a foot shall he set across the threshold of my door!"

I bent my knees and embraced hers. "Mother, mother!" exclaimed I, almost beside myself, "is this christian-like? Is this right?"

"Rise!" said she vehemently. "Not a word more. No one can judge me in this matter! What I have said, I have said. I forbid you to speak any more to me on the subject. Speak not of him, if you do not wish .... Think you that it is a child's play? I tell you it is a contest between reason and frenzy. Do not stir up the evil demons within me! Away with these recollections, these thoughts, away, away!"

I rose. My heart was tossed amidst contending feelings. *Ma chère mère's* wild-like appearance and her gestures, however, evinced to me that the present was not the crisis to give vent to them. Still I would not give up all hope. I looked at her with entreaties, with folded hands, but she turned away from me.

"Go!" said she harshly. "Our conversation is finished. I wish to be alone. Go, I desire it!"

I went—with my soul full of bitter anguish. *Ma chère mère* locked the door after me. On coming out into the dressing-room, I saw a man standing there with his forehead pressed against the wall. It was Bruno. Terrified, I walked up to him, and laid my hand upon his arm. "For heaven's sake, Bruno," said I, softly, "what are you doing here? So near" .... Bruno turned his face slowly towards me. It was pale as death; cold sweat stood upon his brow; his look was bewildered; he gazed at me with gloom and indifference. But suddenly he collected himself, and rushed, with his hand before his forehead, out of the room. I followed him, and thanked heaven when I saw Björn meet him, seize him by the arm, and prevail on him to compose himself, so as to avoid the suspicions of the servants. With apparent calmness they left the house together.

I meanwhile went to Jean Jacques. I did not wish to tell him and his wife all that had transpired. I only told them, that I had not accomplished any thing; that I did not venture to let *ma chère mère* suspect how near her son was, because she was ready to go out of her mind at the thoughts of it. Jean Jacques put his hands into his coat pocket, paced up and down the room, and said: "This is dreadful, this is dreadful! How can any one be so unreasonable? And then Bruno! I begged him to keep quiet; but when he heard the voice of his mother—whose sound for a moment reached us here—he grew as one possessed. He tore away from Lars Anders, who wished to hold him back, and rushed out. It was well that he did not go into *ma chère mère's* presence. A dreadful explosion would have followed."

Jane Maria also could not conceive how any one could be so little master of his own reason; but she said that she had anticipated how the matter would end, and had never expected any good result from this trial.

Neither husband nor wife spoke in accordance with my feelings. I longed to be with Björn. From him alone I looked for comfort and assistance. At length he came. He was heated and agitated. I threw myself on his neck and wept. I could do nothing else. He pressed me to his bosom and merely said: "We will not let our courage sink, not give up all as lost! No tree falls at a single blow."

"Ah, what shall we do?" inquired I with a deep sigh.

"At present we must go home," replied he, "we will then talk more about it. The cabriolet is wait-

ing for us below. Adieu, Jean Jacques! Adieu, sister! Come, Fanny!"

In the cabriolet I related every thing to Björn which had transpired between *ma chère mère* and me. He merely said: "Hm!....hm!...." We then sat mute. But I knew that he thought as I did, and more wisely than I. I felt soothed, sitting silently by his side as we drove through the roaring forest. The weather suited my temper of mind. It had grown dark, and the branches of the pine and fir trees moved in a kind of melancholy disquietude.

"However," said Björn, consolingly, "when we arrived at home, "one thing, however, is still gained. This dangerous state of apathy is broken, and will probably not return. This one advantage may prepare the way for a second. We will not despair. I shall see Bruno to-morrow."

However, I am straightened in heart and soul, and know not what more to say.

IX.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM BRUNO TO ANTONIO.

The 3rd September.

What is living? Is it to drag on meaningless days without interest or pleasure, and gradually to fail and sink, like a building that is rotten within? No, rather to press forward to the future, at least for a morrow; this is living!" A morrow!—For me probably no morrow will ever rise again. The stream of life is turned away from me. Why should I remain in the desert and thirst? Mother, mother! from whom I am an outcast, thou hast dried up my world, my heart. But this very night yet will I liberate myself, will taste revenge. My mother! Is it love, is it hatred towards her, by which I am propelled? I do not know but this very night yet will I stand before her and melt the ice-bands of her heart or blow out my own brains and cover her with my blood. I will awaken in her breast—remorse. I will call a tear into her eye which never shall dry up!....She will not forgive....Well, then, she shall weep! Why should I live? For whom? For what? I have drunk of the wild joys of life; I am sick of them. To the better, the purer, the way is barred against me;—barred by my mother. Bitter

curse-bearing, feeling! My mother's heart is c
closed against me; so then is heaven also—th
of God; yes, it must be so, for all the bitterne
world is collected in my heart. I will be reve
my mother! And notwithstanding....in th
moment a mild, refreshing feeling steals into
Serena! Her dear remembrance awakens it.
jected me, but I cannot blame her. She sacri
love in the cause of her duty; she left me alo
my soul feels tenderly for her. This feeling is g
will not injure her. But when I saw her so
strong, she withdrew further from me. Like
star in brighter light grows pale, thus she fade
sight when she approached nearer to the angels.
not hold me back,—the distance between us is t
And should my death even pain her—she will
herself in her robe of innocence, in her holy
virtue, and will remain firm and still. God is w
Pure angel. Peace be with thee! I was not perm
press thee to my glowing bosom; but like the
which is thine inheritance, and from which I
outcast, thou wilt perhaps look down upon me
fresh my heart; for none has the power lik
Farewell! Now our ways part for ever: mi
downwards into the abyss of darkness, thine u
to the excess of light. Farewell!

Farewell, my dreams!....ye precious dream
more glorious life, of reconciliation and love....
ye-well, too, ye gentle, loving feelings within m
which I have loved and cherished, as the better
myself! And ye sounds, which I have awaked
many a night, to answer to the questions of my

allay their torture, slumber, slumber! I shall hearken to you no more. When I called you forth, I had still hope. Now I have none.

No, Antonio, I have no hope. Desperation lies in the depth of that trial, which I will once put to destiny, Antonio, farewell! Thanks for your friendship! Thanks for your love, given in spite of all my errors! Forgive my faults, be at peace with me, as I am with you.

But thou, my mother! With thee no peace yet. This very night yet will I press a kiss upon thy lips, that of life or of death. In vain dost thou endeavour to escape from it. Thou shalt not escape it! Higher powers are with me....this night!....

X.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA W. TO MARIA L.

The 4th and 5th September.

Oh, Maria! my dear Maria! what events, what scenes, what a change. How one night can transform every thing——but I will tell you all from the beginning. I have seen death near at hand, Maria; death wild and terrific. Ah, indeed he is still near! However, I must try to reduce to order my mind and my composition.

During the two days after my last interview with *ma chère mère* we heard nothing of her. On the third Björn rode to Karlsfors, in order to ascertain the state of affairs there. He heard that *ma chère mère* had been in a highly excited and uneasy state of mind. During the nights, she had been heard walking about in her apartments almost incessantly; in the day time she often cried violently. At present, however, she was much more composed; she received Björn kindly, inquired after his wife, came into the drawing-room to tea, and appeared gradually to re-assume her wonted deportment.

'he description of *ma chère mère's* sufferings affected . I longed to see her again, and to hear a friendly 'd from her, and I felt a real joy, when early the :t morning (it was on the 3rd September) I received nall kind note from her, in which she stated, that intended to drive to town in the forenoon to pur- se various articles, and proposed to me to bear her ıpany. If I consented, she would fetch me and ıg me home again in the evening.

Just had occasion to buy some household wares, ı most heartily argeed to the proposal, after I had ken a few words to Björn, and promised him a good ner at home, although I should not be there to help ı to demolish it. Björn did not by any means look perate, embraced me, and drove in the cabriolet to town were we were to meet.

Ly thoughts were not without some disquietude and ɔarrassment in anticipating my meeting with *ma 'e mère.* How should we feel towards each other 'r the recent violent scenes? What was I to say? at sort of a countenance was I to put on? I was ıd from this suspense by the arrival of *ma chère mère.* ı did not get out of the carriage, but on stepping up ıer, she extended her hand to me with a grave but ndly countenance, helped me up to her, threw back hood and kissed me on my forehead and lips with at cordiality. This had a salutary effect upon me, ı from that instant I felt all restraint vanish. But lt melancholy. *Ma chère mère* was silent, the sky k, the air heavy. By the spot where the road leads lamm, *ma chère mère* turned her head towards the er side. My heart moved within me at this indica-

tion of irreconcilable feelings; but when *ma chère mère* after a while turned to me with some indifferent remark, I was struck with her awful paleness, and could not be angry with her, though I was so grieved that I was ready to cry. Thus we arrived in the town.

"In Madam Rhen, the provost's lady, you will become acquainted with a real manager," said *ma chère mère* to me, on our arrival within the city-gate.

We alighted at the house of Madam Rhen, which *ma chère mère*, every time come to town, makes her sort of head quarters. It is impossible to look at Madam Rhen, without at once making the conclusion that she is pleasantness, hospitality, and loquacity itself; nor can one look upon her daughter Renetta without thinking, "the apple does not fall far from the tree!" One cannot see the preparations for *ma chère mère* without perceiving that the latter is a great "*puissance*" to them, and that they love and fear her at the same time. On her account I was likewise treated with warm cordiality; and kind Renetta almost choked me whilst pulling off my cloak with all her might, the cords of which I had clumsily drawn into a knot.

Madam Rhen had been a sort of housekeeper with *ma chère mère*, who had betrothed and married her to pastor Rhen, who in this was resigned to the guidance of *ma chère mère* and to his fate. Whether he had to repent of it, I do not know. Madam Rhen was now a widow in affluence, whose honour and pleasure it was to be able to entertain now and then the honourable general's lady, by whom she was plainly called "Rhen."

Rhen's and Renetta's pleasant behaviour, the neat,

artments, and two pretty little pictures, re-
g children playing with animals, made an
ı impression upon me. The fine Smaland
ıd a glass of Malaga, which were immediately
n a snow-white table-cloth, were excellent.
ıcheon, *ma chère mère* and I went out on our
excursion. The weather had cleared up, the
ıleasant, and I felt in myself also that it grew
ınd brighter.

ıning hopes, I can hardly say of what, arose
y soul, and when the sun broke through the
fancied as if no irremediable misfortune and
ıncilable hearts could be upon earth; I be-
ıat all would end well. I am naturally—
:ia—a musical instrument, perhaps of too easy
Love me as I am! I love Byron, because
s to the heart "*a pendulum betwixt a smile*
."

town every thing was full of life and bustle.
ıarket-day, and the great market was filled
ple, carriers and carts. I was heartily de-
ı see the gay crowds, I was glad to meet Björn
vn. I thought of gaining a moment's time to
ıa a visit. Every thing appeared to me com-
and animating. The smell of fresh hay
from the farmer-waggons. Here a country-
l up his smoked ham to the nose of one in-
purchase, there a young female peasant com-
ıer fresh butter, here a bundle of carrots was
from the beetroots, whose companion it had
ıe vegetable-basket, there pears were sold at

a heller* each. There was a buzzing of cheerful voices, of talking and laughing, and between men horses and carts a merry company of sparrows was flocking along, twittering down here and there in the market, pecking at the spilled manna and flying away in an instant, when any troublesome person stepped amongst their light flock, then cheerfully descending again. Healthy-looking women were sitting in regular rows along the houses in the market with their flour-tubs, their large loaves, their baskets with pears and pastry, and scolding famously at the street-boys, who, on passing, tried to make up for their lack of money by impertinent language. A spirit of wantonness came over me. Before me stood a ragged little boy, with a good-tempered face, who, whistling, philosophically surveyed the riches of the market. Behind him, upon a step, stood his empty basket, over which a net had been thrown. The basket was quickly filled with sweet-pears, and the old woman who sold them carefully lifted up the net, and gave me a wink that she enjoyed the joke. The little lad will wonder long how the pears came there. Further off stood a horse, tied to a window-post, and stretched out its half-starved head for a few straws, but could not reach them. I took a good large bundle of hay out of the cart, and gave it to the horse, whilst I looked round, somewhat alarmed, for the owner. *Ma chère mère* laughed, and also gave it a bundle, which the horse eat.

"My good woman! why do you tempt me with your fine plums? I must have half a measure. Pour them

* A small copper coin worth about half a farthing.

ny handkerchief here. But the money? Ah, ro'nt do!"

ı good woman was obliged to go into a shop to ıange. "But who will sell your pears and plums mean time? I?" The old woman went, and ed myself upon her stool and sold fruit and took oney. My most difficult customer to treat with *a chère mère*, who would have a great deal for her ſ and bartered unmercifully and abused me and ıit. I answered as well and as roughly as I could. ıgth my good woman came back with the change, as so satisfied with my administration of her pro- that I obtained a quarter of a measure full of into the bargain.

ı are surprised, I suppose, at *ma chère mère's* ıce at all this. But things of this kind highly t her; and one of those qualities which renders agreeable to me is her kind and sportive way of ıg into every innocent joke.

wever the time had expired. The clock of the ı-steeple struck twelve. We were obliged to haste, if we wished to finish our markets before r. I looked into all the doors and street-corners, cover any trace of Björn; but in vain. We went veral shops, inspected various things, but bought ıg. *Ma chère mère* scolded the shopmen, on ac- of their bad goods; and when they tried to speak ir defence she out-talked them all. Meantime the struck one. *Ma chère mère* said: "We must not hen's soup get cold!" We returned: I quite in not having met Björn; but on walking through — street, what did I behold at the corner of the

street? a sight to me a thousand times more welcome than enchanted castles and kind fairies? yes—a broad, grey back, indubitably belonging to Björn. I sprang softly up to him, held him fast, and said, "You dare not get loose, you Bear! Now I have you fast. You come with me!"

"And dine with us at Madam Rhens, and not leave town this afternoon," added *ma chère mère.*

Björn was not difficult to persuade; he took his little woman's arm and walked with her to Madam Rhen's, amidst serious lectures respecting her presumption in playing the part of the police. But although he joked, I saw, notwithstanding, that he was not cheerful at heart.

Rhen and Renetta were fully occupied when we entered in the arrangement of the dinner-table. When they got sight of Björn, they rushed upon him in raptures, and the joy of the good people was complete. We sat down to table. The dinner was excellent; my appetite no less so; and the hostesses were very talkative. I had had some pleasure in the morning, and should now gladly have been cheerful, but Björn sat there with a countenance so grave as to make me quite uneasy. I saw that Bruno was in his head, and lay heavy at his heart. He now filled my thoughts too, and my cheerful mood was gone; yes, I even reproached myself for having indulged in it at all. Björn often looked at *ma chère mère* attentively and penetratingly, and I noticed that she tried to avoid his gaze. I was pleased with this influence of Björn over her. But all at once she stared at him with her large dark eyes, so piercingly that his little grey ones were

cast down, and I felt myself compelled to smile silently at this skirmish of looks.

Immediately after the coffee Björn left us, in order to attend some more of his patients; he would then set off for Rosenvik. I went with him as far as the passage, for in the room there was no peace from Rhen and Renetta to be found. "Björn, you are dejected, uneasy," said I troubled, and seized his hand. "I have seen Bruno to-day," said he, "and am very much afraid that the affair will end *badly*."

"Good God!" exclaimed I.—"Yes, may He be our help!" said Björn, "for here the help of man is vain. Bruno appears to meditate a desperate trial. What was his plan, I could not discover; nor did I wish now to prevent him from taking his own cause in hand. What cannot be bent must sometimes be broken. But now go in, Franciska, go in!—More of this this evening; this evening I shall see you again."

Björn's words had quite excited me, and my feelings were no doubt visible in my countenance, for *ma chère mère* asked me vivaciously, "whether I was ill," and my hostesses exclaimed that I looked so pale. I complained of a little dizziness, and in truth every thing went round and round with me.

Madam Rhen knocked at the window, then opened it and cried: "Madam, Madam." Two gentlemen looked up, and a boy came to the window. "Madam!" cried Madam R., still louder, "Madam Ah!—oh I see it is Madam Follin—pray, my dear woman, oblige me; here is a two-dollar bank-note, take it, and run to Bergström's and ask for a bottle of their best Eau de Cologne for Madam Rhen, and bring the change.

Thank you kindly, dear woman!"

My hostesses now loaded me with attentions, liqueurs and scents, begged me to sit near the window, and t divert myself by looking out into the street. I thanke them for their kind intention, but said, that the ope air would probably restore me soonest. *Ma chère mè* rose up immediately, and we walked out.

We spent more than two hours in making purchase and walking in and out of shops. *Ma chère mère* mad me a present, much too splendid for me, but her ex pressions and her whole manner rendered it precio to me. I bought several trifling things for Björn which he needed, but which he always forgot to get f himself. We had promised to take tea with Mada Rhen. *Ma chère mère* did not wish that I should ne lect it, and I saw, to my vexation, that I should n have time to see Serena. On our way back to Mad R's. we walked across the market-place, which in forenoon had been so full of bustle. It was n deserted, and covered with the rubbish of the mar and the birds. *Ma chère mère* was angry at it, promised to speak to the burgomaster about it.

One solitary hay-cart stood there yet at one er the market, and a number of people had coll around it. *Ma chère mère* stopped and inquir some one who was coming along, what was the n "A great wolf, which has been shot to-day," w reply. "We must see it," said *ma chère mèi* went forward and pushed her way through the c people, who, on recognising her, immediatel way. I followed her, like a little boat, whicl the tracks left behind by a frigate. When we

the cart, we there observed an uncommonly great d fine wolf. There was strong crowding around , but *ma chère mère* laid, by way of protection, her ·ong arm around me, and sometimes turned towards e people, saying, "Do not press so!" which was ımediately repeated by many other voices, and pro- red more room for us. The countryman to whom e cart belonged, related on *ma chère mère's* inquiry, w he had gone out with his gun early in the morning, ıd seen at the edge of the forest two young wolves, ing upon a lair, against a fir-tree. He went nearer, ıd aimed at them. At that instant their mother mped with a great howl out of the wood, and placed rself before them. The shot went off, she fell, and r young ones ran into the wood. The huntsman ran to the wolf, she struggled with death, a second shot ıded her struggle, and he dragged home his prey elighted. I saw, that the tongue of the animal hung r out on one side, and when I mentioned something bout it, the countryman shewed me that the tongue as almost entirely bitten off. "She has done it, I ıppose, in her death-struggle," he added. For the rst time I felt pity for a wolf. I could not refrain om stroking the head of the fine animal caressingly, hilst I said softly: "Kind mother!"—"Let us go ranciska," said *ma chère mère*, briefly, and we made ır way back in the same manner as we had got in *Ma chère mère* looked gloomy, and whilst we walked cross the market, I could not omit saying, from a full eart: "What fine feelings dwell in animals, which, cording to the opinion of man, nevertheless stand so ır beneath him! A mother-wolf dies for her young nes! . . . ."

"The young ones of the mother-wolf," said *ma chère mère*, in a tone of bitterness, "had not grieved their mother. She died in her pride in them. Better to die with a bitten tongue, than to live with a rent heart."

We were both silent after this. Further on we came to a little green plot of ground, on which fine poplar-trees raised their quivering tops. The sun gilding them on his decline, and a number of little birds filled them with their songs. Benches were set against them for pedestrians to enjoy the shade. On one of the benches sat two persons, who attracted our attention. One of these was an elderly lady of good-natured appearance, not well dressed, but with peculiar neatness. Next to her sat a man, dressed neat likewise, with an oval, pale face, hanging lips, and with the air of an imbecile. *Ma chère mère*, who possesses a good portion of curiosity, approached the couple. On drawing nearer we saw that the man was blind. "Is that your brother, good woman?" inquired *ma chère mère*. "My son," replied the woman, sighing. "Son? How old is he?" —"Five-and-twenty years." (He looked as if he were fifty.) "He is blind, and, I think, deaf too?" continued *ma chère mère*.—"Blind, deaf, and dumb," replied the mother.—"How long has he been in this state?"—"From his birth."—"Has he any ideas at all whatever?"—"That is a difficult matter to find out; he is obliged to be led, fed, nursed, and guarded, like a little child. But he cries and laughs sometimes." —"What is it that makes him laugh?"—"When he comes out into the open air, he grows cheerful, and laughs; also when I caress him for any length of time.

Heaven be praised! he knows me!" Hereupon she began to stroke her son's cheeks kindly, and to pat him on the shoulders. He smiled at it more and more and showed increased pleasure, and his countenance assumed an almost rational expression.—"Is he ever angry?" inquired I.—"Yes, often; and then he becomes quite raving. But still he has a kind heart. He seldom sleeps at nights, and then he is accustomed to grope and feel the beds of his nephews and nieces, to find whether they are well wrapped up. If they have thrown off their covering, he spreads it carefully over them again. He is particularly concerned about his little niece, and when he hears her cry, he gets quite beside himself."

"I suppose you notice him more than all the other children?"

"Yes, of course. They have reason; he has only me. I can seldom go from him."

At this moment the deaf and dumb made a sound of impatience. It was a sort of howling, but the howling of wild beasts is certainly music, compared with this. Tears gushed from his blind eyes, and copiously bedewed his face, which in other respects expressed no trouble. The poor man dried them with his hands.

"And this has lasted for five-and-twenty years, and may last still longer," said *ma chère mère*, with a voice which indicated how deeply her soul was affected by it —"do you not grow tired, dear woman?"

"No! With God's help, I shall never be tired of my child, but wait patiently for the hour, in which it may please the Lord to deliver us. Oh that I may not die before him!"

"What is your name, good woman?"

"Margareth Beck, widow of Beck the carpenter."

"Good evening, Mrs. Beck. God bless you! We shall meet again." *ma chère mère* went, whilst she said, half audibly to herself: "Five-and-twenty years!"

I said nothing, but hoped within myself, that this event would not be without fruit in her heart. We walked for a time silently and slowly, when *ma chère mère* hastily looked up, seemingly dispelled something from her mind, and partly reproachfully, partly cheerfully, she said: "You walk like a tortoise, Franciska. We must now make haste to Madam Rhen's, and take our tea quickly, that we may not have to go home in the dark. But to get away from Madam Rhen and her tea quickly, was a matter of impossibility. There was no end to her offers and pressings of biscuits, cracknels, tea-cakes and gingerbread; and how she began to talk of supper, and that she had for this especial occasion procured a fat turkey, and hoped that the General's lady would put up with it, and not cause her the grievous disappointment of having her preparation despised. I expected that *ma chère mère* would have declined it at once, but, to my great astonishment, she replied neither yes, nor no; and when Madam Rhen, in her warmth, spoke of the bright evening, of the moon-light, and I positively believe, of sun-light, and nothern-light too, *ma chère mère* at length said carelessly: "Well, well, we shall see!" Madam Rhen took this for consent, gave Renetta a nod, and walked out with her to the kitchen. I was just on the point of turning to *ma chère mère*, with my fear of the dark, and our journey home, when I perceived that

d rested her elbows on the table, and was cover-
r face with her hands in one of those attacks of
:holy, which I had heard so often talked of,
d never yet witnessed. I then neither wished
ntured to disturb her, and we both sat still and
till Madam Rhen entered with lights, accom-
. by Renetta, who brought in the roasted turkey
rrant-jelly. *Ma chère mère* now changed her
n, but remained gloomy and silent. I also was
lkative, but cheerful Madam Rhen did not
s herself about that. She and her daughter were
nally talking, relating, and interrupting each
All the chit-chat, all the little intrigues of the
were dished and served up in long stories. I
not help being amused by several of them, and
han once I was obliged to laugh at the narration,
. as the narrators, who were incited by this to
: gossip. I cannot say whether *ma chère mère*
any of all this. Her thoughts appeared to be
ntrated. I was surprised that she could play her
) well at the turkey, and at last by a few forcible
ts even commend Madam Rhen's preparation.
vas tired of all the eating and gossip, and I
. to be at home with my Björn, and said "thank
ess," when we got into the carriage. Meanwhile
grown very dark, and the sky, instead of affording
· of the light and reflection which Madam Rhen
romised us, had become obscured by a gray
) of cloud around it, which did not admit of the
glimmer of the stars to be visible. But in the
n horizon it lightened vividly and frequently,
gh unaccompanied by thunder, it was sheet-

lightning. *Ma chère mère* took the reins out of the hands of her little page, who took his seat behind the carriage when we soon heard him snoring.

The evening was warm and still, and this ride by the reflection of the lightning would not have been disagreeable to me, had I not felt anxious, and besides rather timid, for the darkness was sometimes so profound, as to render it impossible to discern the road, and *ma chère mère* was not absent as usual; she seemed agitated, and often held her handkerchief before her face. I was glad to perceive this emotion, but it inspired me with uneasiness respecting our drive. We proceeded nevertheless safely, although very slowly, and in spite of my fear, in spite of all disquiet and anxious thoughts, I at length grew sleepy by the slow pace and gentle motion of the carriage. I nodded and dreamed I know not how long, but was suddenly roused by a violent jerk, which the carriage received from some obstacle in the road. I looked round, we were in a dark and thick forest. I felt awe-stricken, it seemed to me that we had been driving long enough to be at our journey's end.

"I suppose we are on the right road?" said I somewhat doubting. "I think we have been driving such a length of time. I only hope we have not lost our way!"

At these words *ma chère mère* appeared as if waking out of a dream, and said quickly and as if somewhat offended: "Never be uneasy, dear child, when I drive, should not I and my horses find the road on which we have so often worked ourselves weary? We have ridden together I dare say these fifteen years, but never

yet out of our way."

She let the horses feel the whip, and they went faster. I was timid, and fancied I observed by the light of the sky, which had brightened up a little, that every thing around us looked strange and surprising.

"I cannot conceive, where we can be," said I, at length, incapable of concealing my uneasiness. "I don't see my way again at all. Such a lofty and thick wood is no where to be met with in the vicinity of Karlsfors."

"Don't be silly, Franciska!" said *ma chère mère* exasperated, "and don't fancy ghosts, where there are none! At night the wood appears doubly as lofty and thick as in the day. I cannot distinctly see where we are, but I notice that my animals smell home and the stable. They only run in this way, when they are near Karlsfors, and hark how they snort! Look, are we not in the long avenue! Yes, to be sure, we shall soon be there. I fancy I saw a glimmering of the house yonder."

We were now in reality in an avenue; *ma chère mère* hastened the horses' course, and they flew forward more rapidly every minute. Now came a violent flash of lightning, which continued for several seconds, and by its light a large dark-looking house stood forth like a gigantic ghost out of the darkness, not Karlsfors, but —Ramm. Ramm with its dark facade, its large wings, lay before us in the reflection of the lightning. Threatening arms stretched themselves out as it were against us, and every moment were we drawn nearer and nearer.

I looked with terror at *ma chère mère*. She sat as if

petrified. Her look was fixed and staring; her hand which held the reins dropped. Now all was night again, but only for a few seconds. Again a flash came so vivid, so long, that trees, bushes, and buildings seemed in flames. At this moment there suddenly stood a tall dark figure before us. The horses frightened and no longer restrained by a guiding hand, plunged about right and left over grass and shrubs, they flew down to the lake, which by the reflection of the lightning glimmered brightly between the trees.

With convulsive violence *ma chère mère* endeavoured to snatch the reins, which had dropped out of her hand. "Help! Help!" cried I with all the might of desperation. At that instant some one rushed before the horses and seized the reins, I saw them rear up, saw a man struggling with them,—by the light of incessant flashes I recognized Bruno. I saw him knocked down by the horses, I fancied I saw them passing over his body. I saw no more,—I became insensible.

On re-awaking I found myself in *ma chère mère's* arms, I beheld over me her pale countenance, it wore an expression of anguish and tenderness, which I never shall forget.

"God be praised, she is recovering!" said *ma chère mère*, and pressed a maternal kiss on my forehead Above was a lofty dome lighted from the centre by a lamp. A tall and very dark female, whom I had never seen before, was near me, and held a strong smelling bottle to me. My senses were not clear, and I could not recall to my recollection what had just happened, but in this bewilderment of thought I sought for Bruno. In the darkest part of the chamber stood .... was it a

ly ghost, which my terrified imagination called was it a real human form? My eyes stared in-ngly at it. It stepped forward—it was Bruno—good heavens! how did he appear? Blood med down from his forehead and fell upon his bosom; his clothes were torn, his cheek pale as ı, wild disquietude flamed in his eyes, lightning ed to hide under his contracted eyebrows and his vere compressed in firm determination. He ap-:hed us, at a motion from him the strange female lrew, and we three were left together. I disengaged :lf from *ma chère mère's* arms, and raised myself on ofa. My perfect consciousness had returned, my was in the most violent suspense, and with an in-:ibable anguish I contemplated mother and son were standing opposite each other face to face. a moment they were both silent. Their looks .ed as if they would pierce each other. *Ma chère* appeared to have been struck with wild amaze-:, she retreated a little. Bruno advanced a step spoke slowly as if his tongue were paralysed. u are saved, God be praised! and for me there ıins but the alternative, to die or to gain forgive-—my mother, my mother!" he exclaimed sud-y with a voice, as if an angel had unloosed his ngs and utterance, whilst with a heart-rending ession he sank down and embraced her knees. ıther, wilt thou not forgive? Wilt thou not bless ıon? Remove the curse from my brow! Mother ve suffered much, I have wandered about far from e, without peace am I still, without peace for if still an outcast from thy breast. I have suf-

fered, I have repented . . . . I can, I will humble myself. But then must thou forgive, then must thou bless me my mother. Mother remove the curse from me! Lay a blessing on my head! Mother wilt thou not stop the blood which flows on thine account? See mother!" and Bruno lifted up his bloody locks, beneath which deep wounds streaming with blood were to be seen—"See, mother! if thou wilt not lay thine hand here in blessing, then I swear by heaven that stream of blood shall never be stanched till it has ceased running with my life, and laid me in the grave, the grave where alone thou wouldst lay thy forgiveness. There, there only shall I find peace. Oh, mother! is a crime committed in the wild years of youth so unpardonable? Cannot a life spent in virtue and love effect a reconciliation? Mother, reject me not! Let thy son's voice penetrate into thine heart! Grant him pardon, free full pardon!"

Overwhelmed by my feelings I threw myself by Bruno on my knees, and cried: "Pardon, pardon!"

What during this time passed within *ma chère mère* I know not. It looked like a struggle between life and death. She did not stir; with a fixed immovable gaze she looked down on the kneeling suppliants, and convulsions crossed her pale lips. But when his voice was silent, she lifted up his hand, and pressed it vehemently against her heart. "My son? Oh!" . . . . . said she in a low voice; she sighed deeply, her face turned ashy pale, her eyes closed, she tottered, and would have sunk to the ground had not Bruno quickly caught her in his arms.

He stood still for a moment, pressing his mother to

his breast, and looked at her countenance, over which death had poured its awful calmness.

"So, then, it has come to pass," said he with concentrated emotion;—"it has at last come to pass that we are re-united, mother;—that thou reclinest on the breast of thy son, and he presses against thine! Thou art pale, my mother, but thou lookest tranquil and kind—kind as God's forgiveness. Such was not thy look when last I saw thee. But the hour of wrath is passed,—is it not so, my mother? The grave has opened, and we will go down to it in peace, and heart to heart; one in our last hour, as we were one at my first sigh!" and he kissed her pale lips and cheeks with ardent tenderness.

"Bruno! Bruno!" said I entreatingly, and caught hold of his arm, weeping. "Bruno, you will destroy your mother and yourself if you go on thus. Come, we must lay her on a bed; we must try to recall her to recollection, and then bind up your wounds."

Bruno made no reply, but took his mother in his arms and carried her into another room, where he laid her down gently upon a bed. "Hagar!" he cried, and the tall dark female immediately entered. She threw herself at his feet, kissed his hands weeping, and spoke vehemently and entreatingly to him in a language which I did not understand. He repelled her with harshness; and it seemed to me that he charged her to attend to *ma chère mère*. She obeyed sobbing. I saw that Bruno staggered, and supported himself against the wall. I went to him.

"Bruno!" said I, "for your mother's sake think of yourself. You must lie down, you must have your wounds dressed."

He laid hold of a light couch and pulled it forward, so that it stood directly opposite the bed on which his mother lay, and threw himself on it. His head lay towards her, and his look was directed on her. Hagar and I stood between them. In broken Swedish, and in a violent agitation of mind, Hagar said to me:

"Dress his wounds, dress him, or else he will die!"

I folded an handkerchief together, moistened it with cold water, and said to Bruno:

"For your mother's sake let me bind up your wounds as well as I am able, or else you will bleed to death." I was going to do so, but he held back my hand, and said with a harsh tone, which reminded one of the mother:

"It dare not be done; *she* has not yet forgiven, not yet blessed me. My blood shall not be stanched till then, I have sworn it."

To persuade Bruno was hopeless, I, therefore, turned all my care and attention to *ma chère mère*, but for a long time all my exertions to recall her to consciousness were fruitless. A moment of indescribable anxiety passed over. I now dreaded, indeed, that mother and son would sink together into the grave.

"If we could have bled her!" said I.

"That can be done," replied Hagar, and ran out. Almost at the same instant *ma chère mère* lifted up her eyes, and fixed them anxiously on me.

"Where is he?" inquired she vehemently, "I have not been dreaming!"

"He is here," replied I, "he is near, he is bleeding to death whilst waiting for his mother's blessing."

"Where is he?" inquired she once more. I stood

by her pillow, I stood between mother and son, instead of answering to the question I drew back, and their looks met each other; a ray of divine light, of inexpressible love broke that instant forth,—their souls were melted in it.

She rose up quickly and stretched out her hand: whilst with the full force of a mother's feeling she said,

"My son, come hither, I will bless thee!"

He rose. The tall, majestic man tottered like a child, and sank down upon his knees before his mother's bed; she laid her hands upon his bloody head, and spoke with a strong voice and profound solemnity:

"I take away the curse which I once laid upon the head of my son. I grant him my perfect forgiveness. May the man expiate the crime of the youth. May the past be as had it never been. I acknowledge, that to my son I now owe my life. I pray to God the Almighty to bless thee, my son, Bruno Mansfelt, as I now bless thee. Amen!" And now she opened out her arms to him, he threw his round her, breast pressed against breast, lip against lip; they held each other in a long, firm embrace. Every breath appeared to be full of reconciliation, full of love, full of bliss! fifteen years of bitter anguish were forgotten and recompensed in that moment. I stood near them, and wept for joy and thankfulness!

Hagar's return interrupted this moment of pure rapture. Bruno once more kissed his mother's hands with profound love, he then rose up, and cheerfully called out: "Now dress my wounds—stop the blood! I have my mother's blessing!"

He sat down, suffered us to do what we liked with

him, and was docile and still, like a happy child. Hagar assisted him with great skill, and she succeeded in checking the blood in a great degree.

In the meantime I procured writing materials, and hastened to write a note to Björn to inform him of what had happened. The whole house was now in motion, and I found it no difficult task to find a messenger, who immediately crossed the water to Rosenvik.

I then went again to the reconciled. Bruno's wounds were bandaged. He was very pale but quiet, and his face had an expression of serenity and happiness which I never saw in him before. *Ma chère mère*, on the other hand, appeared to me violently agitated, although she endeavoured to lie composed. Her entire body trembled as if in a violent ague, but her eyes were gentle and tender. She scarcely ever turned them from her son.

"Now hear what I have to request of you," said I to them both. "If you wish to live for each other, you must be separated for a short time, and each must enjoy a little quiet. Bruno, will you not let us accompany you into the next room! Will *ma chère mère* not comply with the entreaty of her Franciska?"

But *ma chère mère* replied:

"Who knows how long mother and son may have to live yet; it may soon be over. Do not separate us!"

"Do not separate us!" repeated Bruno with a faint voice.

"You must at least take something soothing. Do you not wish to live for each other?"

Hagar put a bottle of opium into my hands. *Ma chère mère* refused to take any, but Bruno took the

bottle himself out of my hand, placed it to his lips and drank. He must be accustomed to this stupifying remedy.

"I like to be alone with my son," said *ma chère mère.* "When he falls asleep I will watch over him; I have done it formerly, and in this selfsame room. You, Franciska, require rest. Go, my child, and try to get to sleep. But..... first give orders that my horses are well attended to. A greater service than this have they not done me during these fifteen years. Do so, Franciska. Good night, my dear child!"

I went out and executed *ma chère mère's* commission. The horses were eating corn in the stable, the little *Lasse** was sitting in the kitchen with a great piece of bread and butter in his hand. From him I heard a long disastrous story; how the carriage had been very near being precipitated into the lake, how the stranger gentleman was knocked down so roughly with the horses, but had after all got the better of them, how *ma chère mère* had carried me into the house, etc. After I had heard all this, I ordered them to give me a cup of coffee, and also to take one up to *ma chère mère,* who was fond of coffee.

Refreshed by the warm, stimulating beverage, I went —not to bed, no—I was too excited, too restless for this; I felt an indescribable desire to breathe the fresh air, to behold the firmament of the Creator.

I saw it. I believed it never to have been so beautiful. Ah! it extended now its canopy over two reconciled and felicitous hearts. The weather was unsettled,

* A tributary subject or *vassal* of a lordly family.

but through the shining clouds, the pleasant blue, and the atmosphere were indescribably pure and mild. I seated myself upon one of the steps of the large stone flight and saw the morning dawn, and thought of the reconciled pair. Red flames darted up from the horizon and tinted the grey clouds; the latter were reflected blushing in the lake, and one window after another of the gloomy house was illumined as if with blood-stained light in the brightness of the morning dawn. A gentle zephyr passed rustling through the tall oak trees and waved their tops, all besides was still. I sat thus for a considerable time. I enjoyed much, I thought of much, ran through many years of experience during these moments. Never yet had life appeared to me so lovely, so full of import, never yet had I loved more ardently, believed with greater assurance in the reality of divine power and in life, never had I felt more exalted than in this hour. I shall never forget these feelings. I thought of Björn with tenderness and pride. I felt happy to live for him. I thought of the future, and strange feelings—forebodings full of joy and sorrow rose within my soul . . . . . by-and-bye I shall, perhaps, speak more of it.

Sounds of steps of some one approaching were to be heard upon the stairs behind me; I turned round and perceived Hagar, who, with an expression of great anxiety, her hands crossed on her breast, approached me, and in her broken Swedish asked:

"What is your opinion? do you think he will survive?—Say, oh, say, that he will live!"

"I believe, I hope so," replied I. "My husband is a physician, will soon be here, and will devote all

his skill and attention to restore him."

Hagar left me, threw her bare arms round one of the granite pillars of the portico, and pressed her forehead against it. After she had thus stood for a moment, she lifted up her head and looked towards the East, where the dawn now glowed in all its splendour. I had not regarded Hagar before attentively. I did so now, and was surprised by her beauty. She was no longer young, and her features were too large, but they were of the purest cast; her voluptuous full lips reminded me strikingly of that characteristic feature of the Hebrew physiognomy. Her dark complexion was now radiated by the glow of the early morn; her black uncovered hair hung down carelessly upon her shoulders. I forgot for a moment every thing in the contemplation of this figure, which appeared as if become a part of the stone column against which she leaned. Her expression of countenance was full of passion and grief.

After a few moments Hagar moved and approached me.

"Do you believe," inquired she, whilst stretching out her arm towards the East, "do you believe that He who causes the light to rise hears also the prayers of men?"

"Yes, I believe it," replied I, with quiet assurance.

"And fulfils them?"

"When they proceed from a pure heart, and He in His wisdom finds it meet to do so."

Hagar was silent for a moment, bowed down her head and said:

"If your heart is pure then pray for him who bleeds there within—pray, that he may live!"

"You cherish warm sympathy towards him"—said I,

ı really my own dear wife, and no half-mad
en princess sitting there . . . . ?"
fn we have no time for joking, tell me how
ıre! Do you know what has happened?
eceived my note? But why do you come
:k? How warm you are! Ah, come in,
I will tell you all and hear all!"
et child—you sometimes have such a dread-
ache—, well, God be praised, that you live
tongue in your mouth!" and with tears in
yes, the kind creature held me long pressed
ı.
re were walking up, I briefly related how
ɔd, and learned from Björn how he came to

become uneasy about my long absence,
some accident had happened, and as the
as broken, he repaired on horseback to the
ı Don Quixote, to seek out his Dulcinea.
d he met a servant from Ramm who had
ıs in the town, and from him he learned,
re mère was here and alive. "More I did
ıuch was the close of Björn's account—"I
p on the horse and—here I am!" We em-
other again in our joy over the double re-
Björn went in to the patient.
follow him, but went to make myself at
ı kitchen, and to order a comforting break-
Björn. These good people found pleasure
me, and in half an hour I had a table laid out
n with hot coffee, bread and butter, as well
f excellent, smoking beef-steak. My mouth

watered for Björn's sake.

Whilst I was occupied at the table, the good man came in with a pale, serious, but yet contented mien.

"Well, how is it?" inquired I breathless, running up to him; "but no!—say nothing; first sit down and eat;—one word only—good or bad?"

"Bruno is doing well, I hope. The loss of blood is considerable, his wounds deep, but as far as I can see at present, not dangerous. *Ma chère mère* is not doing well, at least not at present. But it may turn out favourably. I believe you may go in Francisca. I will in the meantime, dispatch a messenger to the town, to send for various things."

"And the coffee? and the beef-steak," cried I, quite concerned.

"I must not think of it at present," cried Björn, and hastened out of the room with a glance at the beef-steak, as if the devil himself in him had taken upon himself flesh and blood in order to tempt him. I covered a plate over the poor beef-steak sighing, and walked out to *ma chère mère*. When I came in, I saw with astonishment, how Björn had prospered. What I had vainly endeavoured to effect with tears, Björn had now accomplished arbitrarily. Bruno had been removed into the apartment adjoining that of *ma chère mère*. Hagar was with him. The door between the rooms stood open, *ma chère mère* laid alone. On my coming in she held out her hand to me, drew me to her, and embraced me with a tenderness, which deeply affected me. "Franciska," said she, "the Lord has changed my heart. Before it was so dark, so wayward,

now I feel it so light and happy. The ways of God are marvellous! Who can fathom them, who can climb up into the secret chamber of the councils of the Lord? I possess a son again, Franciska! I am not childless, Bruno will make amends for his crime. He will be an honour to his mother and to his country. The Bible is true, a man may fall full seven times and rise again. Franciska! and he has been so long near me and I knew it not! My senses were blind, and my heart closed, but the hand of the Lord has opened the flood-gates—your husband, Franciska, has been tyrannising over me, and I have let him do as he liked, because he said, that he could not otherwise vouch for Bruno's life. But this very day will I yet see my son; let no one think of hindering me. I am determined to see him. Who knows how long I may be permitted to see him here on earth!"

"For a long time, very long time I trust, if *ma chère mère* will do all that Björn prescribes."

"Did you ever see! How the good wife praises her husband, and looks upon him as omnipotent! The Lord does, however, as it seemeth good in his sight, Franciska!"

"Do you feel ill, mother?" inquired I, with anxious tenderness.

"No—not ill; but I feel so strange. I have no strength in my limbs—I cannot get up. There is a struggle, an agitation within me;—I fancy as if I were going to die. The Lord's will be done! I have still been permitted to bless my son, and he will close my eyes. I can die in peace."

"Mother, you will not die, no, no!" exclaimed I

to me very feverish, and there was some
larly staring and strange in her looks. T
tears which with her usually follows, any vi
did not this time come to her relief. Th
taken an inward direction.

"Go and see, whether he is asleep," sa
mère pointing to Bruno's room.

I went. Bruno lay in quiet slumber. I
pale, but appeared to me handsomer than
eyebrows which had so often contracted the
relaxed, and formed a graceful curve ove
eyelid. A tear glittered brightly upon hi
cheek. Opposite to him stood Hagar lean
the bed, with her head upon her hand, her
on his countenance. Her rich black tr
down upon her arm, and allowed the profile
only to be seen. Again I was obliged to
oriental and regular beauty of her outline.
not see me, and I returned softly to *ma chèr*

"He sleeps," said I.

extremely occupied with it as not to perceive me and to hold out his hand to me affectionately. I sat down near my good husband, saw him demolish his breakfast, and rejoiced to see him have such a famous appetite. As soon as the first cravings were satisfied, I began to relate somewhat more minutely the occurrencies of the night. It appeared to me, candidly speaking, as if during this night I had conducted myself in many respects like a semi-heroine, and I wished that Björn might properly appreciate this; for I felt the want of hearing myself praised a little by him. He was, however, dumb to desperation, and only made occasionally horrible grimaces, which I supposed were to serve as a defence against intruding tears. At the recital of the reconciliation, however, they burst forth, two large drops fell down and thinned the beef-steak-sauce. I made many pauses to give my good man an opportunity of falling into ecstacies with his wife. I heard, however, nothing; but when I came to my administrating opium, he suddenly broke loose.

"Well, that was the most foolish trick of the whole! The idea of giving opium to anybody who is dying of exhaustion!"

I felt like one dropped from the clouds. I sat with my mouth wide open and could not speak.

"No, certainly not, the most foolish," continued Bear growling; the maddest trick of all is, that a married woman thirty years of age, from whom one would have expected more reason, should sit herself down in the middle of the night upon a stone step in the open air, like a maniac. . . . ."

"Oh, you most abominable of all Bears!" I inter-

rupted him at length, and found my tongue again, "every word you utter, is a fib; in the first place, I am not a woman of thirty years of age, in the second . . . . ."

"In the second, third, and last place," cried Björn embracing me, "you are my dearest wife, and I promise you, if you should ever be so unreasonable again that I shall be very seriously angry with you."

Did you ever hear anything like it in your life, Maria? I for my part was so taken by surprise by such an overthrow of all my hopes of being praised, that I was quite disconcerted, and stood dumb as a lamb. This naturally pleased my lord and Bear exceedingly, and now he tyrannised over me more and more, and compelled me to betake myself to rest; he would in the interim look after his patients, and attend to everything. What was I to do? I was obliged to obey, and I confess that I was better for it. In a pretty little cabinet hung with red and white damask curtains situated at the other end of the saloon, I enjoyed a few hours of refreshing sleep.

On my awaking I saw Hagar's head peeping in through the door. Her countenance beamed with joy apparently bordering on frenzy. "He will live! He will live!" cried she. She leaned over me, kissed my hands in ecstacy several times, raised herself again, ran about in the room, clapped her hands together and laughed almost convulsively, whilst she exclaimed "He will live! he will live!"

She made a singular impression upon me. The wild and passionate part of her character in conjunction with my conclusions respecting her relation to Bro

me, whilst her love and beauty involuntarily
ne to her.
ing out into the hall, I found it full of peo-
e was Elsa with a whole cargo of things for
ss; there was Tutten; there were Jean
nd Jane Maria, Björn stood like a Bashaw,
at a Bashaw ever stands) in the centre of
nswering here, commanding there, sending
ay, then that way.
stonishment and joy I heard that *ma chère*
een bled. She had willingly consented to
iption of Björn's, singular enough, she has
in surgical operations, but the greatest dis-
ysics, and will take no medicine for any
ion. After being bled, she had more rest,
o sleep yet.
aria, and Jean Jacques now made me tell
at had happened. The manner in which
ed the intelligence sincerely delighted me.
both affected and really glad of the recon-
lthough this will assuredly change their own
very materially.
errupted our conversation, by calling me in to
ère. I found Björn with her.
nts me to sleep," said *ma chère mère*, not
me irritation, "it is his desire that I should
yes in repose, and I have not yet seen my
y the light of day, him who has just risked
save mine! But I tell you, till I have seen
ll have no rest either in body or mind, and
strength in my legs, the deuce take me if
any body's permission."

"Björn!" said I to him aside, "do not hinder her now, let her have her will! Man's will is his heaven."

"Dear child, dear child, with your heavens!" said Björn with a furious grimace, and rubbing his head. "Such heavens may lead to hell, and at least to death, when enjoyed at an improper time."

"But you see yourself that there will be no heaven here, if *ma chère mère* does not get her will. And a very natural one too. I should have been no better had I been in her situation. Let her see her son, Bruno; I should think he might come in to her."

"No, deuce take it! he must not stir this day. If they must needs see and excite each other, then it is better that she should be taken to him. How inconsiderate that people will not...."

"Don't stand talking there!" said *ma chère mère* vehemently, but come hither, and if you possess any reason and feeling assist me in to my son. I give you my promise, that the visit shall be a short one, and that we will not exchange a word."

Björn no longer opposed. He supported her on one side, Elsa and I on the other, and thus she was conducted to Bruno, and placed in an arm chair by the side of his bed. There was a mute but touching scene, mother and son embraced each other silently. She then sat for a considerable time, holding his hand and looking at him. It was apparent in both, how heartfelt the reconciliation was. When *ma chère mère* had been sitting there for the space of about ten minutes, she laid her hand as it were in the act of blessing on Bruno's forehead and breast. He wished to say something, but she laid her hand forbiddingly upon his lips.

r bedewed his cheek; oh, how did I long to behold
uch in the eyes of the mother; but they remained
though full of love. She motioned that she
d to withdraw. And it was time, for she was
atly agitated and pale as death.
ien she was in her bed again, she laid quite still
moment with her hands folded, she appeared to
She then beckoned to me and said with proud
"How tall he has grown! A handsome man,
iska! How strong the resemblance to my de-
d husband. A real Hercules! Indeed! he comes
weak or ugly race, either from the father's or the
er's side—but all this after all is vanity," added
ith a sigh of intended humility, "and in this lies
ie worth of man."
chère mère then ordered Jane Maria and Jean
es to come in and was very kind towards them.
Jane Maria ascertained that I should remain in
a as long as *ma chère mère* should stay there,
d little to say to me, and took leave quite coolly.
sorry for this.
to myself, I have been obliged to make arrange-
for my stay here as long as *ma chère mère* should
. She and Björn wish it, and I no less. I
not leave them, as long as her state is so pre-
s. "If she could only sleep," said Björn, "all
r would be over," but sleep deserts her eyes, and
rard agitation desturbs her. I have written this
two days, which I have spent here. For these
ays, no sleep has visited her, and she con-
in her wilful refusal to take anything. Bruno's
ties also are unavailing on this point. She says,

that medicines have always proved poison to her. I have my writing-desk in her room. She likes the gentle sound of my pen. It soothes her, as she says, Bruno is better, but is not allowed to get up, and hardly to speak. Björn, upon my word, is a strict doctor, that I can see. I don't think that I should have him for mine, I told him so. He merely made a jesting grimace and said: "we shall see about that!" I don't know how it is, that I can write so gaily, *ma chère mère's* condition distresses me greatly—but I have so many diversions, besides *ma chère mère* herself is in such a gay and happy temper, that I cannot be otherwise than glad about it. Heaven only grant, that the matter may not have a sorrowful end! Would that I could say in my next letter, that all here is as happy as it is well at present.

XI.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Ramm, September 6th.

I am quite inundated by inquiries, notes, and visitors. The report of what had happened flies about and changes the whole place into a committee of inquiry! All flock hither. They inquire, they wonder, they hope, they congratulate. *Ma chère mère* appears to be held in the highest estimation in this part of the country. Even the Burgomasters and counsellors of the city have made inquiries respecting her state. *Ma chère mère* has gradually come to be considered as a half magisterial sort of personage on account of her especial zeal against all kinds of disorder in the city, and her good dinners, given sometimes to the Burgomaster and council.

Ma chère mère's state is, I am sorry to say, still the same. This is now the third day that she has had no sleep. Björn is very anxious, which I guess more from his look, however, than from what he says.

I have just received a note from Serena, of which the following is a copy:

"Sweet Franciska! write me word, and if possible one of comfort. There are such strange reports current here. They say that General Mansfeldt's lady has been

in imminent danger; that Mr.— you know whom I mean—had saved her from it, that she had recognised her son again in him, that they were reconciled, but both are on the point of dying. They say that he endangered his own life too to save her; they tell so much and so confusedly. I sought you yesterday at Rosenvik, but you were not there. Sissa said you were at Ramm. Your flowers looked drooping; I tried to revive them with fresh water, and succeeded. But I also, Franciska, am faint, and since yesterday every thing I have been reading to my grandfather is latin to me. My sweet, dear Franciska, give a word of encouragement to your

"SERENA."

Yes, Serena, not one word only, but many shalt thou have. I upbraid myself for not having anticipated thy wishes. Kind heart, who would not comfort thee? I must leave you for a moment, my Maria, and write to Serena.

The 8th.

Still always the same! No sleep, no repose. A constant state of wakefulness, an incessant inward disquietude, which to those around her is a source of indescribable pain. She herself is now convinced that she shall die, and has had her will made to-day. I was present on the occasion, and obliged indeed to admire her inflexible sense of justice, as well as the conscious faithfulness wherewith she considered every thing which in any way stood under her protection. Her correct knowledge of even the most trifling things is remarkable, and the precision and distinct manner

with which she disposes of them. There is an iron-like order which enters into all her concerns. But on her departure from earthly things this is worthy of notice. *Ma chère mère* showed herself here just as she had been during the whole course of her life, strictly equitable and fond of order, benevolent without any display, firm and grateful in friendship.

I cannot, however, bring my mind to think that she must die. Björn seems to have greater fear for her intellect. He speculates on preparing a sleeping draught for her; but how any one is to bring her to take it is another matter.

Ma chère mère will not have a word said about her likelihood of living; she has, as she says, now made up her mind, and given herself up to death in earnest, and only thinks of preparing herself for it.

The 9th.

A strange scene! What singular ideas come into men's heads to be sure.

Ma chère mère has ordered a joiner to come here this morning,—no one could conceive why. When he came, she gave orders for him to come into her room and to take her measure for—a coffin!

After this she gave very particular instructions respecting the decoration of the coffin, and made me write down what she desired to have written upon the plate. (N.B.—The door to Bruno's room was closed during this scene.)

"Well, Mr. Svensson," said she, when all this was settled, "what is to be the cost of my coffin?"

Confounded and astonished at this, the joiner reflected a moment, and at length said, "Fifty dollars

banco, your ladyship!"

"Are you crazy, Mr. Svensson?" said *ma chère mère* violently, "Fifty dollars banco? Five-and-twenty rix dollars more than you took for the coffin of my late husband. Consider what you say. I can show you the account of the General's coffin, master!"

"Oak timber, your ladyship, has risen very considerably in price since."

"And who the deuce tells you to make it of oak? For my part you may take birch, or elm, or pine, or whatever kind of wood you like. The miserable body turns to dust still, methinks, whether it lies in a coffin of oak or pine. Rich and poor are alike in death. I am, it is true, of ancient noble descent, and such was my husband also, the late General Mansfelt. But what then, Mr. Svensson?

> When Adam delved, and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?

And where is he, when the body lies in the grave?—Take pine, or birch-wood to my coffin, dear Svensson, and let me have it for fifty rix-dollars."

"Sixty rix-dollars, your ladyship."

"Fifty rix-dollars, Mr. Svensson! More I shall not give, and you may make it accordingly. Fifty rix-dollars current, I say, not a shilling more. But I invite you to the feast, which my people shall have at my funeral. Recollect, Franciska, that Mr. Svensson is to be present on the occasion, or—— I shall think of it myself, when I make the arrangements for the funeral. Adieu, my dear sir, our agreement stands good. Many thanks! Adieu!"

fuch as I have seen of *ma chère mère's* peculiarities, ıvertheless confess that this scene very much asto- ıed me. I saw however clearly, that no desire for, solely an invincible love of arrangements, led her rder and bargain for her own coffin. *Ma chère mère* ned to do it quite as a matter of business, and said ıe when the joiner was gone, "These mechanics are ıcious beasts. One must keep a strict balance of ıunts with them. But their fox shall not bite my ıe."

fter this *ma chère mère* made arrangements for her ral ceremony. She dictated, and I wrote down, it was to be conducted; how many pounds of con- ionary were to be bought, etc. She ordered a mes- ger to be dispatched to the minister of her church, ı the request that he would come to Ramm the fol- ng day.

I will," said she, "die as becometh a Christian!" en all this was settled she manifested great satis- ion, and begged me to give her something to drink. am heartily tired of this everlasting soup," said she, should like to have something different, but know what."

ı happy thought rushed into my mind, and I hast- d to say, "I have a recipe for making a kind of le- ıade, a sort of toast and water—in short, a very re- hing and salutary drink. I should feel great plea- e in preparing it for *ma chère mère*."

Do so, Franciska! You are never at a loss. You sure to contrive something; and that is a useful ta- t. 'Better comfortless than helpless.'"

hastened immediately to Björn, and communicated

of mind, and not free from fever.
mother most dearly, and is most a
die. Björn tries to compose him
hopes. Hagar is a great deal abou
to pain him. He treats her with
endures every thing with slavis
woman must in some way be sun
submits to such treatment, and li
the foot which spurns it. How
adoration, is that free submiss
honoured and cherished woman i
object of her pure attachment. I

Ma chère mère cannot bear H
shuns her sharp penetrating look.
Dulcinea!" said *ma chère mère* y
shall speak to Bruno about it. I
of this kind!" The sleeping draug
I am to present it. God help me!
playing a deceitful part towards m
is painful to me.

It is done—it succeeded, but
On my receiving the cup with t
from Björn's hand, I said with son

"Björn, are you sure—do you
not lull her into the sleep of death

"Do you think I am a quack, I

Iothing of the kind; you are Esculapius himself, ... but ..... Ah, Björn! I find it a hard task to ve her."

Vould you rather that she should lose her senses struck with apoplexy? My little Franciska, it : do to tarry any longer. The quicker you do it etter it will be done. By God's help this draught ave her."

rent in to *ma chère mère* and presented the cup to whilst with as much confidence as possible I said: Iere, *ma chère mère*, is my refreshing drink."

Vell, that is excellent," said she, raised herself, d the draught, started, and made wry faces. at sort of a cursed potion is this which you have ed together, Franciska?" exclaimed she, "it tastes poisonous!" she fixed at the same time one of harpest looks on me.

d I held a cup of poison in my innocent hand, ould not have trembled more, nor I looked more a condemned criminal. "You unlucky Björn!" ght I, almost ready to cry, "now I must empty the myself to prove my innocence, if I should even to sleep to the day of judgment after it."

Iod help you!" proceeded *ma chère mère* with the look, "if you are confederated with your husband ceive me."

And if it were so," said I, whilst I threw the one which was at liberty round her neck and kissed her, bedewed her cheeks with my tears; "if even it so, would you not, mother, wish to be kind to- your children, and for their sakes take the draught, believe them, that though it may taste somewhat it will still only do good?"

Ma chère mère looked at me for a mome
but pleasantly, and then said:

"You are a cunning creature, Franciska
child, and understand the old woman well,
sake of these your virtues, she loves you, a
yield to your wish, let come what will of it.
my child!" and at one draught she emptie

I embraced her, thanked her, and wep
She patted me affectionately on the cheek,
to be pleased in seeing herself so loved.

I ran triumphantly to Björn, and shewed
emptied of its contents.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I imagined that
taken and not taste so much amiss; it wa
word, no easy matter to prepare it so well."

"You conceited Bear!" interrupted I,
praising your abominable draught in this w
now I related to him what had taken p
must do him the justice to say, that he c
praise of the draught into eulogies upon m

I hope that the draught begins to oper
Ma chère mère does not sleep it is true, but
The clock is nine. I shall be up attending
mère to-night.

At Ele

Now she is asleep. Thank goodness,
enough in a quiet sound sleep. It is a ple
her sleep! Björn has sent every soul in t
bed. No one is allowed to stir. All is as
grave. How did this word escape my pen.
out. I sit watching in *ma chère mère's* ro
side of Elsa, whose indefatigable zeal is

Björn sits in the other room with Bruno, in order to keep him as quiet as possible, whilst they await the issue of this sleep. He has the best hope. In order to the maintenance of the profoundest stillness, we agreed, that in case of the least change in *ma chère mère's* state, I shall give a signal of it to Björn, by a little written strip of paper, which I shall stick into the key-hole. To keep myself awake in the interim, I shall take Elsa's profile, which I now perceive reflected upon the etherial background by the lamp-light; it is dark, strong, and as if carved in stone, and her look is fixed upon her sleeping mistress.

At Two o'Clock.

Ma chère mère is still asleep, and sleeps profoundly and perspires profusely. I have telegraphed it to Björn. "Good symptoms!" he telegraphed back. Thank Heaven, now I hope that all is going on well.

Elsa's profile is like her. The original still sits in the same place, and looks unmoved in the same direction.

At Four o'Clock.

Just now Elsa came to me, and with scarcely audible voice she whispered into my ear;

"Do you think that her life will be saved? Do you believe that she will awake?"

"Yes, I believe it to a certainty."

"If she dies, I wish to die also."

"Why so, dear Elsa?"

"What should I do here on earth without her? And then—her ladyship I suppose will want her to wait upon her in heaven, who has been about her day and night."

"She will be with the angels of God then, E

"Yes, dear madam, but they won't know how to accommodate themselves to her fancies: They have not lived forty years together with I have!"

Elsa returned to her post, and re-occupied mer position. I saw again the dark profile u light background. Elsa's faithful and rock-fi votion affected me deeply, and I thought of C words:

"Not merit only, fidelity too guards our person

At 6

Ma chère mère is still asleep, sleeps profoun by the dawning of day her face looks so awful Only think, if she should sleep her last sleep! and I have carried on an active correspondence the key-hole upon this sleep. Would you like a specimen of it? For I would not trouble t with the whole collection.

1 Strip. "She sleeps, sleeps, sleeps. I begi that she will not wake."

2 —— "She is awaking."

3 —— "Oracles have been deceived befo

4 —— "But not now."

5 —— "Man of wisdom! Prophet! B
Use your cunning, and declare
Who in the shadows of the night
Calls you her comfort and her lig

6 —— "No one is it, that is clear,
But my little wife so dear."

7 —— "Prophet! Bear! and cunning man,
Tell me truly if you can,
Who is it in the quiet night
Quizzes your would-be second sight?"

But enough of this foolery.

9 o clock.

Away with the coffin, confectionary, and funeral! *Ma chère mère* has awakened, she is composed, is in possession of her mental faculties, feels well, and is only still extremely weak. Björn now vouches for her recovery. We have embraced each other right and left in our joy. And Bruno! I was obliged to cry when I saw him embrace Björn's knees. I shall love Bruno for he is capable of loving. *Ma chère mère* appears herself to be somewhat amazed, but is contented and calm. I have just given her some tea. When she took the cup out of my hand she gave me a kind sly look, and a light pat on the cheek. She has again fallen into a calm sleep. And now I will also betake myself to a little repose.

The 11th.

All is going on prosperously, and we shall soon all be well again, if I do not get ill for home-ache after my little Rosenvik. *Ma chère mère* regains strength rapidly she can already sit up a little; but will not leave this place till Bruno is well enough to follow her to Karlsfors, nor am I allowed to go home any sooner. "Patience!" said Björn. An abominable word! I always get out of patience when I hear it mentioned. Meantime I dispatch this letter, embrace you, my Maria, and thank God for all that is past.

XII.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Ramm, September 6

Has it ever occurred to you, Maria, that y
regarded a man—just as Robinson Crusoe did h
—as an unfruitful soil; and all of a sudden an s
a little voyage of discovery, you—just as the s
Robinson—opens to your view a beautiful
abounding in refreshing fruits. Voyages of
in that world called "Man," are performed s
as elsewhere, in evil regions, and one remain
there, fast wedged in the ice like Capt. Ross
have oftener conducted me to fair regions.
the case to day. Will you follow me on
discovery? My island is called—Counsel'

Behold him seated in a chair—planted
upon its rock—in *ma chère mère's* room at
hold there also, dropped down in a large
like a bird in its nest, the cheerful Miss
giebel. Behold *ma chère mère* stately, a
but herself, leaning back on one end o
hold Bruno—like a beautiful night—d

the other end of the sofa; see further a pair of every-day figures, sitting faithfully near each other like a pair of doves, a Bear with his partner; see benevolence in the room and peace on the faces of all, and hear the conversation which flowed easily in the twilight, from heart to tongue, and now reaches your ear:

MISS HAUSGIEBEL. "Uncle Hök! you look so precise and perfect this evening, that I feel quite distressed about it. It would revive me, if now in the twilight you would confess to us some little failing, any little weakness. I am, for example, convinced, that you feel a little covetous about something or other. Every man has some such failing, if he will sincerely examine himself.

Ma chère mère. "Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before others, says the adage. Begin with yourself, cousin Hausgiebel, and confess your own sins."

MISS H. "I, poor sinner, confess with all my heart that I have a weakness for pins and waste-paper, which borders on avarice."

COUNSELLOR HÖK, (gravely.) "And I know nothing upon earth that would be dearer to me than bottles, be they empty or full, and I find it a difficult matter to keep my hand from giving my servant a box on the ear, when he has broken an empty bottle."

MISS H. "Ha, charming, charming! my dear excellent uncle! Hear, ye good folks there! don't pretend to be better or worse than we. Now confess your sins becomingly. Your covetousness, good Doctor? medicaments perhaps?

BJÖRN, (laconically.) "Paper!"

MISS HAUSGIEBEL. "Good; so much the fewer recipes. But we can't live without them. Your covetousness, Madam Werner?"

FRANCISKA. "Needles and thread."

MISS H. "You, Lady Mansfelt, won't you give your contribution to our small collection?"

Ma chère mère. "Why not? But I fear there would be a great preponderance were I to lay all my covetousness into the scale. Be contented with—what I otherwise do not give away very readily—with pieces of ribbon and old linen. But remember, my friends, 'He who does not save a penny will never have two;' 'He who wastes more than he earns, will soon have an empty larder;' 'He possesses who saves.'"

A short pause ensued. It was Bruno's turn to confess his little sins; but be it that he had none such—that sounds ill—or that he did not pay attention to our conversation, he showed no inclination whatever to make a confession, and no one of us felt any desire to request it from him. He sat with downcast eyes, sank quietly within himself, and supported his bound-up head with his hand. Counsellor H. interrupted the rather embarrassing silence, and replied to *ma chère mère's* words: "Lady Mansfeldt is quite right, and we must, each in our own way, be collectors."

MISS H. "Take care, uncle Hök, that you do not make virtues of our sins. You know it stands written, that we are to lay up for ourselves treasures, where no thief breaks through and steals."

COUNS. H. "Much there, but a little here also. It seems reasonable enough if we consider the matter rightly."

Ma chère mère. "I think so too."

FRANCISKA. "What else is the whole race of mankind but a great tribe of seekers and collectors? But ah, how many are there, who find nothing and get nothing."

COUNS. H. "And this chiefly because they have not sought and found themselves. In fact every man seeks first harmony with himself;—but you must understand in what sense I mean it."

FRANC. "Give us an instance, Counsellor Hök, a living one, if possible; then we shall understand it without any circumlocution."

MISS H. "You, for instance, worthy uncle, have assuredly found yourself; for never yet have I seen any person so tranquil, so confident, and indeed I may also say, so wise and well disposed. Tell us how you have sought and found yourself."

FRANC. "Oh, yes, dear Counsellor, tell us."

COUNS. H. "Do you think you know what you ask, ladies? Nothing less than the principal part of my biography!"

MISS H. and FRANC. "Oh, yes, yes, do tell us the history of your life."

COUNS. H. "To two such amiable ladies I can refuse nothing. I shall, therefore, begin at once with a most melancholy confession, for you are probably not aware, that he who now addresses you, is an unfortunate author! It is lucky that it is so dark just now. Well, after the first hard step is taken the others will go easier. My father was a literary character of merit, and educated his son for the same pursuits. My talents appeared to favour his wishes. I wrote at an early

poems and dramatic pieces for anniversaries and th-days; I received confectionary and praise, and t already a distant glimpse of the laurel wreath. I as brought up surrounded by works of the poets on every side. I read them over and over again until I could repeat them by heart, and made their thoughts my own. My parents were ambitious, and spurred on my already burning eagerness for distinction. Several poetical attempts gained applause with the public, and were eulogized in the newspapers; intoxicated by this, as well as encouraged by my parents, and the encomiums of my young friends, (among whom, one sanguine young man of the name of Lerche, especially distinguished himself), I resolved like Byron to transport myself with one bound to reach the heights of Parnassus. I wrote a tragedy in five acts, and—stop a little, I must dwell for a moment on this period of apparent happiness! Truly great poets possesss, I believe, a sort of prudent tranquillity even in their very moments of transport; they are devoted to their subject and embody themselves to it in sacred earnest. When they look upon the work of their creation they are, perhaps, more inclined to be dissatisfied than satisfied with their productions. This arises from their deeper comprehension of the fullness of life. It is this very feeling which renders them great. Little geniuses, authors, who are very much enraptured with themselves and their works, ought to fear and remember Boileau' words:

"Le sot a chaque vers sot-meme s'admire."

I feared nothing when I wrote my tragedy. I enraptured, and imagined that the public must share

enthusiasm. I walked about my room with dignified strides declaiming my verses. When I came to effective passages—I mean those which seemed so to me to be such—I stood still, and heard the thunders of the general applause. They elated me; I leaped up high—came down again—but to no rational level. The partiality of my parents and friends increased my intoxication. "You will rise high!" said Lerche. I believed it, and saw only the forthcoming of my piece between me and immortal fame.

It was represented. My hopes were wound up to a high pitch: my tragedy was damned! Not a sound of applause, silence, coldness, some hissing, even laughter. A few days afterwards criticisms in the public journals, which did not grant one iota of merit to my "Christiern II.," and tried to strip me of all hope of ever being able to merit the smallest laurel leaf. I knew, however, well, that this has been the lot of many a man, who, in spite of all, has become a great and celebrated author, and I resolved not to be daunted by it. But in vain I tried to comfort myself with the thought of the ignorance of the critics, and of the example of great authors; my annihilating critic was the whole public, and what was worse than all—I myself. (Self after all remains the best judge, from whom there is no appeal.) In the first moment after my Christiern failure, I was far from confessing the justice of it. Humbled, but still more provoked than humbled, I wished to make war with my critics—yes, even with the public; wished to punish the former with bitter retorts, the latter with another tragedy. But then my friend, whom I cannot sufficiently respect, and who is now present, the lady of the late

General Mansfelt, interfered, and restrained me with that powerful and sound reason which distinguished her already at an early age.

"My friend," said she, "it is better to retreat than to fight badly; it is needless to carry wood into the forest. Why throw oil into the fire which burns you? Let the people cry, and examine well whether they are not right. I am not much of a judge of your piece and of such matters, but I tell you, that it does not please me, it seems unnatural. However, if I am wrong and the people are wrong, well then, your piece will have justice done it some day or other, never fear! This, I think, has been the case of many books before as well as men; but if on deliberate examination you find that the people are right, well, then give up your piece: it's of no use to fight for it. And if you have written a bad piece, well then, all you have to do is to write a better; and if you cannot do that, then you won't do for an author,—and what of that? Are you on that accoun a worse man? Are there not many ways open for yo of becoming excellent and happy? Dear Hök! onl see that you open your eyes in proper time. It is ju as well to suffer at first as at last, and to receive t bitter lesson at once with thankfulness."

I took the words of my esteemed friend to he went home, and reflected in all quietness on my unf tunate tragedy. There fell, as it were, a veil from eyes. I had not been wise enough to preserve my from being intoxicated, but I was so frantic but tl wished to become sober again. I saw clearly tha tragedy resembled Schiller's muse about as mu the ape does man, and I threw it into the fire. I

however, not so easy for me to make up my mind in this case. I had prepared myself for the career of a *literati*, and was now obliged to confess more and more my want of creative power and poetic soul; but I had no inclination for any other profession, I did not know what to undertake, what to become; I had lost my helm, my bark became a sport to the waves. To this may be added, the discontent and vexation of my parents, the long faces of my friends—their "poor Hök!" This was intolerable!

Then that excellent friend of my youth came again to my assistance, and prevailed upon my parents to permit me to make a tour on the continent, in order, as she said, to drive the matter out of my head.

I travelled—often on foot, for I was not in easy circumstances—through a great part of Europe, travelled two years, saw life in manifold forms, reflected and compared. My misfortune in the world of imagination had strengthened my sense and judgment, and the sufferings which I had experienced inspired me with an urgent desire to attain to that true cultivation which every where, and under all circumstances, gives peace and independence to man. Among many observations which I made, I will only allude to one (trivial as it may appear), because it greatly influenced my subsequent life: the world abounds in all things excellent and beautiful. Rightly to comprehend, to appreciate, and to admire the beautiful, is a great means of ennobling the character, and of finding peace and happiness. Should that imaginary pleasure of exercising talent, with which many a young and active mind is filled, subside into a desire to comprehend thoroughly,

into a wish to be capable of fully appreciating the beautiful and excellent, then restlessness would change into enjoyment, the world would contain fewer unsuccessful, discontented men, and there would be less of poor, weak attempts at art; great genius would have many more competent judges and admirers, and would thus rise to higher excellence. Artists and connoisseurs have need of one another, and advance each other mutually. I found the best and happiest men among those, who, with a useful and well directed activity in affairs of business, combined an exalted feeling for the beautiful, and the capability of enjoying the noblest productions of art.

After two years travelling and observations I returned in full health of body and mind, and commenced a new career. I did not, however, give up literature; on the contrary, the more settled my position in life became, with the more heartfelt love did I attach myself to that life-giving stream. I had, however, now learned to know myself. I strove no longer for an author's fame, laurels and crown of thorns, but I endeavoured to form myself into an enlightened amateur and connoisseur. I was anxious that if I were not capable of producing the beautiful, no one, at least, should excel me in the art of heartily appreciating and enjoying it. And I may say, that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in these my endeavours. Since the time when I renounced vain efforts, and learned to know the limits of my powers, I have become tranquil and happy. I am now old, and every year removes me further from the world, but not from that eternal beauty which is renewed in varying form ever. I cling to it firmly with affection;

renews my heart; it prevents my thoughts from tting grey with my hair, and teaches me to hope one y to become a not unworthy adorer of it in the proper me of the beautiful."

So spake the old man, and serene peace beamed forth m his placid blue eyes. We thanked him heartily, d I—somewhat inadvertently exclaimed, "oh! I wish st all men, those who have found, as well as those o have not found peace, would before quitting this ge of life, make their confession. I am certain, that book would be more interesting and useful, than a llection of such autobiographies. It would prove excellent guide for the searchers in life. Dearest iss Hausgiebel! would you not at once contribute ur part to it? I will undertake to record it. You e, I am sure, one of those, who have sought and und it."

"I cannot altogether say no to this," replied Miss ., "although there is much to be done yet, before I n have perfect peace with myself. Nevertheless I ve already found far more in the world than I have ticipated in my youth, and should you kind friends, willing to listen to a tedious history, I shall have eat pleasure in relating it to you."

"I have not experienced any signal disasters, have t to complain of any great misfortunes; I have passed rough my world quietly enough, but I have found r time hang heavy on my hands, it has been weary d tedious, and so far I can claim to have borne the aviest burden in the world. My father was a man of nour, integrity, truth; all the Hausgiebel's in a ect line have borne this character, just even to in- cibility, upright in stature, and firm in principle, yield-

ing neither to the right nor to the left, and I know not, how it happened that I should be such an unworthy scion of my most venerated ancestors. My father had, as I have said an excellent moral character, but very rigid, very old-fashioned principles with regard to female education. He believed for instance, that it was a good thing for young girls to be wearied, or, as he called it, to learn patience. He was an avowed enemy to all that he called vanity, but on this list stood a great numbe of innocent pleasures. He likewise abominated pedantic learning in females; but under this ban a great deal of useful knowledge and tending to happiness was also included. He valued beyond every thing else domestic duties, but these were restricted to a narrow compass. We were to weave, spin, sew, look after the kitchen and household affairs, study Kaisa Warg's cookery-book, (he had a great dislike to see us with any other book in our hands,) and thus to prepare ourselves to become good wives and clever housekeepers. He himself maintained a strict superintendance over me and my five sisters. My sisters wove, I spun, each one had her turn of attending to the kitchen for a week. Well, the days passed over, though not very agreeably. I in particular found them often intolerably long, especially as I advanced in years. My spinning seemed to me quite useless, as I knew that we were wealthy."

"Years rolled on; strangers, excepting a few old relatives, were never seen in our house. My sisters still were weaving and I spinning—and I confess, with a more and more weary hand. The vacuity of my soul and of my life oppressed me. I often had the vapours and gave way to tears without knowing why. My kind aunt Anna Stina, who acted a mother's part towards

us, was a genuine Hausgiebel; she was obedient to the will of her brother in all things, but in other respects was very kind towards us. She had "Advice to my daughter,*" perpetually on her tongue, and often preached those words:—

> "Our household is our republic,
> Our politics relate to the toilet, etc."

"We lived on a retired estate. Rural life may be one of the richest upon earth; but also one of the poorest. If the great book of nature is opened to the view of man, and illuminated by heavenly light, he may from his little spot of earth behold and enjoy all the glory of the world; if in nature he merely sees the potatoe-field, which affords him food, then the golden treasure of nature is closed to him, and he himself is rooted to the ground like the potatoe-plant. Our family lived something like potatoe-plants. I must, however, consider myself as an exception. My admiration to be seen in nature was early excited by the order, and my desire for knowledge was awakened by every object. I was at an early age, although quite secretly, a collector of herbs, stones, and shells. During the long wanderings which my father sometimes took, in order to look after the state of the crops, we were generally obliged to accompany him. It must have been edifying to see how we moved along in a line like a bevy of woodcocks, sometimes in the heat of the sun, sometimes in the wet. I kept however, mostly behind the rest, lost in the contemplation of some plant, or some little insect. On account of this, as well as my reveries, I was after-

* Advice to my daughter, a poem by Anna Lenngren.

wards often teased in a way, which gentle as it was, nevertheless deeply wounded my excitable ambition. My father namely, often took a delight in sketching out a little family-picture of the future appearance in our house. Then it was said, viz:—"Anna Maria is winding Charlotte weaving, Louisa gives out sugar and spices for dinner, Josepha spins, Greta feeds the poultry," and then at the end of the family-picture always came, "and Hellevi sits and peeps at the sun," (or some such useless occupation), which conclusion always vexed me so much that I burst into tears. To be the only useless member of the family, no! that was too intolerable, much too humiliating. When my week of duty came, therefore, I rattled famously with my keys, to let my father hear how zealously I filled my important office. But oh, this availed nothing! in the next family picture, it was still the same, "and Hellevi sits and stares at the sun." In our family the saying continued to be persevered: Hellevi will never be a clever housewife (and what else is she fit for?) In this belief my father and my aunt died; in this belief my two sisters still continue to live.

"I have mentioned, how we spent our days; I must yet say a word about the evenings. At seven o'clock we assembled every evening in my father's room, we sat occupied with embroidery and needlework, at a large round-table with two lights, about which we always had a little dispute.—My father sat at some distance from us at a little table, with a shade before him, and read aloud to us. This ought to have afforded us pleasure, but the French history, the reading of which lasted I know not how long, of a very

luction, and my father's delivery was most
slow and monotonous, when during the
winter evenings rain and snow beat against
s, and the storm without howled its mourn-
accompaniment to the dull, long-drawn out
h sounded within, no one could be surprised
rit of alumber came somewhat powerfully
l that we nodded in mutual emulation over
If one of us however resigned herself un-
o Morpheus, then aunt Anna Stina winked
ed roguishly to the rest, as if she meant to
your sister is off."
'clock the sleepers as well as nodders were
ne moving of my father's chair, and we then
e after another—the rank of age has always
ained sacred in the family of the Hausgiebel
lining-room, to take our supper. This was
mperate kind, and lasted not above ten
the conclusion of which we again moved
ner's room, where we were obliged to stay
k struck ten. During this time we were
but devote ourselves exclusively to con-
Each one of us had his fixed place in the
ne was near the stove, where the warmth in-
ne in some measure for the chilliness in the
n, for all the subjects, which might have
ny lively interest to it, were strictly pro-
l when I ventured now and then upon for-
nd, I was soon rebuked with the objection
s must not meddle with such things. Our
n was not allowed to treat of any other sub-
f petty daily occurrences, the most approved

of which were those appertaining to the house, of acquaintances, family-pedigrees, inquiries respecting domestic economy, etc. This afforded to my taste but meagre fare, and I would gladly have abstained from it, but we were not allowed to be silent during this hour of conversation, but each one was obliged to say something. When one of us had not opened her lips for sometime, she was pleasantly called upon to say something. By way of varying our amusements, my father sometimes took out a box, containing many curiosities, which had been opened out probably twenty times successively, turned over and over again and inspected. That daughter was not in his best favour, who did not immediately stand like the rest round the table and gape at the contents of the box. It was an unfortunate thing that my father never would cease to consider us as little children. But the little ornaments and rings, the silhouettes of grandfather and grandmother, the little box with the canary-bird-feathers in it, which delighted the little girl of nine years, the magic lantern, which excited all her curiosity, could not possibly interest the woman of twenty-five, who was now compelled to stand there and regard the valuables of the box with weary and indifferent looks.

"I said, that we were always obliged during the hours of conversation after supper to say something, whether we wished it or not. This sometimes gave rise to strange absurdities. One example may give some idea of it. My sisters and I had one day been looking from the window at a litter of vagrant sucking-pigs coming swarming into the yard, which were chased about by the three yard-dogs. This precious

occurrence from real life we kept stored up during the day in our faithful memories, in order to season the entertainment of the evening. By chance we came that evening not altogether, but at intervals, one after the other into our father's room. Anna Maria, the first, who occupied her seat, related the story of the pigs and dogs; Charlotte, who came after her, did the same; Louisa, who came after her, likewise; just so, Josepha, who came after her; so also Greta, who came after her. When I came last and took my seat near the stove and began to relate the story of the pigs and dogs, my father interrupted me somewhat vexed: 'why I hear this story now for the sixth time.'

"I confess that this made a strong impression upon me, and caused me to see more than ever the limits of our potatoe-ground. When my father died two years afterwards, and my kind aunt considered it as a matter of course that we should still continue to live in the same way as hitherto, then Hellevi really looked up to the sun and said: 'No, thou fair, all-animating sun, the world, which thou illuminatest, cannot be so confined; the life, which thou enlivenest, so poor. The springs of life and of virtue do not rise from the kitchen and the cellar. No, I will away to thee, into thy freedom, into thy beauty, charming world.'

"I knew exactly my wishes, I knew my talent and my place, and eternal thanks to the honest man, the kind and wise guardian, who extended to me his hand and assisted me to attain it in spite of the resistance, which my independent undertaking called forth in the family of Hausgiebel. I was twenty-seven years old, I passed myself off for thirty, rented the Bird's-nest,

and arranged my affairs so that I could purchase it in a few years. How I have settled there, you are aware, my friends. For the last ten years I look up every day to the sun, even when obscured by clouds, and praise it and the glorious world, which he enlightens—thanks to you for it, my guardian and excellent uncle!"

A tear started into Miss Hellevi's speaking eye, whilst she reached her hand to Counsellor Hök, who pressed it and kissed it heartily.

"And the sum and substance of all this," said ma *chère mère*, "is, that there is nothing bad, from which some good does not arise, if one only takes it in a right way."

FRANCISKA. "Yes, but why do so few men hit upon the right way. All certainly are anxious to find it."

COUNS. HÖK. Upon the cause of this much might be said. But chiefly men may ascribe their misfortunes to themselves, to their own want of courage, their want of heroism in the signification, in which the ancients used the word. He has no conception of the degree of power and elasticity which the Creator has implanted in the nature of man. He has not courage manfully to resign, nor the courage firmly to lay hold; he will not capitulate, he will not fight, and in the mean time the garrison starves to death, or death, the enemy, comes and captures the whole garrison."

"Deucedly well said!" muttered Björn.

Here Bruno rose up silently; all got up, the stranger-guests prepared for departure.

Miss H. stood at the window. I went up to her and expressed my surprise at Counsellor Hök. "What an

xcellent and interesting man that is!" said I.

"What would you say then," replied Miss H., ivaciously, "if you knew him as I do, if you knew ow active he is in promoting the welfare of mankind, ow he assists in private many needy among talented nd scientific men, and helps to bring their labours to ight and notice! He is, I am sure, one of the noblest nd best of men."

"He may make a will in favour of one of my ten laughters," thought I. I had not thought of my ten laughters for some time past, but after the conversation of this evening I thought much about them.

The 18th.

Thank goodness! I have some prospect of getting home again. They talk of to-morrow and the day after. I long with all my heart to be at my little Rosenvik. This residence is spacious and splendid, but I don't feel comfortable here. It is too gloomy and innumerable jack-daws are perpetually making a noise in the old tower. I feel quite awe-stricken, and I believe I am growing into a likeness of an ancient family-portrait, which hangs in my room. Bruno and *ma chère mère* are much in each other's company; they speak little, but they appear to be happy if they only see each other and sit in the same room. Bruno seems to have hushed *ma chère mère's* scruples with regard to Hagar, and Hagar is little to be seen since Bruno's convalescence. Bruno wins my whole heart by his great tenderness for his mother.

XIII.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA

Rosenvik, Se

Yesterday evening I returned to this
not describe to you my feelings of deligh
myself here; with what rapture I surve
my furniture! with what pleasure, did
salute the rent in the window-curtai
beams of day peeping in through it!
respiration the air around my dwellin
phere of a dear home, has a peculiar
time, an invigorating and stirring ch
about, like a flickering flame, to th
to the farm-yard, and to the gard
fault; I have praised, I am well
and every thing which she has
But the housemaid has become u
hear of it. Andumbla has had
appropriately I think, have ch
spirited animal. I have visite
surprised to see them looking
tended with so much care. I
that Serena had been here twi

after them. Excellent, amiable Serena. I caressed my flowers, I kissed them, they were so pretty. I have cut a cauliflower for supper. It had rained a little during the day, and every thing in the garden stood fresh and fragrant, although the frost had here and there yellowed a leaf. It is now evening, and I am sitting at my little desk, and I have seen the swans tracking their course through the calm lake whilst they moved away towards their nest in Svanö. I have contemplated the dark walls of Ramm, behind which I have lately spent so much of my time, I am happy and thankful. I am expecting my Björn from the town where he has spent the whole day, and have prepared a little feast for him. A duck, from Helga, will make a show on our little table, fat and full-grown as she is, and accompanied by a cauliflower, and the freshest salad. Pancakes with preserved raspberries will follow nicely. As it is rather cold, I have had a fire lighted in the room, and Björn's lined coat and slippers placed there to warm. I will pet him. Whilst I am waiting for "my good man," I will give you some account of the occurrences of yesterday.

Counsellor Hök came to Ramm in order to accompany *ma chère mère* to Karlsfors. We partook of our breakfast *en famille*, after which the carriages drove away. The weather was fine, and we were all in high spirits. Hagar, while packing up, concealed herself behind the crowd, when *ma chère mère* with erect and dignified gait, marched down the steps. Bruno assisted his mother into the carriage. She had scarcely got up when the horses took fright at a heavily laden wagon covered with black cloth, which was slowly en-

tering the court. Bruno cried out loudly that stop. The wagon was halted, and the man w it came up to *ma chère mère.* It was Mr. Sv the wagon contained the coffin which *ma chère* ordered, and which singular enough, had been forgotten to be countermanded.

This strange incident disconcerted us all *Ma chère mère* was the first to recover herself, with a loud voice to the undertaker:

"My dear sir, I have, as you see this time, without my host. I thought I should die, but i a merciful God to spare my life. His will be But postponed is not abandoned. The coffin into use some day or other. At any rate the a remains as to price, and as to the feast, I in to a merry feast on Sunday at Karlsfors, Mr. But you will now be so good as to convey this comfortably to the place whither I mysel going!"

Mr. Svensson was greatly embarrassed. was tired, and besides this, he had some transact at other places. "Well then," s *mère,* "let the coffin be carried into the the present, and I will have it removed some day."

Bruno called Hagar, said a few words t sign from him some men came, who lifted from the wagon, and under Hagar's direc into the house. "Mark my words!" sai passed by me, "a misfortune will soon house. This coffin will not be carried ou

I would willingly have said a frien

departure, for she was unhappy and had shewed kindly disposed towards us, but this scene and s words had confused me, and when I had col- my thoughts, she was gone, and *ma chère mère* alling me impatiently to come to her.

unseller Hök took the lead in his carriage, in order ar the way; *ma chère mère* and Bruno, together with , followed in her great family carriage, and I and a, in our cabriolet, closed the procession.

e arrived in safety. It was an agreeable sight to ld Jean Jacques, and Jane Maria, dressed in lay clothes, stepping out at the gate, adorned with re wreaths in order to meet us on our arrival; it pleasant to see a crowd of servants, and retainers, demonstrations of joy and attachment in their tenances collected around *ma chère mère*, as she ed out of the carriage. Feelings of deep emotion joy appeared to modify her usual pride, as leaning e arm of her son, she ascended the steps amid the d, who raised their voices in good wishes and bless-

As soon as *ma chère mère* had ascended the steps, emained standing, turned herself round and made tion with her hand, as if to command silence.

ter she had coughed a few times in order to clear voice, and to control her emotion, she delivered ollowing speech:—

My dear friends, followers, and servants! It is great joy that I now see you collected around me, e it known to you, that it has pleased the Almighty estore to me my dear son, Bruno Mansfelt, who ong been distant from his home, but is now re- ed, you see him now at my left hand, and he has

lately saved my life at the peril of his own, for it pleased God to frighten my old horses with lightning, by which my life was in jeopardy, and it was saved by my son, at the expense of severe injuries done to himself, by the horses, it is on this account that he yet wears the bandage about his head, as you now see, my friends. My friends, followers, and servants! I tell you that I have really acknowledged and recognised this man as my only son Bruno, and desire and request you, friends and servants, from this time forth, to consider and treat him in all points, as my son and rightful heir, and to testify to him at all times, and on all occasions, the same respect and the same obedience which you have ever rendered to me, and I also hope and believe that my son will shew himself worthy of it, and be to you a just and good master. And I now beg of you dear friends, to unite with me in imploring the divine blessing on his head."

A hearty "Long live Bruno Mansfelt!" followed this speech, and they pressed around *ma chère mère* and Bruno, to shake them by the hand; but *ma chère mère* brought this far too exciting scene adroitly to a close, by saying, "many thanks to you, dear friends, but you must now excuse my son from staying any longer with you, for he is yet much weakened by his wounds, and needs repose. But on Sunday we will talk longer together. On Sunday, I invite all you who are assembled here to a dinner at Karlsfors, that you may enjoy yourselves with me. Ale and wine shall flow in abundance, and every one who will participate in my joy, and drink the health of my son, is heartily welcome. Adieu! adieu! my dear children." And with these words she

took Bruno's arm and entered the house.

Bruno was in reality faint and weak, and *ma chère mère* was unwearied in her affectionate tenderness and care for him. She appeared as she arranged Bruno's room and herself made his bed, to have become young again, and seemed pleased in doing it like a happy and youthful mother.

Bruno spent many hours entirely alone in his room, and when he came down to us, he looked very pale, yet he brightened up under the influence of the increasing happiness of his mother. And this had an enlivening effect upon us all. *Ma chère mère* had so earnestly entreated Björn and myself to remain till evening, that we were obliged to comply, but I was not perfectly happy till we drove in the bright moonlight to our dear Rosenvik. When I at last found myself in my own room, I skipped about for joy, and embraced, and kissed my little Sissa, who returned my caresses eagerly and affectionately. Björn looked on and laughed.

This morning Björn went to Karlsfors, before he proceeded to town, and my good husband sent a messenger to me from thence with the following lines:

"Two words are certainly better than none, and I wish that my Franciska would rejoice with me that all here is going on so well. Bruno is much better to-day. *Ma chère mère* has not been for many years so cheerful and so happy; I am also joyful, pleased with the reconciled parties, pleased with the sun, pleased with my wife: and am, for time and eternity, yours

BJORN."

"P.S.—Do not go out this evening, dear Franciska.

Ma chère mère has determined to send for you, but do not let that call you away; I should like to spend one more evening quietly with you, at Rosenvik."

Go out? No, my dear Björn, not if the king himself——hush, here comes a carriage. It is my king, my Björn.

September 22nd.

Do you remember, Maria, a little song which begins, "Trust not in life, trust not in joy?" This I might sing to day, had I the least desire to sing, but that I have not. The day before yesterday I threw by my pen with so much joy, and flew to meet my Björn. But when I saw him I stood checked and silent. He was pale and looked excited, although he extended his dear hand to me as affectionately as ever.

"What is the matter, Björn? Are you ill?"

"No!"

"Has anything unpleasant happened to you? Ah, tell me what it is?"

"I will tell you by and bye!"

That "by and bye" came soon, for Björn saw my anxiety, and as we were alone in the ante-chamber, he sat down on the sofa, drew me towards him, threw one of his arms around my neck, and said quietly and tenderly:

"It is but a worldly care, my Franciska, which you, as I am convinced, will bear as well, if not better than I myself. Look here! read it yourself!" And so saying, Björn placed a letter in my hand. It came from Peter, and was written in evident haste, and bore traces of strong mental excitement. It contained the communication that the house of L. and C. in which

Björn, on Peter's advice, had placed the whole of his property, had been made bankrupts, and were involved to such an extent as to leave no hope to the creditors of recovering the least part of their property. Peter's little savings were also by the same means lost, and that which Björn had accumulated by the dint of twenty years patient exertions was at the same time irretrievably gone.

'Brother," so Peter concluded his letter, "what I have lost is trifling, and the misfortune is the just reward of my want of prudence; but you are injured through my folly, and that plunges me into despair. It is the bitterest feeling which I have experienced during my whole life. If I were not detained here by the lawsuit in the W. case, I should now, instead of writing, have been with you, have thrown myself into your arms, and have implored your forgiveness!"—some following lines were written unintelligibly. A spot upon the paper, evidently proceeding from a tear, made the last word unintelligible. On this spot Björn's eyes fixed.

"My poor Peter," said he, and great tears now began to roll down his pale cheeks. He leaned his head upon my breast and for some time wept violently, I said nothing, but kissed his forehead, and made him feel that I understood him, and sympathized with him. He became more composed, and after a little while we began to talk calmly of what had happened, and of our present circumstances.

"I now stand," said Björn, "in precisely the same position, in which I was twenty years ago. The prospect of an old age free from care has vanished. For myself only, I should not have cared, were I alone."

"Björn," I replied, "would you live without me?"

"Not for the whole world," he answered, "but I wished you to share my prosperity, not my want."

"Prosperity and adversity too, Björn! Did we not vow at our marriage to share with one another pleasure and pain? Believe then, that it is joy to me to share your grief, and that I can suffer no real sorrow, so long as you entertain the same feelings of affection for me as I cherish for you."

I will not communicate to you any more of this conversation. You, Maria, will be able to imagine what followed. Ah it is so natural, so easy, and so sweet, for a wife to afford consolation, and pour out her love on such occasions. Shame be on those who consider this as a merit; it is an enjoyment, such moments abound in riches; never is the love for each other more deeply felt than then. Björn appeared also to feel this, he understood my resignation, and saw that courage and resignation would never be wanting on my part. He was more affectionate towards me than usual; indeed he appeared thankful for my tenderness, but his countenance did not brighten up, his brow was clouded with care as he walked up and down with his arm folded on his breast; he did not spit; he has now laid aside that habit. "Poor Peter!" he at length ejaculated, with a deep sigh, "I can understand what he feels. I wish that I could—"

'Go to him?" I quickly interrupted him, anticipating the cause of Björn's depression of spirits. "But how can you go away from your patients?"

"I have not many just now, and at this moment no dangerous cases. My friend, Doctor O., could attend

ı in my absence. I could conveniently leave these, —at such a moment, not—my wife!"

Oh, then go, my Björn, your wife is not foolish. , and restore repose to Peter, and relieve your heart. ur wife will be mindful of you and regulate every ng in domestic affairs. Be not concerned about her, örn; she will neither be uneasy nor impatient, but be credit to her husband.'

Björn extended his hand to me, and his countenance ow, for the first time, brightened up. Oh, that noble nan! His brother's affliction had depressed his spirits more than his own loss. After the journey was determined upon, he became calm, and we conversed till late at night on our circumstances, and how we were to arrange them for the future. That the joy of my little feast had vanished you will easily perceive. For the first time since we were married, Björn could not be prevailed upon to take a morsel, and I could not even think of eating.

The duck remained untouched, but was privately put away into the pantry till the next day.

Before we went to sleep, all was as well and as joyful with us as though no misfortunes had befallen our family, and so we closed the day as we had done so many others, by giving thanks to the Almighty for our happiness.

Yesterday Björn went first to the town, where he wished to spend the day, yet he wished to travel further that evening. He has remained away already about a fortnight. That is a long time to stay. I now sit here as a widow, and feel that my spirits are not so elastic as they were in the first moments of our misfortunes, but

no longer permit us to keep a country seat f
purpose of pleasure.

I am seriously turning over in my mind tl
of again giving lessons in music. Oh, fie
which has here fallen on the paper; no mo
I know well that all will go on and prosper
only keep courage in our minds, and peace i
and home. How unworthy would it be i
men' myself about the future, while I yet
of the greatest blessings of life, my good
mable husband.

Björn wishes that our misfortune may rema
possible unknown in the neighbourhood, an
care that from me no one shall discover it. I
promise to Björn, will be calm, and devote n
to my work. I have much to do in the gar
a number of rose-bushes to plant; and if
myself inhale the fragrance of the rose, wel
others may enjoy their sweetness.

September 23rd.

I am quite enlivened by my labours in

that Serena has opened her heart to me—that kind, pure, affectionate heart. All is as I thought. Serena loves Bruno, and Bruno loves Serena; yet theconnexion between them appears now to be broken off. I do not believe that it will remain so; but, ought I to wish for their union? Ah! I do not know. Serena is pale to day; it is easy to see that she has suffered much. She is now making our tea, and stands at the table pensively and gracefully, with traces of melancholy on her countenance. I related to her at full length all that I had lately witnessed at Ramm, and observed her grow pale, blush, weep, and her countenance clear up in radiant raptures. "The tea is ready!" "I am coming, my angel!" Good evening, dear Maria! "I hope to sleep well to-night!" I shall be with *ma chère mère* to-morrow. I have been writing daily to Björn. It has become a large packet of important nonsense.

Later

I have been alarmed, and am still quite full of anxiety. As Serena wished to go home, I accompanied her up the court. The air was unusually mild for this season of the year, and Nature in her autumnal and half melancholy beauty, stood calmly illumined by the warm glow of evening. Serena appeared to feel the moment replete with enjoyment, and she said, as we went a few steps towards the garden, "Do you not think, Franciska, that there is now and then in the atmosphere something resembling what one calls kindness, which, like it, finds its way to the heart? One feels kind by it."

"You speak exactly my own sentiments, Serena; but I must ask besides, whether you do not feel an in-

clination in gloomy autumn weather to give way to gloomy thoughts?"

"Ah, yes!" answered Serena, smiling, "but we must then seek the breezes of a higher spring."

"But this is not always so easy; and, perhaps, it is impossible for those who do not love."

"Yes, happy those who have something to love in heaven or earth; but who," added she, whilst her countenance beamed as if it were irradiated, "who, indeed, can avoid it? Is not the world full of objects worthy of love? and does it not rest with ourselves to open our souls to them? And are we not, also, just now," and she looked at the same time upon the beautiful landscape around us," surrounded by living beings worthy of our love? Ah! it appears to me that voices speak from trees and flowers, from creatures, and from the stars; they tell me of the great and merciful Creator, and of the life which He has bestowed upon them. Every where a soul meets mine which resembles my own, which I can understand and love; and where or in what state of life, do not voices sound from the beings and things which surround us? All that is required of us is, to lend to them a pure and open ear."

"And a pure heart," added I, embracing her; "yes, then would the whole human life be a continued converse with God, and we should experience neither affliction, nor weariness, but—"

"But, I forget everything while I am conversing with you." Serena interrupted me. "The carriage has already been waiting some time. I must away. Adieu! dearest Franciska, adieu!

Serena departed, and scarcely had she vanished from

r sight than it fell upon a pair of ey[illegible] whose expres-
n was in great contrast to those of Serena. They
wed like two flaming coals from among the Syringa
shes, behind which their possessor was concealed. I
rted, thought of Lucifer, and stared at the two glowing
es. They were now fixed upon me, and Hagar sprang
th from the bushes before me. With a look, to which
r violently excited feelings gave a wild expression of
ror, she came to me and asked me vehemently, "Was
he? she whom he loves?—say, was that she? I
deavoured calmly to prove to her my ignorance of the
bject of her inquiry, but at this instant some one
proached, and Hagar stamped violently with her foot,
d wrung her hands as if she were insane, whilst she
ttered between her teeth, "Woe! woe to her and
!" with these words she rushed off.

Unnerved and astonished I went into the house,
ilst saying to myself, "there is a difference between
e and love, there is no difference between whom, how,
d what."

This occurrence has disturbed and disquieted me.
ould to Heaven that Björn were at home safe again.

XIV.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, Sept. 28th.

Things go on somewhat strangely with *ma chère mère* since the day on which she returned to Karlsfors. She is not exactly like herself; she is so wonderfully still, and as if sunk in a dream. Her step and her voice sound no longer through the large rooms at Karlsfors. One hears now no domestic storms, no reproachful words, but also no more proverbs, and no more of her cheerful domestic jokes. Every day she appears to be less occupied with what goes on about her. If the inspector and the steward come to inquire about the affairs of the estate, she refers them to Jean Jacques; if the servant maids come to speak about their occupation, she sends them to Miss Tutten. Tutten comes to hand in her accounts and to receive her commands; sometimes waits, speaks and makes many proposals without receiving an answer. *Ma chère mère* appears at length to forget that she is in the room, and Tutten, after she has coughed and wondered, and asked, and waited, goes away concerned, but still inwardly rejoiced at the prospect of becoming the only governor and ruler in

but suddenly falls into the way of Jane
› has gradually obtained the supreme autho-
ɜr. *Ma chère mère* is altered even in her con-
ɩs Bruno; and when he is in the room she
n silently, and with a fixed look. Yesterday
ıe sat with her eyes steadily fixed upon him,
ears roll down her cheeks. They were the
seen *ma chère mère* shed since she had re-
r son. What can it be that disturbs *ma chère*
hat means this silence, this unwonted still-
ıy it not threaten an attack of hypochon-
something worse? I am much disquieted.
ɔ, has forebodings of some evil. Yesterday
ıe aside, and inquired anxiously into his
ıate; to this I could give him no reply, and
ı, Björn is not here. What shall we do with-
I have written to him as to the state of
ɔrder that if practicable, he may hasten his

October 3rd.

ıy I received a letter from Björn. He is still
ı his epistolary than in his verbal communi-
.t his words always carry with them matter
I could see from his letter, (although it did
in words) that Peter had derived new life
rival, and that his journey had been of use
an one respect. About Ebba, Björn wrote,
like a little bird, which when it grows dark,
ead under its wings." It is well that Peter
wing; upon the whole, Björn's letter was
y good and consolatory. He thinks that on
of October, he will be able to return. May

he come soon! His presence is most necessary, I am becoming more and more uneasy about *ma chère mère*. A great change is certainly impending over her, and now as I have serious fears about her, I feel more and more how highly I value her. She has been for the last few days more quiet and more reserved than ever, and appears to enjoy a sort of inward repose; but in her actions, in all that she does and undertakes there prevails an uncertainty, a confusion, and helplessness which is a great contrast to her former active and bustling manner. She is also at present so unusually mild and kind that the domestics are both astonished and delighted at it. They look at one another and at us, and appear to ask, "What is coming?" And I say the same to myself.

October 7th.

Ah Maria! now I know all, and you shall know all too. Björn came home yesterday evening. I received him as though he were the only person in the world,—N.B., myself excepted. What he told to me of his journey, of our affairs, of Peter and Ebba, I will communicate to you at another opportunity. I will merely relate to you what occurred yesterday.

It was Sunday, and by noon, we were at Karlsfors. Björn's eyes were fixed inquiringly on *ma chère mère*, and his grimaces indicated nothing good, *i. e.* there was an entire absence of them, which is a mark that Björn is serious and melancholy. At table *ma chère mère* had Björn at her right hand, and Bruno at her left. She was silent and reserved as usual for some time, but very pale. Her carriage was also not so dignified, nor her toilet so well arranged as they were wont to be. Her

:rooked on her head, and a few locks of silvery
from under it on her pale cheeks. It grieved
ok at her.
we had partaken of soup, *ma chère mère* poured
: wine for Bruno. The wine ran in a stream
ıble-cloth, and she did not perceive it. Bruno
› take the decanter out of her hand whilst he
lother you are pouring wine on the cloth."
l?" she said, with a melancholy tone. "Now
:e that it is all over with me. Pour out the wine
my son, your mother will never do it more;"
e words, she placed the decanter on the table,
ıe chair back, and rose. We all stood up at
time—"Sit still!" said *ma chère mère* with a
erative tone, "sit still, no one shall follow me."
ioned with her hand, and walked slowly and
ılly through the midst of the astonished do-
›ut hit against the door, on which Björn and
rang up hastily. She turned herself quickly
d exclaimed: "Whoever follows me, is not
l. All of you remain here quietly," she added
: milder, "I will send for you in a short time."
ma chère mère's character too well to contra-
xpressed wishes. But you can scarcely pic-
ırself in what a situation we all were. We
ut an hour in the most painful suspense. I felt
's sorrow. With knitted and gloomy eyebrows
up and down the room, and now and then
›old sweat from his pale forehead. At length
›, the quiet servant-maid was not like herself.
:wildered look and hesitating voice, she told
ght come in to her mistress. Bruno rushed

out, we hastened after him, and with an in
trembling I expected to behold some terrible
But no! nothing terrible met our eyes in *ma chère*
room. She was sitting upright and composed
great arm-chair, in the further part of the ro
without her commanding mien, and traces of
but suppressed emotion showed themselves on
cheeks and swollen eyelids.

"Are you all here?" asked *ma chère mère*
voice, to which we replied in the affirmativ
collected round her.

"My children," began *ma chère mère* wi
mixture of boldness and meekness, "I ha
be alone for a few moments, in order to p
as becometh a christian, to appear before
close my misfortune; grief has had its s
that reason should likewise have hers.
dren, the hand of the Lord lays heav
has struck my eyes with darkness."

A painful groan was audible, and t
heard around. I took Björn's hand
had anticipated the misfortune.

"My dear children," again beg
"you shall not grieve for me, for eve
At the commencement, it was a se
knowledge it, and for a long time
that my situation was such as real
would not assent to it, I refused
myself; I murmured; I was like
the stream, but it became darke
fortune became more plainly kn
fact became certain, and I am
my children, let us first remem

end against the Almighty. If we throw small at him, he throws larger ones back to us. In ond place we are all short-sighted mortals, and ttle of what is good for ourselves, and for others. erefore my children, in the third place it is well to humble ourselves under the hand of the nd to submit to Him, for He knows well what s."

ıld no longer restrain myself, I threw myself g on *ma chère mère's* neck, whilst I exclaimed; will assist you, *ma chère mère*, he will restore to ır eyesight."

ɔe to be able to do so," said Björn, as he stepped took her hand and closely examined her eyes. ı cataract; it can be cured. In one, or in two will be mature, and an operation can then be ıed."

's Anders," said *ma chère mère*, as she pressed his I will trust to you, and in this belief I will live . I will wait patiently until the day arrives on shall see again the fair light of the sun. And it even never re-appear to me here upon earth, I still sit patiently in darkness. I have at an period of my existence, lived in yet greater ıs; now I am proportionately happy. My eyes een allowed to feast themselves on a great joy, ıough I can no more see my son, still I can hear n and you all," she added, as if fearing to com- ıct of injustice to any one of us.

ɔ stood leaning over his mother, his head was er hers, and she felt his breath on her forehead. ou, my son?" said she tenderly, and raised her *d eyes.*

"Yes, my mother," answered he in a pathetic and melodious voice.

"Then, give me your arm, my son, and lead me into the ante-chamber!" said *ma chère mère*, "and all you, my children, accompany us. Bruno shall play to us, and we will all be as before. It is my wish, my children, that you should not allow this misfortune of mine to trouble you, and do not imagine that you must condole with me. No one shall have more trouble than before in taking care of me, in waiting upon me, and in supporting me. I will be my own helper; and if I stand in need of the hand or of the eye of another, I will ask for it, and I am convinced that this assistance will not be wanting to me. As to the rest, we will make as little as possible of this affair. It is an old woman's comfort to complain and lament, said our great king Gustavus Adolphus, and I add that it is proper for every reasonable being to have God in his heart, and patiently to bear the cross which He has laid upon him."

With these words, *ma chère mère* rose and extended her arm to Bruno, but he placed his around her, and whilst he, with infinite tenderness, raised her hand to his lips, he led her out of the room. A light flush glowed at this moment on *ma chère mère's* pale cheeks, and with a smile, which seemed to tell of happiness, she reclined her head on his shoulder. Thus they went out, and we followed them. Bruno played at the command of his mother, and played divinely. I have never heard any one produce such sounds from an instrument.

"He does not play as an angel, but like an archangel," said *ma chère mère*, but as he passed over into

some melancholy tones, she said: "Play something cheerful, my dear, that is too sorrowful!" For, like the renowned Queen Elizabeth, *ma chère mère* liked only cheerful and noisy music.

After the music was over, general conversation began. We formed a circle round *ma chère mère*, and in spite of her injunction, every one took his part in entertaining her; for never was conversation so lively and interesting, and *ma chère mère* was on that account merrier than I have ever seen her. Bruno shone in entertaining, and lively-told narratives. *Ma chère mère* uttered exclamations, sometimes from terror, sometimes from surprise and pleasure, and I own that I did the same. Wonderful, incomprehensible, interesting Bruno!

With such conversation the afternoon and evening passed away, one knew not how. We all of us wondered, when supper was announced. *Ma chère mère* said, as she rose: "My dear children, you are to-night so interesting, so charming, that I could sit up the whole night listening to you. But he who eats out of the kettle has nothing in the dish, and we must be moderate with pleasure, as with any thing else. I have not found myself quite well to-day, and the best thing I can do, is to go to bed. I thank you all, my children, for this happy evening, and wish you a pleasant repast and a good night."

Bruno led his mother into her chamber, and remained there a long time with her. When he returned he was reserved and sorrowful, but composed. After supper, he talked a long time with Björn about the cataract, and made inquiries about the kind of disease, its

developments, and the operation, etc., all of which the good doctor described to him *con amore*.

Björn considers it as highly probable that *ma chère mère's* blindness has proceeded from her violent agitation when she recognised her son,—but Bruno must not suspect anything of this.—Singular! that this mother and son seem as if destined by fate to be the cause of each other's misfortune; but now as darkness has fallen upon her, contention must cease, and the angel of reconciliation who has decended into their souls, must spread his wings over their future lives.

But how will it be henceforward in other respects with *ma chère mère*. Will her unbending character be able still to maintain its firmness? Will not her powers fail? What will she do by and bye? What will she employ herself with? Will not she, who was once so active and stirring, be oppressed by inactivity, become hypochondriacal, irritable and complaining, a burden alike to herself and others? "Tell me, Björn, what is your opinion on the subject?"

"Hem! we shall see."

October 9th.

We are busy arranging our affairs. This is a more difficult task than we at first calculated upon. Debts to a large amount will weigh heavily upon us. Björn's generosity to his poor relations by the mother's side now falls back as a heavy burden upon him. Many retrenchments will be made in our domestic economy, in spite of which I see very plainly that in the winter we shall be placed in great pecuniary embarrassments. But Björn is strong and in good health, and as soon as I arrive in town I shall commence giving music lessons.

ceed thither. Björn has rented a
:ee rooms and a kitchen.

n to part at present with *ma chère*
ı taken ill since our last meeting. I
ıe, my heart is heavy. There are
thing appears adverse to us; but we
rget that we have enjoyed much, and
happy; I will not do so, I will not em-
nce by impatience. I hate dulness,
s Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel ever did.
now feel) burdens and trouble which
not be thrown off; we must, therefore,
ear them as lightly as we can.

October 14th.

ı *chère mère!* No one could support a mis-
or more sensibly than she does; it is im-
ɔmit with more propriety to the chastening
ɔrd. She has entrusted the entire manage-
ıt of door affairs to Jean Jacques, and that
to Jane Maria, and has reserved only to
vilege of being consulted in certain cases.
ion she has delivered to her servants and
ɔng and dignified oration. (Tutten has
; to leave in spring, she and Jane Maria
ɜst friends with one another.) *Ma chère*
en to request the attendance of a person
l institution, who, during the winter will
ɜral things, as writing, playing at cards,

In the meanwhile she is working assi-
ɜr great net, and practises diligently on
She is calm, good-tempered, and even
must also say that Jane Maria now be-

haves extremely well towards her, and in the evening, with praiseworthy self-denial, plays old sonatas from Steibelt and Pleyel *avec accompaynement du violon*, which *ma chère mère* knows from memory; she is now also more affectionate in her behaviour towards Jane Maria, which seems to be gratifying to the latter. Bruno goes every day to Karlfors. *Ma chère mère* already distinguishes his horse's gallop in the distance, her face then becomes flushed, and she exclaims: "Now he is coming!" When he is with her, her manners are milder and more feminine. Bruno is about purchasing Ramm, and means to take up his residence there.

October 15th.

We have to day made many payments, which has exhausted all the money which we had. I did not believe that we had a penny remaining, when I discovered that we yet possessed a twelve-shilling piece. I was so delighted with this, that I laughed at myself; then I wept, and at length I laughed again, and embraced my Björn.

The day after to-morrow we remove to town. I am reflecting with joy that we shall there see Serena, and the excellent old Dahls. In other respects we shall make no acquaintances, but live quietly to ourselves. The winter will pass over tolerably well, but the spring —ah! in the spring, when every thing in the country is so beautiful; when the air and the flowers, when the butterflies, and the song of birds—but I will not make myself melancholy on that account. No, I will not; I will have flowers in my room, and be a singing bird and a butterfly myself for them and my Björn.

XV.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

W—— 20th Oct. 18—

We have now been three days in town. On Monday morning we left Rosenvik, not without tears on my part—that I confess,—but I took good care that Björn should not see them. Ah! I am no more to call tha lovely little dwelling my home. The morning was dull and cold, snow whirled in the air, and the road was rendered rough by the previous night's frost. Poor little Pollo had to pull and to draw Bear and his little wife. We breakfasted at the Birds'-nest whither Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel had given us a pressing invitation. Her good coffee, together with the accompanying dainties, her pretty museum, as also her cheerful conversation, re-animated me, and I was again in good spirits, by the time I reached town.

Our three little rooms are neat and comfortable, but the sun does not shine on them, which I am sorry for. Farewell, my flowers! Well, one can live even without them. I have for the last few days, been putting things to rights; yesterday I put up the curtains in our rooms myself. Serena was here and assisted me. How interesting the conversation was then you may imagine.

"My angel, give me that piece of muslin!"—"Have you the scissors?" — "Where is the needle-case?" "Here!"—"The hammer?"—"There!"—"Are the plaits crooked?"—"A little—to the left."—"The nail is blunt."—"Here is another." And then again a little joking and laughter. In Serena's company my employments become a source of pleasure to me: she makes every thing easy and delightful. By noon we had every thing in order, and when Björn came home I led him with some pride into his room, which he had never before seen so neat.

"Ha, the deuce!" he exclaimed, staring and making grimaces, with all his might.

Serena dined with us. She was in good spirits, and jested with Björn: our dinner was nice, and it was a pleasant repast. When Serena left us in the afternoon, Bjorn fell into a kind of transport about her, and exclaimed:

"She is a complete angel!"

"Yes, Björn, and therefore she would certainly not make a proper wife for you."

"Decidedly not; just as little as I a fit husband for her. Only one suits me, and that is—my wife."

"Come, that is indeed excellent."

Every thing in my little dwelling is now in good order. If I had only the sun! But, thanks be to God! I possess home's brightest sun—peace.

November 1st.

Our misfortune is now generally known. Do you know the way in which we first became acquainted with this? It was thus: Bruno came to Björn on morning, with great eagerness, and placed one half c

his property at the disposal of my husband. It gave him pain, when Björn would only accept of a loan, and that only sufficient to liquidate a pressing debt. The good old Dahl came in person to offer his services. All our acquaintances have shewn us much friendship and sympathy; many families where Björn attends have embraced this opportunity to give him their annual payment. By all these means our present distress is for the most part alleviated, and I am quite enraptured with the kindness of the people.

But, no visit, no kindness has affected me so much as that of *ma chère mère.* She came yesterday afternoon with so much kindness and cordiality. She made me lead her all over the rooms, kitchen, and store-room; made me explain all my arrangements to her, and only lamented that she could not see my curtains, which, according to report, were particularly well arranged. She mentioned nothing about our loss, but after tea she said suddenly,

"Hear me, Lars Anders! what nonsense is this gossip which I hear of; they say you think of leaving Rosenvik? No, that I must protest against; I will not hear of it. And if you cannot pay the rent for a few years, you shall have it, the deuce take me, without rent. Yes, that you shall. I will hear no contradiction. It is said and decided."

Björn, with his terrible independence, would have said much against this proposal, but I was so enraptured with *ma chère mère's* words, that I immediately kissed her cheeks, hands, and clothes. This softened Björn's opposition. He muttered something to himself about "Too much—we cannot accept—what we cannot

pay for." But *ma chère mère* interrupted him warmly, and said, as she kept me upon her lap:

"Dear Lars Anders! don't stand there and growl like a beetle in a barrel. Too much and too little spoils every thing. For a man to be independent and to help himself is a good thing; but not to receive a service from a friend, pride and folly. You have sustained losses; you were not to blame. Very well, then you have no occasion to be ashamed on that account. Take the spoon in the right hand, Lars Anders, and accommodate yourself to circumstances. Every one must do thi sooner or later. To-day is my turn, to-morrow you That which is offered by a kind heart ought not to rejected. Besides, children! I do myself a ser while I do you one, for I like to have you for neighb there are none whom I like so much. It must I have said. Possess Rosenvik for five years v payment of the rent; then you can pay it as Better times are in store for you, my children; fo industrious and prudent, and after the temp sends sunshine. Do not be self-willed, Lar be a good man! Look at your wife - she is r sensible than you. So! come here and kis and let us agree." With these words she e hand to Björn, which he, half sulkily, T fully, and tenderly, kissed and shook. now settled, nothing further was said ab *chère mère* went away, kind and happy come.

I was so much gratified at recovering again being able to enjoy the spring

that Björn did not persist in his obstinate independence, but became happy with me. n again inhale the fragrance of my roses, raspberries, and cut my cauliflower, and ı cultivate my garden, and make it profitable. charming!

November 18th.

last week and a half I have been giving ɔns. Serena, in whom I have confided, has ıe four pupils; these come in the morning ı is absent. He knows nothing of my under- l will wonder at the cause of our domestic ıg on so well, and of the money in the purse g so little. To do anything for so good and a man is an enjoyment. Otherwise it would ıt. The music-lessons go on very well (what on well with application?) Pleasant, I cannot Three of my pupils are very idle, and have taught. I am doing my best to encourage drum through the "*bataille de Prague*" with ınd trouble. My fourth pupil is a clever am pleased with her.

:oming more and more intimate with the old ıey meet me as if I were one of the family.

I possess the best and most amiable of ljörn is so kind,—ah! I have so many good ıe thankful for—and notwithstanding—not- ıg, my heart is heavy, and a cloud hangs over will not disperse. Besides I am not quite hen it is so dark here in the town, and for eek there has been a continual mist, with I have certain thoughts, which . . . .

I am curious to know what *ma chère mère* would say to these complaints; perhaps, "One who wishes to sing, always finds a song!" *Ma chère mère* plays on the violin, and is cheerful under her affliction. If I were only half as sensible as she!

XVI.

NINETEENTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

W—— November 17th, 18—

have now resided a month in the town. This
ıd gloomy weather oppress my spirits; and then
erlasting drizzling rain. There is no enjoying the
ir; besides, every body has colds and fevers.
s so much employed that I can only see him at
ıd late in the evening. Old Dahl has had an
of the gout in his feet, and Serena dares not leave
I am not yet well enough to go out much, and so
ot get to see her. I am endeavouring to employ
at home, but nothing will succeed. Just now I
to cheer myself with the beautiful "Ode to the
out I had no voice. Then I wished to compose
poem, but could find no other word to rhyme
heart" except "smart," and this very nearly
ıe weep. Then I would try some sewing, good
but the work would not do good or bad. At
I seated myself at the window in order to cor-
r bad temper, by the noise of carts and water
g from the houses. My little pupils are, also, a

of her friendly looks and conversation.
tenced with everything, and especially
pupils had tormented me so much in t
I cried when I was alone. At noo
smoked. Björn was obliged to leave
after dinner. Every thing became insu
and in order to remove my bad tempe
I walked to the Dahl's, through the
umbrella. I found her alone. The l
assembled in the old gentleman's sick
sitting in his great arm chair with his
in flannel. Serena's looks and kindn
cheered me had not her paleness terri
casioned forebodings that here, too,
M. and Madame Dahl were, also, u
and serious. I saw plain enough th
between the old gentleman and his da
strong as ever.

After tea Madame Dahl went into h

»sal," proceeded Madame Dahl, "pained
nore so by his affection and manly way of
r I have always esteemed Bruno, and yet
'or many reasons, just now even think of
to him for a wife, as we know so little of
were many strange reports in circulation
:h, and the reason of his flight from his
se. We have for many years heard no-
and now they speak ambiguously of him,
ıut a lady whom he has in the house.
is severe in his requirements as to the
ood reputation of a husband; and if any
ıt to that he has. He may like Bruno
nd he inwardly rejoices at the good which
es and performs; but he does not wish to
on. Serena is the apple of his eye, his
ride; it is, therefore, no wonder that he
ı to give her to a man whose life and
shrouded in obscurity. He received
coldly, and without directly refusing him,
ı think no more about it for the present,
uture when he might be more acquainted
d, added jestingly, in order to close this
:able conversation with friendly feelings,
. to the rest, if, as the Bible affirms, Jacob
:a seven years, and yet seven years more,
to find it unreasonable to wait a few years,
r to earn a maiden, who is certainly, much
ore beautiful than the shepherdess in the
ıpotamia. But this jest of Jacob and
ar from appearing to please Bruno. With
.he took his hat, bowed, and left us with-
'ord.

as a child, she entertained towards
affection, and this has now grown into
my husband communicated to Serena
induced him to give to Bruno an a
raging, she said, though with tears,
right. And when he added, much mo
head would go down with sorrow to
were united to a man who was any way
and that he would besides have no
so much attached to Bruno, that she w
were their union not to take place :
arms around his neck, entreated him
assured him that she loved us more
she did not wish to give her hand with
sent, that she would remain with us,
sweet things to us: how contented
position, and how happy our tenderne
our hearts became easier.

From that time we have said no more

Then he may travel," said I; "then he is not
thy of Serena. In truth, I must say with M. Dahl,
is a maiden who deserves that a man should wait
ıer and serve for her. It appears to me, however,
seven years, and seven years to that, is in the pre-
age a little too much, as men do not now live half
ıng as the patriarchs."
adame Dahl laughed, and said: "You are always
y with some cheerful remark or other, my dear
Franciska! I have thought and spoken just as
do; but my husband, who is so sensible and ex-
ıt in all other matters, is somewhat obstinate in
e regarding matrimony; besides, he does not like
any one should court Serena. Ah! Franciska, I
sometimes believed and suspected, that in our
er concern for Serena there might be some admix-
of selfishness, and that probably the fear of losing
ttention and company influences us as much as our
rn for her happiness in marriage. I find it a diffi-
oint," she added sighing, "to settle this clearly
own mind. Ah! life is a struggle, even to the
Old age has to combat temptations no less than
and perhaps more difficult ones than the latter.
l blood becomes so sluggish, our feelings so be-
l, the coldness which steals upon the body
es into the soul. We feel ourselves very help-
expect much. We have many little parox-
d under these we easily forget to participate in
and to sympathise with the sorrows of others.
y are heavy trials; and had we not the gospel
, and be warmed by it, I certainly believe
ıould sink. And after all we suffer ourselves

s to be more fettered than we ourselves are of."

ilst we were talking, the clock had struck nin ame Dahl and I partook of a light supper. Serena ained in the other room with her grandfather. rtly after supper we joined them, in order to attend ily worship; a practice which had been kept up in e house regularly every evening for the last fifty ears. On coming to the door, I heard Serena reading loud. "Good heavens!" thought I, "she surely cannot have been reading all the time I have been absent from her!" We entered, the reading ceased. The domestics assembled in the room, and the old Dahl himself performed the short but beautiful evening-service with great devotion. This being ended, the family and servants shook hands with each other in mutual wishes of a "Good Night!" The whole was a delightful scene which did one's heart good.

When we were alone again, I perceived that Serena was fatigued; she coughed several times; I did not like that cough. But when I looked at her with inquiring anxiety, she smiled at me pleasantly and cheerfully, as if she were anxious to chase away this impre sion.

On my taking leave, and wishing the old D "pleasant repose," he said: "Sleep and I have been friends for some time past, but I am so hap having a little Scheherezade near my bed, who sh part of the night to me by her sweet stories, ar she has probably done more than 'a thousand a nights,'* but perhaps you are tired this ever

* Alluding to "the Arabian Nights," which in Swe that title.

" added he, looking at Serena.
read a little while yet very well!" replied
gly.
n the point of opposing this by remarking on
ed looks, but on my first " but" Serena laid
to interdict me, so urgently on mine, that I
ed my already opened lips.
accompanied me into the hall. "Serena!"
roachfully, "why do you not tell your grand-
truth? You *are* tired, I see it; do you
t he would be pleased with your reading
death, to entertain him? This is wrong

lent, silent! you sensible creature!" said
iling and caressing, whilst a tear sparkled in
" Let me use my own sense this evening
me I will follow yours. My grandfather is
l not happy to day. Were he to believe, that
very well, he would be most uneasy. I
l myself at all indisposed, I am only a little
hall soon be bright as a winter's new moon

then you must come to see me soon, for
I also have not been in a very happy

guessed as much, what is it, Franciska?
esses you so, sweet Franciska? Sit down a
Let me take off your cloak! May I not
w, just now!"
! not now! But come to me soon, Serena!"
n, as I possibly can!"
ihl's valet escorted me home with a lantern.

It rained, and my thoughts were heavy as the drops. "Is Serena" such was their language, "to fade away in her youth, because she has become so endeared to the old people, and has rendered herself so indispensable to them? I wish some one would run away with her— for else will she be charmed into a statute by this reading. Bruno would be the very man to accomplish such an act. But Bruno?—will this restless and not yet purified spirit be able to make her happy? Would this not be from the ashes into the fire? My poor, sweet Serena! Like the water-lily thou seemest destined to be driven now by calm, now by stormy waves, and to exist only to adorn or be a prey to them!"

The 22nd.

The water-lily has its own roots, although concealed in the deep waters, and although the flower yields to the rocking of the waves, it has still its own fixed point to gaze at, and that is—heaven, from thence it derives strength and light. But now from the flower of the waves to that of the dale, to—Serena.

To-day, this cold, dull morning, she surprised me, and in fact—I must confess it—in tears, I was ashamed of them, and I could only reply to her tender inquiries and caresses:

"Ah, do not be concerned about me, Serena! I am rather weak to-day; you ought to have come another day; to-day I am stupid, silly...."

"No, to-day was just the time for me to come!" said Serena with earnest kindness, "I rejoice to be here on this very day, I have had no rest since last I saw you, and you spoke so sadly, so unlike yourself, and I am

here now, and will not go away until you tell me what it is that so distresses you."

"Beware of reprisals, Serena!"

"Oh, you are inclined to quarrel, I find. Well, then I shall soon be more easy. See, now you laugh! Well, thank goodness, all will be well yet; but tell me now, dear Fanny! tell me——"

We reclined on the sofa, we talked, cried, and laughed together, and Serena's tender, sensible observations considerably lightened my heart. But when I grew more comfortable, I suddenly began to revert to her, and said:

"Now it is your turn, Serena. Now you must confess to me. No, no! you shall not get off, you shall not get away until you have solved this problem to me. To-day you come to me, speak to me, about me, as if there was nothing else in the world to talk about. There is a something in your looks which seems to tell that eternal peace dwells within your soul. Tell me, whence comes it, how can this be? Serena! I know that Bruno has sued for your hand. I further know, that if not plainly denied, it has still been placed to him in so doubtful, so distant a perspective, that it is most improbable, that he will ever obtain it. I likewise know, that this has wounded him—can all this be a matter of indifference to you?"

"No—not of indifference!" It seemed to cost Serena much self-command to speak on this subject.

"Dearest Serena!" cried I, "forgive me! I see that I am torturing you; but this once you must let me look into your heart. I know that Bruno loves you exceedingly. You yourself have confessed to me, what

your feelings are towards him. Can you now give him up without pain?"

"Not without pain—but yet without much suffering."

"Do you not deceive yourself? You now say, 'I do not suffer!' and yet you are so pale. Some fine day you will die with those words: I am not dying."

Serena smiled wofully, whilst she blushed, and said:

"No, Franciska! I shall not die of this grief. I have proved myself, and know that I can endure it. I shall soon be no longer pale, soon perfectly tranquil and strong again. My grandparents have communicated to me the reasons which have induced them not to consent to Bruno's wishes. I find that they are right, and cannot possibly think and act otherwise. I have therefore hushed my feelings, yes, I have abandoned all thoughts of being united to Bruno. I will live solely for my aged grandparents. As long as they love me, and are happy by my fostering care, I shall not feel unhappy!"

"Is then your sense of duty so strong, does your tenderness for them fill your heart so entirely as to be able to exclude all those wishes, all those bitter longings, which you must be acquainted with if you love?"

"Yes, though not always, yet generally it is so. See, Franciska, if during the day, a little impatience, a little longing, an 'ah!'—as you call it—awakens in my heart; yet when the day is over, and I retire to rest, if I can then say to myself that those, who so tenderly fostered my childhood have found comfort and joy through my means during the day, I know that

y then rest contented and bless their child—yes, n, Franciska, I feel so happy, such serenity of rt; then every 'ah!' is hushed and I am thankful l contented with my lot."

And if your grandparents should live ten or nty years yet? With each advancing year they have the more need of your attention—and this ling—Serena, you will fade prematurely; you will w old in the prime of your life."

And when even the cheek fades, and the eye grows , what matters this, Franciska, if peace of heart is ied? I have reflected on the future of which you ik, and do not fear it. If parents were not per- y kind and excellent, it might be difficult, an ar- us task to live thus exclusively for them, and it ht justly be called a *self-sacrifice*. But how far rent is the case here, and how many charms attend life, which no one can guess. Do I express a wish :h my parents do not try to gratify? Have they a purse perpetually at my command? How many ppiness does not their kindness and liberality afford

Indeed, to live for such good and venerable nts as mine are is a bright, an exalted lot!"

All you say is very well and very fine, Serena," said -humouredly," and no one can admire your parents : than I; but I do not at all like their conduct in ing away your suitors, and continually opposing marriage; and I should almost like to ask, if at ottom of this there is not a considerable portion elfishness. They grudge to bestow you on another, use they wish to keep you for themselves, that you attend on them; read and sing to them till—"

"Franciska!" interrupted Serena, with a kind of amazement, "do not speak so. Is it not such thoughts as these which awaken bitter feelings in the heart, and cripple all power of doing good? Dear Franciska, these thoughts must be banished with all our might as wicked tempters. Besides, if parents wish to have a return for all they have sacrificed, if as hoary-headed people they fear to remain forsaken in the world, and wish to keep that child to themselves whom they have reared and fostered in love, is this to be wondered at? Is this more than reasonable? Ah! I should like to say to all in similar situations to mine: "Let us ponder over this and cherish our filial duty."

"And when these duties cease, when your grandparents are no more, and the fairest half of your life is likewise vanished, will not life then appear empty to you? For their sakes you have separated yourself from the companions of your youth and all their interests; you have banished yourself off from gay, active life, to attend and cheer the dying; now you all at once remain alone in the world,—has your soul then taken the veil, that she sees a desert in the world, and retreats in silence into her cold cell?"

"I do not think so!" said Serena, looking up; a tear sparkled in her eye, and her bosom heaved, as if anxious to throw off from it a weight, and she proceeded: "Life is rich and beautiful; the goodness of God towards us abounds continually; why should our hearts refuse to accept it? Why should they fade, as long as rich springs of enjoyment are still flowing? It can be so only through our own fault. We narrow our sympathies; we will not open our hearts to rejoice

th the joy of others, to admire the beautiful in the rld. Ah, that is the poverty of the soul! My sweet nny, mine shall not be poor, I will keep it open. ring, friendship, and song, you know, live for ever on earth! Trying and dull moments may come, it they will also pass away again. And even whilst ey last, should we not rather enjoy those sunbeams hich fall upon our path, than sigh after those which e turned away from it? And for this very reason, anny, let us talk no more of that which oppresses me! et me enjoy the sun, which again salutes us after so any cloudy days. See, how beautifully it shines upon ie green table cover! (and Serena laid her white and in the sunshine, as if to caress it.) Let me be appy with you, happy that you love me, as I do you!"

And with silent tears upon her beaming countenance, erena embraced me, and laid her head on my houlder.

"But Bruno, Serena! but Bruno? (I was like a lemon, I would let her have no peace.) Whilst you re comforting yourself and enjoying life, will not he, who does not possess your strength of mind, be lonely nd wretched?"

Scarcely had I uttered these cruel words, than I re-ented of them. The cheerful ray which enlivened lerena's countenance, suddenly forsook it. A cloud, pain moved over it, but quickly she collected herself nd said, with calm earnestness:

"No, Fanny, no! Bruno will not be unhappy; no e also will find peace!"

"And how so?—and whence this conviction?" said , with surprise.

"Ah! I know how it will be—I have a
a belief, which will not deceive me. Yes, a
pass over—not one of gladness, but still i
over—and then Bruno will return. Then
again as in my childhood, and in his earlier
shall be like brother and sister. And thi
render us both happy. I see it as surely
as if it were present, and this belief makes
Bruno will choose another wife, but I shall
his friend—his sister. You shall see that it
To love my grandparents, Bruno, and you,
you all—oh, Fanny, how good is our God!"

The bears upon Spitzbergen did not attac
of the four sailors," more violently than my
did the room-door. It was dinner-time, a
was obliged to leave me quickly in order to h
I was somewhat absent at table, and was te
it by Björn; to conciliate him I ordered
unusually good at Coffee, and whilst he pa
I sat down and played an air to the little so
had composed in the morning, I send it you

THE WATER-LILY.

On the lake's clear mirror floateth
A fair and new-born flower;
To the sun she straight devoteth
Her service from that hour.

To the throne of light above
She lifts her gentle eye,
And in worship and in love,
Her incense riseth high.

Calm on the deep she lieth,
  Pure as an angel's prayer,
For no dearer bliss she sigheth,
  Her love maketh all things fair.

Now the storm in its might ariseth,
  And darkening rain-clouds lower,
But the lovely flower despiseth
  Alike both blast and shower.

Nor from the kind shore moveth,
  Where first her cradle lay,
She looks on the heaven she loveth,
  And trusts in a brighter day.

Now the storm its fury husheth,
  Pearly rain-drops glisten fair,
The purple evening blusheth,
  Hark! music fills the air.

To the lily a soft lay mounteth
  From the silver-grotto'd deep,
The Necken's harp recounteth
  Of the love that can never sleep.

Come and behold the treasures,
  In our crystal-halls that be
In our plains of rosy pleasures
  My song shall be, aye, of thee!

Down to our forests' coolness,
  O thou sun-illumined come,
Love awaits thee in sweetest fulness,
  In the house with the pear-shell dome.

But the flower her love devoteth,
  Looking upward to heaven again,

While still in its beams she floateth,
Answereth thus to the tempter's strain.

Oh, would'st thou my love possess,
Mount up to the light to me!
'T is alone where the sun-beams bless,
I can ever belong to thee.

Come minstrel! from darkness stealing,
See, 't is fair in holy light!
Let thy harp new joys revealing,
Sing of love and sunshine bright!

The dream from the Necken flyeth,
Low on the sea-weed floor,
In darkness and gloom he lyeth
Hope tuneth his harp no more.

Always the same. "Perpetual monotony
life," especially when monotony is an ever
and rain. In this temperature nothing p
sickness. I see Björn scarcely an hour
(and his kind looks are, at present, more
the sun.) He is very much concerned f
patients, a most respected father of a fam
be up with him all the night. How dif
life appears at different times; now so
and....just then a poor woman fell dow
street, and her cloak was spoiled, there
ed a gentleman's umbrella inside ou
girl was splashed with dirt by a pass
All three looked unhappy. The littl
chirping. I should like to be a spar

The 28th.

n is melancholy. The patient is dead. He was in the prime of life, and leaves a widow with :hildren, most of them are in infancy; their sole of existence depended on the father's earnings. ıave only recently moved to this place, and have tives and acquaintances who could render them ;istance. Poor little things! It cuts me to the o think of them.

.ve you any thing black, that would do for ng for the little things?"

e Lord help us, Björn! Every thing seems › me,—even this red dress. You said that Se- ıs there. How did she look?"

asantly and sweet, like an angel of consolation."

:et Serena!"

ing is heard of Bruno. Perhaps his miserable .as really been so wounded, that he gives up thought of Serena. I should despise him for

Serena? Is she really so strong as she wishes ar? Will not love and anxiety eat like a hid- ker-worm into her life? All seems dreary to see Serena growing paler, and Bruno gloomy; of the fatherless orphans, who are in want of nd of comfort. *Ma chère mère* sits in darkness, ı anxiety, and I—

so much in life is seen in prospect, but no so much dawns, but does not light; so much ı, but gets not finished, so that in the contem- of it one feels disposed to hang down one's n discouragement, were it not for the consola- *ught, "This is the* beginning!"

XVII.

TWENTIETH LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

W—— Dec. 4th, 18—

You say, Maria, that I am no longer like myself. You find something low, something melancholy in my expressions. You inquire into the cause. I cannot resist your gentle, kind inquiries, and I will tell you all, should you even in so doing think me childish and singular.

It is true, for some time past I have looked rather despairingly on life. I have not felt either mentally or physically well, nor have I had any pleasure in existence. Ah, Maria! I feel, that I—am a mother, and this feeling distresses me. It has at the same time awakened in me strange and anxious thoughts. I have as it were new views of the world, and I there discover a thousand dangers and sufferings, of which I never thought of before, and all of which now seem to threaten my child. To learn to walk, to read, to think, help himself, how troublesome, how arduous. And then all the troubles from the first toothache to the last struggle of death, all the dangers of body and

lling down stairs, falling into love, falling into
ow have not these nightly images crossed and
:d my mind, and I could not say to them,
t, ye deluding phantoms!" For I looked
me in life and saw that they were real, daily
n every dwelling. And seeing this, and the
:ing down so gloomy and dull upon me; then,
I laid my arms over my child, and wanted to
rom suffering, from the world. I feared that it
ehold the light of earth.

e partly succeeded in subduing these sickly,
feelings. But the worst of all, which torments
ssantly, is, that I fear the child will not be
: to my husband. I fancy I see in it many indi-

He never speaks of children, never expresses
ı to have any; and when once we were talking
person, who had a large family, he cast a rapid
:owards me, as much as to say: "you surely
ouble me with anything of this kind!" Ah,
I am, notwithstanding, about to trouble him
nething of the sort, Björn does not know it yet.
l I fancy he must suspect something; but the
son of his not speaking about it, deprives me
urage to disclose it to him. Ah, I must also
that my peevish temper at this time has
l me less agreeable towards him. I have gone
ıis way, I have drawn back, when his arm
to encircle me in his kind embraces, I have
ıt this has pained him, and still I have not
ny conduct; I myself, however, have suffered
ler it. Björn is no longer a young man; he loves
sturbed quiet home. It is not to be wondered

at that the crying and noise of children, and all the petty annoyances, and all the turmoils of a nursery should appear repugnant to him. And then—after the loss of his property, it must be depressing to him to have fresh expenses, fresh cares, which are continually increasing instead of diminishing, and suppose I were to bring two girls into the world at once, and then add eight more to these (the ten which Stellan prophesied), what would he think, how would this appear to him? You cannot imagine, Maria, how these thoughts depress me!

My poor little girl! it is not enough, that many a sorrow, many a hard privation will be thy portion in this world, perhaps thy father will not even smile at the first opening of thine eyes into life; perhaps he will press thee to his bosom with a secret sigh. And what if early in life, perhaps even at thy birth, (for how many women cease to live, whilst giving life, and I am not one of the strongest), thou shouldest lose thy mother, who will then, my dear little girl, sit faithfully by thy cradle? who will lull thy restlessness into repose? who will later in life comfort thee under adversities? who will teach thee to love and endure? where wilt thou always find opened arms? My tears flow and I must close.

The 5th.

But now I dry up my tears and proceed. Yesterday evening I was sitting alone and was sewing a little baby's cap. My heart was troubled, and my tears ready to flow. Björn had not yet returned. The wind raged and the storm was very disagreeable to me; this was also the cause of my not hearing Björn's return

er, than when with his usual blustering he
door of the sitting-room, in which I was, I
l my work under a shawl, blushed, and could
ay "good evening" to him. Björn looked
cheerful, and cried out loudly: "Good even-
ur little wife! How are you?"
'ell," was my reply, and in order to avoid
rrogated any further, I myself inquired:
e you there in your hand?"
nasty paper box" replied Björn, "an old
gued me to buy it See if you can make use
ur combs, hair-pins, etc."
placed the great pretended box upon the
d with horrible grimaces the handkerchief
was tied up, and before my sight lay a
a splendid gold frame. Two figures rose as
re from it: the most beautiful virgin with
esus upon her arms seated in the clouds.
opy of Raphael's Madonna Sixtina, in black
uted by the skilful Miss Röhl. I saw that
eace in the countenance of Mary, I saw that
-glorified look of the child, and I felt so
heavenly happy. I was unable to speak,
sciously to myself, gentle, blissful tears
pon the glass. I had forgotten all around
knew not whether I was in heaven or on
n I suddenly felt myself encircled by Björn's
eard him say with a tender, affected but re-
voice: "Franciska, why am I not to know
a father?"
moment a violent agitation seized me; I felt
ild moved within my bosom and stretched

your feelings are towards him. Can you now give him up without pain?"

"Not without pain—but yet without much suffering."

"Do you not deceive yourself? You now say, 'I do not suffer!' and yet you are so pale. Some fine day you will die with those words: I am not dying."

Serena smiled wofully, whilst she blushed, and said:

"No, Franciska! I shall not die of this grief. I have proved myself, and know that I can endure it. I shall soon be no longer pale, soon perfectly tranquil and strong again. My grandparents have communicated to me the reasons which have induced them not to consent to Bruno's wishes. I find that they are right, and cannot possibly think and act otherwise. I have therefore hushed my feelings, yes, I have abandoned all thoughts of being united to Bruno. I will live solely for my aged grandparents. As long as they love me, and are happy by my fostering care, I shall not feel unhappy!"

"Is then your sense of duty so strong, does your tenderness for them fill your heart so entirely as to be able to exclude all those wishes, all those bitter longings, which you must be acquainted with if you love?"

"Yes, though not always, yet generally it is so. See, Franciska, if during the day, a little impatience, a little longing, an 'ah!'—as you call it—awakens in my heart; yet when the day is over, and I retire to rest, if I can then say to myself that those, who so tenderly fostered my childhood have found comfort and joy through my means during the day, I know that

and said softly:
ır child may happen to be so unfortunate!"
ell, and what then?" cried Björn, and looked at
before.
ıd then and then!"—cried I impatiently, and
the point of growing warm, but then his gaze
e again, and penetrated into the very recesses
ıeart. I now comprehended him, comprehended
nly strength of mind, his love, and his piety.
ı!" said I regretfully, "I will share your confi-
and let come what will, I shall neither murmur
ɔine, but trust firmly in the Almighty."
n pressed me to his bosom. I was half fearful,
ıis of expressing my yet unmooted fears in refer-
ı himself. But Björn had now kept to the inter-
ıg side, and did not pause until he had got all out
When I expressed my doubts respecting him,
w almost angry and said: "How could you, Fran-
ıave such a bad opinion of me? How could you
ne such a wretch, such an unnatural man? I
ly excuse you on the ground of your indisposi-

.t Björn—now, that we are poor, it certainly will
ıblesome to provide for and educate children,
ılly if we should have many, if we really should
.en daughters." I laughed whilst saying this,
ɣh with tears in my eyes.
ɛ shall manage still!" said Björn cheerfully, "we
ind means never fear, children given in love,
God's blessing along with them. The more chil-
ıe more *paternosters*."
ıt their education, their education!" sighed I,

"what difficulties do we not stumble at then, in reference to the demands of the present age."

"I would send the demands of the present age, for many reasons, to the deuce," grumbled Björn, and added with earnestness and inmost kindness, "we will love our children, Franciska, we will instruct them well, and bring them up in the fear of God, and teach them industry and order. As for talents and a more polished education, they shall have it when our means will allow; but if we have not the means, we will not trouble ourselves about it. The principal thing is, for them to become good and useful men in society; they will then find their way, never fear. You, Franciska, will teach them betimes what stands in that favourite song of yours:

"He who can read his Lord's prayer right,
Need fear neither devil nor wicked sprite."

Björn's words, and manly, kind expressions, affected and elevated my heart. "No," exclaimed I, "I will cherish no more anxious fears and cares. I cannot do so with you, Björn. Away with those dark phantoms! And you little exiled prophet (I took up the little cap) come forth to the light and reveal the mystery."

How enraptured was Björn at the little cap. He had never seen anything "so little, so sweet." I now finished sewing the little lace on all round. Björn afterwards set it upon his thick, clenched fist, and smiled at it as if he saw it already adorning the head of his child.

The whole evening was a series of the most charming scenes and happy feelings. It would have been

too much for me if Björn had not shewn so much consideration. He constrained me to take some cups of tea, and wished to support me also with bread and butter; he himself partook scarcely of any thing, but looked at me and upon the little cap, at the sight of which tears often started into his eyes. We were happy!

The 9th.

Where is my melancholy, Maria? Where is my indisposition? Where are my anxious forebodings? I feel as if all had taken its flight in a moment never to return. The pretty picture hangs in my sleeping-room. I often look at it during the day, and perform my morning and evening devotion before it; and it speaks to me, it says to me every thing consolatory, beautiful, divine. Even now I am writing before it, and the Madonna, and the child Jesus, appear to look down upon me with blessings.

Oh, my child! thou art still sleeping under my heart; thy mother will no more be anxious for thee; she knows that it is not she alone who watches over thee. A divine protector, who, once like thee, slumbered in the lap of an earthly mother, is with me and with thee. His look rests on thee like the sunbeam over the yet closed flower bud. Eternal as he is, thou art immortal also; as he went into God, so wilt thou also (led by him) go to the eternal Father. Come, therefore, my child, come thou to light. Whatever may be your lot upon earth we will not doubt, not lose our faith, my child! We will believe, that he who has called thy spirit into existence will sooner or later perfect it, and take it to himself. Oh, come, my child! Thy earthly

father will press thee joyfully to his breast; thy mother will live to make thee happy! She will encompass thy path with song and rejoicing. From her breast thou shalt derive thy first nourishment; and there, also, learn the first lesson of love, my child; there shalt thou first be taught to feel and comprehend how God loves. Oh! I will press thee to me so warmly, so ardently, that no rude storms of life shall chill thee; that even if the ice of age should chill thy blood, thou shalt remain warm at the recollection of thy mother's love. Grow, modest flower from heaven, grow on in the quiet hot-house, grow in the quiet night, and be, when the time comes, in which thou shalt open thine eyes to the light, welcome—welcome even in pangs, my child—God's child!

XVIII.

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

W—— December 13th, 18—

Positively without knowing what I am about, I shall ome day fall in love with Bruno. Yes, he may shoot orses, and dogs, too, who is so kind to men. Do you emember yet what I told you about the distressed amily, the widow with the many children? Very well. They have been comforted and assisted. Bruno has ent the widow a sum of money, by which she is enabled o commence a business, and two of the boys he has aken to himself to have them educated. How happy re the rich who are able to assist the poor so effectually. Bruno has done every thing with the utmost privacy, nd charged the widow to keep it secret; but in her oy she has communicated every thing to Serena; and Serena, who visited me yesterday morning, told me the hole story. A noble joy animated her sweet coun-enance whilst she informed me of what Bruno had done.

Although I myself was enraptured about it, yet I ould not help making the remark, that the action was

not so very great, but something quite natural in a rich man.

"True," replied Serena; "and actions like that which Bruno has now performed, my grandfather had often done when he was in better circumstances than he is at present. But I could not see Mrs. E.'s joy without blessing with her, him who was the author of it.

Some one stepping in just at this moment, our conversation was interrupted. Serena went away. Old Dahl is better. Thank heaven every thing is getting better; the weather is improving, the sick are improving; Björn is more lively; even my pupils are improving. In the families they are making sausages for Christmas. I am also preparing sausages, and sing songs to it with Sissa and Bengta.

Ma chère mère is taking lessons in writing and playing at cards, and is happy about Bruno, who behaves beautifully towards her; he is said otherwise, according to Jean Jacques' report, to look gloomy and ill.

Why does he pine away? Why does he go from her who can and will give peace to his heart?

The 19th.

Yesterday forenoon I went to Dahl's. Serena was in the entrance room with two young ladies, whom she instructed in the pretty art of making flowers. Her cheeks had a more healthy tint than they have had for some time past, and this delighted me, She embraced me, and said softly:

"Oblige me and go in for a moment to my grandmother, whilst I stay a little while here. Try to cheer her, good Franciska; say something kind to her, she is so dejected to-day."

l Madam Dahl in her sleeping apartment, she
alone in her great arm chair, and sighed pro-
She received me with maternal kindness, spoke
matters concerning myself, gave me kind and
ısels, and then relapsed again into a melan-
ıce, which was interrupted with the follow-
s:
me candidly, dear Franciska, whether it does
ar to you that Serena has been falling off for
ıe past? Do you not think that she is growing
ınd paler every day?"
ed: "It seemed to me as if she was looking
-day than when I last visited her."
do you not find her very much altered since
mer? Has she not fallen off particularly since
ew months?"
d not deny that such seemed to me the case
however, that she would soon recover again
this was her own opinion.
dearest!" said Madam Dahl, "that is no con-
to me. Serena is just like her mother, my
ıcious Benjamine. She just began to look in
ı way a few months before her death, just such
ıks, the very same celestial expression in her
ınce; just in the same way she smiled and said
I am very well!' or, 'I shall soon be better!'
ır complained, and never wished that any one
ɔe uneasy about her. Such was her manner
r last moment. Ah, alas! Serena will soon
ır mother to the grave, if no relief comes,"
n Dahl dried up her tears, and I did the same.
d I:

[illegible] her mind and her heart [illegible] strength [illegible] sufferings, and regain per[illegible]

[illegible] to be per[illegible] enough to live. Ah, [illegible] something in this love [illegible] in the heart. Al[illegible] her whole young [illegible] she laughed and [illegible] when he went, [illegible] and I have observed, that she [illegible] the same way as she did then. [illegible] this love is grown up with her [illegible] my husband to-day, who will [illegible] It pains me to have [illegible] after what I had seen yesterday [illegible]

[illegible] my dear Madam Dahl!"

[illegible] Serena was with us; that [illegible] that I had fixed my eyes [illegible] grew more talkative [illegible] She related to us all manner [illegible] merrily, and I almost [illegible] and was ready to fancy that we [illegible] After we had thus talked and laughed, Serena went out, and immediately afterwards I fancied [illegible] I heard a voice saying, 'Go and look after her!' [illegible] her room and found her there, [illegible] against the window. I put my [illegible] her head, and compelled her to turn her sweet [illegible] to me. Ah, Franciska, it was bathed in tears.

ished at first to conceal them from me, and not able, she cast the blame upon a book which she ead, and which had wrought upon her feelings. I nded to believe her, but I now knew what the was, and went away from her with a heart, heavier it could be in the hour of death. In the evening I ot wish to say anything to my old man that might ent his night's rest; besides Serena soon came in 1, and began, with reddened eyes, to read to him, nothing had happened. But this morning I have him my fears; he believed, however, that I had red myself to be carried away by my alarmed imation. Ah! his eyes are dim, and cannot see t mine saw."

But if Bruno shews himself worthy of Serena, ly her kind grandparents will not long defer what apable of making both him and her happy?"

'Yes, 'if'—this is a difficult 'if,' my dear child! It ms very strange to me from him, that, from the day sued for Serena, he has not been here even once. d my husband indeed was so right in his reply to n; this, Bruno ought to have understood, if he really res Serena with all his heart, this denial ought not have kept him from our house. His action towards —'s family was a noble one—every person one meets th speaks of him with infinite respect,—I have alys found him agreeable, and exceedingly interesting. it as matters now stand, we neither can nor dare do ything to call him back to us. All must now depend on himself and his conduct."

At this moment M. Dahl entered. He saluted me ndly, although not with the same cheerfulness as

usual. He went to his wife and tapped her on her shoulders. I thought I perceived that he had some good intelligence to communicate to her, and that they were desirous to be alone. I therefore said, I wished to seek Serena, and left them.

I did not, however, wish to disturb the flower makers in the ante-room, and went another way to Serena's room, where I thought to await her. Serena's room is pretty and cheerful. One may see that the tender parents wished their beloved child to have every comfort, and I know not what an atmosphere of peace, order, and pure taste, fills the agreeable retreat, and causes one to feel happy in it. Several paintings ornamented the room. These were distinguished by the simplicity of their subjects, and the faithfulness and care of their execution. After having inspected these, my curiosity was excited by a green curtain. I lifted it up, and on well-arranged book-shelves, appeared the names of the classical authors of Sweden and Denmark, (of Denmark, poor in population, but rich in talent; small in extent, but great in intellectual power.) They were all old acquaintances of mine, and, enraptured at this agreeable meeting, I touched caressingly those precious volumes, whilst I said with emotion:

"Receive my thanks! thanks for all the heavenly pleasure, which you have afforded to me and to many."

Upon the table lay an open book. It was Reonell's Sketches, a pencil lay on it, and I saw that one leaf of the book was marked, and read:

"Life must become light, if it is not to pass into lethargic stupor, into a real death. In this gloomy

e of mind man cannot prepare himself for eternity, e does not comprehend it, and does not strive to me worthy of it. Departed moments of joy are ter in the memory than passed hours of sorrow. is a hint that life must be loved. Death must not ooked upon as a liberation from prison; it is but a upward, a step from the valley to the hill, where prospects expand, and we breathe more freely; the valley into which the light and warmth of the also penetrated, where God's love equally reached Learn to love and understand life properly, if thou ldst rightly love and understand eternity. A true istian must begin to be happy here upon earth. This ndeed the problem of life, which every one, each in place, has to solve; that difficult problem, the so-on of which so few have accomplished, but which many have striven for. Nevertheless, greater the iculties, the more glorious the victory. *We may be eived in the dearest hope of life, without being in con-uence unhappy.* I have long thought, and am be-ning more and more convinced of it, by the course the world and my own private experience, that there but one real misfortune, namely: *to be without God's endship in the world.*"

I likewise underlined those beautiful and comforting ords; I could have framed them in gold. Upon a tle slip of paper which was lying in this place in the ook some words were written in Serena's own hand-iting. I could not resist the desire of reading them. hey were as follows:

"Yes, every thing may be endured, all things may made bright, all things turn to good by prayer and

ligence in heart and life."

A grand truth, Serena, thought I, and about which must have some further conversation with you.

But Serena stayed too long away; I became impatient and went to seek for her. I did not find her in the entrance-room, but in the dressing-room I heard voices; the door was left upon the latch, and I witnessed the following scene: Serena was kneeling upon a stool at the feet of her grandmother, and had one arm round her neck: old M. Dahl held her other hand, and looked at her with an indescribable expression of grief in his venerable features, whilst with silent animation in tone and gesture she said to them: "Be not uneasy, be not troubled about me, my kind, kind parents! Believe me, I am peaceful, am contented, am a happy, grateful child. I have been a sufferer for a time, it is true, and this could not be otherwise; but I feel myself already better, and I shall soon be strong again, only make yourselves easy!"

I stole softly away again. I did not wish to listen, did not wish to disturb these loving souls. I went back to Serena's room, and made my reflections there, took up the while the leaf again, and was holding it still in my hands, when she came in. Serena blushed, called me inquisitive, but embraced me with silent cordiality.

"Do not be angry with me, Serena," said I. "On the contrary, you must now be very good and submissive; for I stand here with the determination of scolding you."

"Scolding me," repeated Serena, smiling, "We let us hear!"

'ray do not look so cheerful, and so full of self-
dence, Serena, I am very seriously angry with
" and now I told her what Madam Dahl had re-
to me of the scene of the preceding evening, as
as what I myself had been a witness to, and added,
ily: "This is not acting candidly, Serena. This
edless, unreasonable self-sacrifice. Why do you
to appear in the sight of your grandparents
rwise than what you are? Why instil into them
se security, whilst sorrow consumes you, and this
uch the more while you shut it up within yourself?"
And what then ought I in your opinion to do,
l Fanny?" said Serena, whilst tears started into
eyes. "Ought I to let my aged, kind grand-
ents know of sorrows, which they cannot remedy?
ght I to embitter their days with my weakness?
uld this be of any avail to me, would it do me any
d? Oh, no, Fanny! You cannot wish this; you
not believe this. I am convinced that they are
ing properly and tenderly for me, convinced that
our part nothing can, nor dare be done at present.
has pained me that Bruno could have stayed away
long from us. I felt it unkind, yes, cruel of him—
t I have now accustomed myself to it, and will by-
d-bye wait more patiently. For at some future time
will return; and this I feel, this I know. But,
nny, let us not speak about it now, let us think no
re now of this, we will rather turn to other matters.
ere will now be much to do in preparing for the
lden nuptials;* that will be a beautiful, a glorious

* See Note, Vol. 1, page 171.

festival, Fanny! Only think, a life of half a century spent in a virtuous and happy union! Christmas is also near at hand; you and your good husband will partake of our yule-groats with us. Madam E.'s children will also be here. I have begged my grandparents to allow me to make them a small Christmas feast. You will be present on the occasion? Oh, I am glad of that! Shall we go now immediately and purchase our Christmas-boxes? The weather is fine! I shall be your cash-keeper."

We went. It was amusing to see the people in the market, and the curiosity and joy of the children, how they skipped along upon the fresh-fallen snow by the side of their parents. Serena was delighted with th sight: we were making our observations to each oth We were making our purchases. I bought a foot-t for Björn. We spent two agreeable hours. Sere in her interest and activity for others, appeared to b forgotten, that she herself was so far from b happy.

XIX.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

ıappy Christmas-eve at Dahl's, the joy of the . with their Christmas-trees, with the lights, ents, and the confectionary, Serena's motherly towards them, my delight in it, the yule-groats, as-night, all this I skip in haste to arrive at e, where Serena and I purposed going with nd thither you must now follow me, dear Maria, to the

CHRISTMAS MATINS.

.re in the church. Its spacious, noble vault vith the brilliancy of a thousand lights. The illars, choir, all glitter and beam with splen- d sacred joy. The organ does not yet pour ı sounds, a solemn stillness prevails in the which is rather heightened than disturbed by muring of the crowding multitude.

ated ourselves in the choir. A row of lamps to us, casts a bright reflection upon us.

ı look quite illuminated," said Björn, as I sat thought the same of Serena. My soul was full devotion.

saluted her, she did not return it; they appeared altogether lost in mutual contemplation, and I watched them. Like spirits, who after a long period of sufferings meet each other and are re-united in the region of the blessed, just so did they appear to me. Their countenances were pale, but both were lighted up by an indescribable expression of love. It was a look of deep, mutual recognition. Serena's eyelids closed, bedewed with tears, Bruno was quickly at her side, and bending down over her seat, he said in a low but now whispering voice: "Let me join with you in prayer!" Serena held her prayer-book so that he could see it. When their voices rose and united in deep harmonious sound. I was filled with the presentiment that the two were destined for each other, that their union was fixed in heaven, since it was founded upon that sympathy of souls, which is the chief requisite, and the sure bond of an undying matrimonial happiness. Just at the moment when this thought rose within me, the question suddenly followed it, whether Björn and I possessed the

, and with his deep voice, and heart and soul nding forth his hymn of praise, I was ashamed at vanity of my thoughts, and joined in the hymn, ardly feeling that I esteemed and loved him with all heart.

Between Bruno and Serena, no further words nor ks were exchanged; but when she bowed her head prayer, he bowed his likewise, when her finger inted to him the verse to be sung, he followed. It peared to be happiness to him to pray with her. hen we walked out of church, he was at her side, and ared the way for us through the crowd. He escorted to the carriage, and when it stopped before the use of the Dahls, he stood at the door and offered us s hand to alight. His face was irradiated by the oon, and wore a beautiful elevated and benign expres-on. "I shall soon see you again," said he to Sere-a, kissing her hand. He then shook my hand and jörn's, and disappeared. I have never seen him so appy, and kind.

We took our second coffee with the old Dahls. erena told her grandparents with unconcealed joy, of er meeting with Bruno, and his promise of visiting er. This intelligence appeared to give the old people reat pleasure.

"What a morning!" said Serena to me, when we ere alone for a moment. "Oh, Franciska, life has fair, onderfully glorious moments! When I there beheld im in the bright light—when he sang with me—ah! only fear that my devotion ceased to be pure from hat moment. All my prayers were for him."

May no one have greater sins to repent of!

I must now leave you, Maria, for the carriage has come, which is to take us to dinner at *ma chère mère's.*

January 2nd.

We have had a little quarrel, I and my Björn. You will remember my secret about the music-lessons. It all came to light. Björn entered one day in the midst of the *bataille de Prague.* He was beaten. After the battle there was a skirmish. Would that all matrimonial wars might begin and end thus, for then *Te Deum* would oftener be chanted in domestic life.

The 5th.

Yesterday evening a small select circle were assembled, and joined in great enjoyment. And of who, do you think, did this chosen company consist? Who else than I myself, (success to modesty!) my other self, Bruno, Serena, and the patriarchs, in whose house we were assembled. There was a seventh guest there (to complete the constellation,) one who raised all the others to her own heavenly sphere, it was poetry. Bruno read aloud Tegner's "Axel," and this splendid poem, which cannot be read too often, appeared to me, when recited by Bruno's soul-filled voice, more enchanting than ever. Serena's needle lay unheeded in her hand; she seemed to be all ear; and we all, young and old, were touched to the heart. We grew tender, warm, and loving. Exalted and glorious is the lot of a great poet. His lyre is the world, and the chords upon which he plays are the souls of men; they sound at his touch, and melt in heavenly harmony.

So it was in our little circle! as soft, unutterable happy feelings diffused themselves through it. We all

sed as it were, one sole happy and livin
's looks, sometimes so gloomy, and at c
g, now beamed in softer radiance, an
ı expression of inmost, but melancholy
. Serena was so happy, so glad, so t
appeared, as if all the gloom in the wo
arily brighten up wherever she appear
. as if she wished to embrace and ble
ıll things living.
ɔre I went, I embraced her with tear
id: "You see now that he returns? Dc
at all will come to pass, just as I told yc
ɔe one family, united, peaceful and happ
ɜs!" thought I, "if the sacred spirit
lways with us and in us; but—alas!"

XX.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

FRANCISKA WERNER TO MARIA M.

W——, January 12th, 18—.

Heaven keep us! What a stir without and within! Preparations are making here for the golden nuptials. (I do not know whether I have told you that this important day is on the 20th of January.) The whole town and neighbourhood are interested in it. One would fancy as if all the people of this place were related to the venerable Dahls. Their eight children and their families are expected to be here. I also am busy for the festival; I assist Serena as far as I am able. I am studying a choral song with Bruno, which is to be performed at the festival. Bruno has composed the music. He is a perfect master, and it is a pleasure to be directed by him. The singing choir assemble twice a week at my house, and we practise under the strict master, whom we all fear. Serena has so much to do in making arrangements for the festival, and for all the uncles, aunts, and cousins, that she is seldom seen at our house. Once she came and mingled her voice in the chorus, but then all spirit fled from the singing-

ons. Bruno sat at the instrument, but his soul was
a Serena.

Bruno is often in the evening at the Dahls. He tries
win over the old people and talks with them and
ds to them. Serena takes a rest; she believes to
re gained a brother, and is happy.

The 16th.

The young people flock in from east and west. Dahls
re and Dahls there. Charming people, fine children,
ow some families prosper to be sure! A swarm of
usins of all ages are now collecting here. Intimate
ompanionships and friendships are being formed.
ll the town is in agitation. A number of balls and
asts are given in consequence of the golden nuptials.
Ma chère mère also purposes giving a large party. I
uppose I shall not get to see much of this gaiety, for
I am to keep myself quiet; however I shall celebrate
this happy festival in my heart.

Bruno is again in a changeable and gloomy mood, and joy has faded away from Serena's countenance.

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel is on this occasion invaluable to the house of Dahls, as a helper and adviser; she has undertaken the arrangements of the tableaux, by which the old Dahls are to be surprised. She takes counsel with counsellor Hök, and she settles draperies and lights, discusses, disputes most probably a little now and then, arranges, etc. I am convinced that we shall have a grand display. A great number of people will assemble on the eve of the grand day at Dahls' house. It ought to be so. This feast should be celebrated as publicly and festively as the first marriage

ceremony should, be performed quietly and privat
the first nuptials, one does but set sail on a sea,
winds and waves are often stormy; but in the
the voyage is accomplished, and the bark has r
the haven and may hoist the flag of victory in p

Ma chère mère is coming in to the feast, and
the pleasure of having her to stay with me the p
night. I myself will roast the coffee, that the be
which she prefers before all others may be good.

I have a variety of things to tell you abc
younger members of the Dahl family, but reserv
till after the nuptials, when I shall have more ti
would only mention *en passant* that I have sel
favourite among them. Her name is Mattea;
tall girl twenty years of age, preciously ugly,
darling good girl, and has captivated my heart,
gladsome open manners, her artless love to Sere
her fine performance on the pianoforte.

The 21st J

Whatever you may have in hand, Maria, be i
row of a stocking, or the first word of a compl
contemplating a portrait, or reading a novel b
or conversing on eternity with B., or preparin
cream, or answering to a proposal of marriag
ever it may be, put it all aside immediate
down devotedly, and read the chapter whicl
about to write, and which is called :—

XXI.

THE GOLDEN NUPTIALS.

ou wish to become acquainted with the beauty
›rth of matrimony, and if you wish to see what
ıion can prove to two human hearts and to life,
› not contemplate the married pair in the honey-
not at the cradle of their first-born, not in a
n which novelty and hope shed a morning-lustre
ıe young, new-born world of domestic happiness.
'e them rather later, in maturer years, when they
ıutually proved the world and themselves, when
ave conquered many an error, and surmounted
a temptation, to attach themselves more hearti-
›ach other; when hardship and troubles have
. them, when under the burden of the day as well
heir moments of rest, they have reposed against
ther and found mutual support. Or view them
rther down the vale of life, at a time, in which
tep aside from the busy and changeful world
ıll objects around them grow dimmer to their
when their house is quiet, when they sit in retire-
but still hand in hand, still reading tender affec-
ı each other's eyes, and when with the same

"There is something to celebrate here, thought I in the morning, on awaking. The s to be of the same opinion, for it shone br the snow-covered roof of the house of the ag I improved the time, threw my fur cloak kissed my Björn, and tripped away to congr old pair, and to see if I could be of any use

The two old people were sitting in their fest in the reception room, each in their own Two snuff boxes, a hymn book, and a larg of flowers were on the table. The sun shoı snow-white curtains into the apartment; it ful and peaceful in the room, and the patriar quite irradiated in the sunshine. Deeply paid my congratulation, and was embraced l people as by a father and mother.

"A fine day, Madam Werner," said the old man, whilst looking at the window.

"Yes, very fine, indeed!" said I, "so fin angels of God must rejoice at it. It is the fe

ıs of pretty children collecting round the two old
le like thriving shoots round aged stems; it was a
y sight to see the little rosy lips reaching up for a
and the little arms extending to embrace, and to
the muttering of loving words and exulting voices.
watched to embrace this moment to steal out, and
ek for Serena. I found her in the kitchen sur-
ıded by people, and distributing food. (A large
ıibution of food and money to the poor of the place
made on this day in the house of the Dahl's.)
ma accompanied the donations with pleasant looks
words, and received blessings on her grandparents.
en the distribution was ended, Serena accompanied
into her room, where I looked inquiringly into her
ndly countenance, and said cheerfully: "You look
ıpy, Serena!"

'And how could it be otherwise?" inquired she.
ıll around me are happy. My dear old parents
ımed to have their youth renewed again to-day. And
sterday you should have seen them, my dear Fran-
ıka, when, by their fireside, they reviewed their
ıole life, and spoke of that which approaches; it was
interesting, so solemn—"

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel here interrupted us, and
ere obliged to accompany her into the upper rooms.
ere there was noise, bustle, and confusion. In one
ıloon, draperies were hung, and arrangements made
ır the ball, in another, arrangements and prepara-
ons for the tableaux. Miss Hellevi, who in imagi-
ation foresaw how all would look, flew about light as
bird among the scaffold ropes and thousand inventions
hilst she said: "Look, my dear Madam Werner,

that is to be so, and that so and so. Won't this look pretty ?—won't this have a good effect ?"

"Madam Werner!" called Counsellor Hök from a ladder, on the highest step of which he was standing, with a Quixotic air, "won't this illumination have a charming effect upon the yellow drapery ?"

"Excellent! splendid!" replied I, with inward fear. "Dearest counsellor, this chandelier, I am certain will fall. Dear Miss Hausgiebel, this scaffolding is sure to give way."

The nimble and active lady of the Bird's nest laughed at my evident fright, and, with ears stunned by the hammering around me, I hastened to escape from the disagreeable purgatory, which was to lead to paradise. But nevertheless I praised those who were at work there, although I prefer enjoying the rose without having felt its thorns.

After I had assisted Serena a little and concerted with her on various matters, I returned home, and promised to come again early in the evening.

But before I went I was witness of a solemn scene. A deputation of the elders of the place came in their name, and presented to the venerable pair a large golden salver, as a token of the esteem and gratitude of their fellow citizens. I missed *ma chère mère* in the place of the Burgomaster. What a stately address would she not have delivered!

I was glad to have all this to relate to Björn at dinner. His mouth watered for a similar celebration of his golden nuptials. To this I suppose we shall not obtain, but if not to a golden, yet we may arrive at a silver one.—Ah! I wonder if our ten girls will then

d us. That will be a pretty wedding gar-
a few tears fell upon it.
'clock in the afternoon Björn and I went
to the house of the nuptials. In the street
situated, flame upon flame was now lighted,
r after the other was illuminated; flam-
blazing against the corners of the street;
ole street was as in the brightest day, and a
f people were walking up and down with
ntenances in the calm, mild winter even-
place was illuminated in honour of its
the house of Dahl's looked dark compared
t; but the light there was within.
: were entering the gate, in the midst of a
ɔple, which had assembled around it to see
, my gaze fell on a figure which stood
rest. She was wrapped in a large black
ıe two large flaming eyes, which sparkled
eneath it, caused me to start, and involun-
ık of Hagar! At this moment the figure
ınd, doubting whether I had guessed right,
secret foreboding, I entered the house of

l-door Serena met me with a white garland
brown hair, and at the sight of her every
ıght vanished. Ah, how lovely was she
in her light white dress, with her charm-
ı, her pure countenance, and her lips full
Would that I could have had a picture of
ıis moment? Just as every flower has its
ɔerfection, so is there a moment when the
one blooms fairest, when he appears, what

Old M. Dahl had gone into the dancing-room leading his granddaughter, the guests followed amidst merry chatterings, when I suddenly perceived a something giving way in the grand chandelier, (the same which in the morning excited my apprehension.) Serena, who gave her arm to her grandfather, and spoke to some bystanders, stood at this moment under it. I raised a cry: "Take care of yourselves—the chandelier is falling!" All were staring up alarmed, but with the rapidity of lightning Bruno rushed forth, and rescued Serena from danger at the very moment when the splendid chandelier, with its sixty lights and a thousand crystals, fell to the ground amidst a stunning clatter. Bruno himself received a violent blow on the head. He grew pale and staggered. "Bruno! Bruno!" cried Serena, in a rending tone, which betrayed a love not to be mistaken, and her arms embraced him as he sank. He clasped his arms round her, and pressed her to his breast; a happy smile played like a sunbeam on his countenance whilst he swooned away.

I must pass over the effect which this produced in the assembly. In one moment disaster, declaration of love and death, or something certainly very like it:—less than this is enough to deprive one of one's senses. I confess that I do not know exactly what followed. A little while afterwards I found myself in quiet and faintly-lighted apartments.

Bruno lay upon a sofa; he had been bled, but he had not yet become sensible. Björn inclined over him, and looked extremely grave. *Ma chère mère* held Bruno's head upon her knees. She was still, but tears gushed out of her darkened eyes and rolled gently down

) cheek. Not far from them sat Madam Dahl. kneeled before her and hid her face against her They were locked in each other's arms. Close ı stood the venerable old man, with his eyes ɔon his child. I too stood next to them, speak- ·ds of consolation to Serena, who was almost 's.

ıere is she?" said Bruno, at length awaking his death-like swoon, but evidently not with covered senses. "Ah, where is she? I held my arms; she was mine; it was so sweet; let thus. Serena," he exclaimed more vehe- "where art thou? my wife—shall the world : us—the world—the people—what are they to are in the choir of the temple, and God's angels ver us the blessing of the Highest. Why hast d? Oh! thou hast taken my heart with thee. ; breast is so vacant, Serena, return. Give me my life, Serena!"

what anguish, what agony!" whispered but embraced more firmly the supporter whose she was.

ɔ had raised himself; he now saw Serena and and with vehemence, whether arising from his ıll wandering from his passionate nature, which larted towards its aim, I know not, but he ex- :

! I see, I see, how it is! you wish to conceal her, ı to keep her from me! But why would you Why do you wish to separate two hearts ave been united from childhood? Do it not! his day into a day of blessing. (Bruno was

tly recovered to reason.) O give me Sere...
wife!"
is is not the time to speak about it," said the
able old man, partly angry, partly affected.
nother time..."
"And why not now?" interrupted Bruno, more
vehemently, ardently, irresistably. "Why not bless
my life this evening? Why defer making a man
happy? Why not bind me to you yet this very day in
infinite gratitude? Oh give me Serena to-day, to-
day! I will not separate your darling from you. Let
my house become yours, let me share her tender care
for your old age. Kind mother!" continued he, whilst
taking Madam Dahl's hand, and bedewing it with
tears. "Kind, venerable mother! Fear not for your
child! And if you have experienced that the ardent and
faithful love of a husband makes a wife happy,—oh
then, kind mother, give—give me Serena yet this very
day!"

The two old people gazed at each other and then at
Serena. She stood between, white as the roses in her
garland, with downcast eyes, ready to kneel, to sacri-
fice; but before which altar—that was the question.
A pause ensued. *Ma chère mère* now rose pale
solemn, but not proudly, and spoke thus
"Every person is the best judge of his own
and therefore I ought to refrain from saying
in this but as a mother I will nevertheles
word in behalf of my son. I have hitherto
...ke him happy: in future also I can
...*chère mère* laid her hand upon
...uggling against he

ter she proceeded with a firmer but milder voice:
not speak to persuade you, esteemed friends and
bours, but I only wish to tell you, that my son
bundantly compensated for his youthful crime
is me. I believe and am convinced, that he will
nceforth an honour to his country, that he
res the best of wives, and will make her thoroughly
'. Long since has my son already intrusted to
e secret of his love, and it has received my ap-
l and blessing. Therefore, my dear friends and
bours, if you think proper to give your grand-
ıter to my son, I think you will act wisely and well
ds them. And for the happiness, which will
ɔy be bestowed upon my son, I his mother, will
s bless our Lord, and next to our Lord thank

chère mère's speeches were never without effect,
s she now stood there blind and supplicating (for
ntreaty was really expressed in that meek tone,)
a deeper impression to her words than usual.
ıer circumstance must have weighed with the old
s. Serena had given a public, although invo-
y proof of her love to Bruno. It was easy to for-
at their affectionate embrace would be reported
ext day all over the town and round the country.
ıno had retreated a few steps. He took his mo-
hand and conveyed it to his lips. The old Dahls
ıced Serena, and said: "will you, do you wish to
ited to him, Serena? will you now to-day give
our hand?"

es," whispered Serena's lips, "oh, my parents,
our permission, yes!"

[illegible] still kept her back. "W[illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible]," said they with [illegible]
[illegible] "She is our youngest.
[illegible] — she never
[illegible] trembling hands [illegible]
[illegible] embraces. "[illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible] our eyes [illegible]
[illegible]—"

"[illegible]," [illegible] Bruno, whilst almost wi[illegible]
[illegible] her parents and clasped [illegible]
[illegible] "[illegible] as sure as I hope in the
[illegible]." Bruno led Serena to h[illegible]
"[illegible] blessing mother," said he. Ma[illegible]
[illegible] her usual dignified manner.
[illegible] where she blessed her
[illegible] Bruno clasped her in his arms w[illegible]
[illegible] and rested his head awhil[illegible]
[illegible] It was a lovely sight!

ıks, friends, relations, hearken!" He entered into ıe dancing room, holding Bruno and Serena by the ınd.

"My friends!" cried the venerable old man, in a adsome tone, "I wish to announce to you a betroth-ent, and solicit your best wishes for my granddaughter, ırena, and Bruno Mansfelt."

The sensation was as great as if another chandelier ıd fallen. Never, perhaps have the people in that ex-llent little town of W., been overwhelmed with so ıny surprises within the period of an hour. But a ɔment before a declaration of love, and a fatal acci-nt, now a resurrection and a betrothment.

A tremendous murmur of surprise and congratula-ın ran through the crowd. But I saw that all faces ıre not wishing happiness. I saw some long and dis-eased, and I believe that Bruno also perceived them ɔ. His dark eyes blazed about for a moment like o lightnings scrutinizing the assembly; the thunder-lt upon his temples advanced more prominently; ı eyebrows contracted themselves together threaten-ɣ and he changed colour. *Ma chère mère* made an vance of a great step, and wished I believe to deliver ıpeech; but I felt the necessity, to spare Bruno and rena from it, and ran therefore before her and ex-ımed rashly:

"Well, heaven be thanked! now I have the prospect a fresh golden nuptials, and I hope to be able after y years, to congratulate you, Bruno and Serena, as ırly as I do now!"

My pertness succeeded. *Ma chère mère* was discon-ted, and now so many congratulations intervened,

"Well, in God's name!" exclaimed the venerable old man, "Bruno Mansfelt, receive the hand of your bride!"

"Serena mine!" cried Bruno with a tone which penetrated through marrow and bone, and rushed to her.

The old people still kept her back. "Well, then, take her, make her happy," said they with voices trembling with emotion. "She is our youngest, our most beloved—the joy of our old age—she never acted contrary to our wishes,"—(tears fell upon their withered cheeks, and their trembling hands still continued to retain her in their embraces.) "Do not remove far from us; suffer her to close our eyes; love her, make her happy—!"

"Happy!" cried Bruno, whilst almost with force he tore her away from her parents and clasped her to his breast. "Happy, as sure as I hope in the mercy of God through her!" Bruno led Serena to his mother. "Give us your blessing mother!" said he. *Ma chère mère* almost forgot her usual dignified manner, and with deeply affected faltering words she blessed her children. Upon this Bruno clasped her in his arms with vehement tenderness, and rested his head awhile leaning against her breast. It was a lovely sight!

Ma chère mère and the old Dahls then extended their hands to each other, and a few cordial expressions were mutually exchanged.

"And now for the declaration!" exclaimed the venerable old man, who seemed desirous to divert his feeling. "To-day all joy must be enjoyed in common. Come my old woman! come children. Hearken good

nds, relations, hearken!" He entered into
ng room, holding Bruno and Serena by the

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to congratulate you, Bruno and Serena, as
do now!"
ess succeeded. *Ma chère mère* was discon-
l now so many congratulations intervened,

that she could not get herself composed again for it.

In the meantime I stole away. "Heaven be thanked!" I have said—false soul that I was, I did not think so. I felt myself excited, alarmed, full of secret misgivings. I sought for Björn, he sought for me, and we met each other.

"How is it then?" inquired he, and looked at me alarmed.

"Ah, Björn! I am uneasy, weary, sick! They are now betrothed! Ah! don't make such horrible faces! this is no laughing matter!"

"Indeed, I do not laugh about that, but about—"

"About me, perhaps?" It would be better if you were to give me something to cure heart-throbbing. Björn, they are betrothed; she, the excellent, the angelic in purity, and he, the....Ah! it is not well after all. She will not be happy. How will this prosper? Bruno is not worthy of her, his character wants the full stature of a man—will it ever grow into true humanity.

Without making any reply, Björn led me into the room where Bruno had just won Serena's hand. He sat down gravely, tore a leaf out of his pocket book, took his pencil, and I said:

"Are you going to write a poem? That will just be my finishing stroke."

"I am writing a prescription for you," said Björn, in the same phlegmatic tone.

He wrote, and then gave me the following words to read:

"Men who do not believe the word, may be won without a word by the influence of women.

"Björn," said I, embracing him, "you are the best and cleverest doctor in the world."

ıe distance between the mountains ıs never so
that the witches should not meet," cried
ère mère, within the door. "You have not
ıtulated me yet, and it seems to me well worth
Another amiable daughter is given to me. I
happy mother. Sit you down one at each side of
nd let us have a little conversation about the
ʒ pair."
ɔ obeyed. *Ma chère mère* carried her plans far into
ıture, and the visions which she saw were bright.
ɔmed to be with her as with many other blind per-
; when the light of the eye becomes dark, that of
oul grows brighter and more pleasant. Thus we
appily together in good spirits till supper time.
ıis was served up on many little tables in three
ıs. At the table with the patriarchs were also
ıo and Serena, *ma chère mère*, Counsellor Hök, the
rost, Björn, myself, and several others. We were
rably quiet for some time, and I already began to
eve that this feast would pass over without *ma chère*
s's honouring it with a speech; but after the roast
tey Counsellor Hök lifted up his glass, and begged
ɔe allowed to give a toast. All became attentive,
(with a soft voice, and his gentle confident look
ɔcted on the patriarchs, he said:
A lyre wreathed with flowers were interwoven in the
pet upon which our highly esteemed friends have
ı evening heard the sound of the words of the bless-
. These symbols of harmony and happiness are
Penates of the house and family. That they sur-
nded you, dear friends, in this festal hour, cannot
looked upon as a mere chance. Their mute lan-

could no longer contain herself. As i
electric shock, she gave my arm a push a
my glass!" She then pushed back he
great noise, coughed, and with a loud a
she spoke as follows:

"Love is more than arrow and spear; l
through buckler and shield; love paves
where: it brought the first human pa
will also bring together the last. My fi
conduct us all through life; for true
French, nor German, nor Swedish;
earthly, it is heavenly, and offers us it
order to lead us some day to the great m
That man and wife who are united her
faithful love, will dwell together there.
say to-day, with King Lemuel's moth
son of my life, to whom a virtuous wife i
is more precious than the most preci
adorns all the days of his life.' My eye

ıg was lost in another, and he gave his mother one
ıose loving looks, such as I have never seen, ex-
from his eyes.

What will Björn say?" thought I, after we had
k to *ma chère mère's* toast. Now it is his turn, and
ı no great orator.

o my great astonishment he said: "It is my wife's
ı now. I shall give the concluding toast."

Disagreeable Bear!" thought I, quite surprised, but
llected myself in the same instant, and said:

Love never grows old! Long live the oldest and
youngest pair amongst us!"

Bravo, Franciska!" cried *ma chère mère.*

'he toasts now followed one after the other with
h rapidity and animation that I can hardly report
m. I only wished that Björn's turn might come.
t this never did, for the company now came in from
ı other tables and rooms with champagne-glasses.
eeches were made, toasts were given, even a few
:y pretty poems, composed for the occasion, were
ng, which highly delighted the old Dahls; and with
this Björn and his concluding toast were forgotten.
l left the tables with a universal hurrah. I after-
ırds upbraided Björn for thus escaping from giving
e toast, but he assured me that he was prepared with
ong and very poetical speech, which he wished to
ıerve to the conclusion in order to crown the con-
viality; and he lamented very much that the com-
ny, and I especially, had been deprived of it. I
gged him to tell me at least the beginning of it,
t he replied, that he did not like to begin anything
less he could also finish it, and that there was not

painfully. Ah! he has no peace. He cannot rest away from Serena, nor can he rest quietly when near her.

He comes and goes away and returns two or three times a day. He manifests to her an affection, whose vehemence he only suppresses on her account; he loads her with presents, which she accepts for his sake; but his disquietude is evidently painful to her.

"This is a dreadful sort of hunting and chasing indeed! I cannot tell what end all this is to serve!" growled Bear, displeased.

"It would be far better for him to sit still and eat his sweet porridge!" said I, whilst placing a dish of smoking-hot gruel upon our supper-table.

"Yes, when it can be done by the side of one's sweet little wife!"

I was satisfied with his compliment, although it savoured somewhat of water gruel warmth. But this warmth must be fostered and cherished. The myrtle-tree of matrimony does not prosper very well in the North here without it.

The 12th February.

A dreadful event in the house of Dahl's! One night has already since elapsed, but my hand still trembles with such nervousness, that I cannot steadily guide my pen. Oh, my forebodings!

Yesterday evening, we, Björn and I, were at our friends. Björn was sitting near the two old people. Serena and Bruno were in the adjoing room. I was at the piano and played several chants, which I had lately obtained. I gradually played softer and softer and many long pauses at every organ-stop, for I heard

it was Serena—and she bent herself gently towards him and said:—"Thou!"

"Thou!" Charming word! I felt that I now first fully understood its perfect harmony, and I was obliged to hasten to impart it immediately to Björn. So well did I copy Serena's tone and expression, that he comprehended me at once, and said to me too, "Thou!"

Ma chère mère had followed the last pair out; and called to me with a loud voice to come. Just when I was going into the entrance-hall (which was full of people), my eyes met the same black figure with the same dark glowing eyes, which had alarmed me at my entrance into the house; and again it drew back; but when in the eagerness of the moment I wanted to convince myself whether I had guessed right, I was restrained by Björn, who was as much concerned for me as the Israelites for their ark of the Covenant, and would not suffer me to come in contact with the Philistines. With a hearty sigh I followed *ma chère mère* into the carriage. The lights were still burning along the streets, and the flambeaux still blazing. *Ma chère mère* could perceive the reflection, and was merry and communicative. Many a spirited adage in honour of the day proceeded from her lips. She closed her panegyric on the old Dahls with the following three:

"It is no such an easy matter to jump into the Kingdom of God."

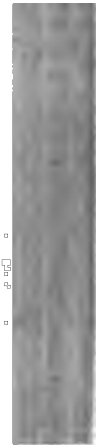
"He who wishes to pluck the rose must not be afraid of the thorns."

"He who sows virtue, reaps a good name."

the wood of Ramm. I was hunting a stag, and my dogs pursued it with gasping, bloodthirsty jaws. I also was thirsty; I fancied as if I were thirsting for blood. Over hill and dale, through heath and field proceeded the restless pursuit. It was a wild chase; from precipice to precipice, from hiding-place to hiding-place I pursued the fleeing stag. Hours passed on, the stag fled, I pursued him, the dogs barked in their restless course; it appeared as if the chase would never have an end. The dogs grew tired, but not I; my horse grew weary, but I spurred it; a demon pursued me and I now pursued the stag—my thirst became continually more burning.

"For a moment the chase was suspended; I had lost sight of the stag, but when I was just riding out of a forest, I saw it suddenly standing near a little flowing brook, panting for breath. He was not far from me; he saw me, but thirst and weariness outweighed his fear. He stood still and drunk. I fired, he fell. At the sound of the gun the dogs received new life; they rushed forth and their bloody jaws seized the legs of the stag, and pulled at the tender boughs of his horns. I threw myself down from the horse and ran up nearer to give the death-blow to my victim. Already I held the knife to his throat, when it turned its fine dying eyes towards me, and looked at me with a sorrowful reproachful glance. I felt a dagger thrust into my heart, and mute and gloomy I saw those eyes, which every second grew more human-like. At length—oh terrible!—I saw that they were your eyes, Serena: it was you, whom I had murdered; it was you, who stared at me thus. Almighty God! if ever thy look—"

uno! Bruno!" interrupting him tenderly and ed, "why do you speak so? It was only a ı, and an unpleasant and stupid dream, I must Look at me; no, do not turn away; look at me, ook at me, that such a look from my eyes can r, never meet you. Ah! did you but know, did but rightly feel how impossible this is. Hear no, I also have a dream to relate to you, and one eed of truer meaning than yours. I dreamed, ano, that the world had grown stiff and turned to . There was no more sun, no more green upon rth, no more blue in the sky, in the place of which ere was empty void. Splendid palaces, woods and ills were still standing, but they were transformed into ce. Wonderful and awful rays, the source of which vas not seen, and which diffused no warmth, but cast ong and awe-inspiring shades, wandered about among these forms of ice. All living beings were long since dead, two only were still breathing with throbbing and warm hearts in this marble world. And these two were ourselves, you and I. Solitary we moved together through long lines of pillars of ice; we did not cleave to the earth, but we were not able to raise ourselves above it. Our lot was gradually to freeze to death as the last of all living beings. Your heart was bitter, and your cheek pale. When the rays cast threatening shades over you, your arm rose up as if to fight, and your voice sent forth a dreadful shriek. In the midst of this frozen world, in the midst of this night of suffering and of death, I felt within my heart a warmth, which, I fancied, no ice could chill, no time could cool. There was within it as it were a rising spring of life, which



like it you to protect you with the warmi
arms: the cold and terrific forms of
felt myself so happy at this thought that
it;—my dream was over, but I clearly fel
experienced in my dream, and I often fe
now that I would gladly have to endur
affliction for you; for then I could evinc
ter, how sincerely I loved you."

"Oh, God!" said Bruno, with a smothe
with an expression of torturing pain, "o
little do I deserve this love;—how unwor
thou lovely angel, thou, whom I shall cal

"That she will never become," excla
and heart rending voice. Hagar, more lil
a human being, rushed into the apartme
glittered in her hand; in the next instan
to pierce Serena's heart; but with th
lightning Bruno had seized Hagar's arm
was warded off, and the dagger only wou
shoulder. With frantic mien, Bruno

hanging on his arm. Bruno recovered his re-
.on; his wild looks became more composed, his
.urmured, "A woman!" The dagger fell from
ınd. He looked at Serena, saw her blood stream-
own; took her despairing in his arms, and bore
, the sofa.

Thy will shall be accomplished," exclaimed Hagar
lly. "See here thy sacrifice, Bruno! She only
hed to die at thy feet." She rushed towards him,
nged the dagger into her breast, and sank weltering
ıer blood at his feet. "Bruno! Bruno! for thee,
thee," she murmured, then she became mute, and
eyes closed.

ıll this was the work of a few seconds. It was a
ible moment, but yet more terrible were the cir-
ıstances attending it. Bruno's despair was deep
mute. Old Dahl tore his grey hair, and exclaimed:
y child! my child!"

ıjörn alone was calm; he alone restored order and
ıon. "It is in reality only a scratch. There is, the
ce take me, no more danger for her than for me,"
exclaimed to the old people, whilst he prepared to
l up Serena's wound; but she pushed back his
d, and said, pointing to the motionless, recumbent
gar, "Assist her, assist her; she stands in need of
ıther than myself;" but Björn did not leave her be-
her wound was bound up, he then asked me to
her and the sorrowing old Dahls into another room.
Hagar, whom we had believed dead, soon gave signs
eturning animation, was put to bed, and given up
ıjörn's care. With great presence of mind, Serena
ıared every thing that was requisite for her comfort,
appeared to have forgotten that she had herself

and I did not go home that night. He sat in
n with Hagar, who had fallen into a violent
m of fever, and uttered words sometimes full of
metimes of frenzy, but always equally wild,
ring the stamp of a deranged and despairing
I remained with Serena, whose chamber is near
ser grandfather and grandmother, and prevailed
r to go to bed, and for her sake to seek repose.
according to my request, and composed herself
ping, but I often heard her weeping softly. I
ged to go many times into Hagar's room, in
o bring Serena accounts of her condition.
oes not think that her life is in danger.) From
time the door leading to the apartment of the
ple was gently opened, and anxious enquiries
e state of their beloved child were asked in
, and always received consoling replies. Björn
th every body, muttered to every body,
ged us all, and gave the two invalids composing
. Bruno returned three times during the
but would not come in, and asked for, and
an account of Serena's and Hagar's condition,
hich he again rushed away as one pursued by
s.

s a long and painful night. Serena often
: "Will it not soon be morning? Does not
dawn?" Ah! she longed for morning; for she
that light and Bruno would come with it.
hen the morning dawned, Bruno did not
but a note from him, with the following
cted lines:

as to return—I was to explain—this you re-

quested of me. O that any wish of your's sh
unfulfilled by me! Serena, I cannot explain, I
come!—her I will, but you I cannot see; your l
nihilates me: I cannot now explain. Honour
do it, but honour forbids me also. Hagar can,
will not. Farewell, adored one, unfortunate o
for you love me. I cannot come, but I will s
you unseen. Was it not the punishment
damned, to see paradise so near, but to be driv
it by a flaming sword. Retribution, dreadful
tion! Pray for me. Serena, for hell is in my h

After reading these lines, Serena bowed her
her hand, and sat for a long time as one no l
life. But surely she must have prayed silent
eternal comforter, she must certainly have lifte
heart to her heavenly Father, for otherw
countenance could not, as she raised her head,
the midst of her grief, have worn that expre
lofty and calm resignation. Her first thought wa
parents, the first words which her lips uttered a
blow, was a request that they would for her sa
patience, precipitate nothing; condemn nothi
to wait for the moment when this mystery shou
up, and Bruno stand before them in a purer lig

She gave them Bruno's letter to read, interpre
expressions contained in it to his advantage, gla
the probable solution of the problem, and o
what she sought for. The old people became
and committed to her the management of th
affair.

O, how beautiful is such confidence betwe
people and children!

ma at breakfast, which she, with her usual
eparing for the old people, whilst she as-
that her wound did not give her pain, and
uld soon be entirely recovered.
me, in order to seek some repose. I am
ore disquieted and excited than tired. In
n myself, I have written to you, Maria; for
cate all to the friend of one's heart is a
ite for the soul. I already feel its effects,
eavour to sleep.
Serena have determined that Hagar shall
Dahl's house, until she either dies or re-
e could not be removed without danger.
est, we shall endeavour to keep the sad
s secret as possible, and especially try to
oming to the ears of *ma chère mère*. But
this be explained? I will communicate
Maria, when I know more.

XXIII.

READER, FROM A STRANGER LADY.

outlines alone of the following disclosure
to the knowledge of Dr. Werner's wife.
de me acquainted with the entire facts,
w draw the curtain from before some scenes
this time occurred in Hagar's sick-room.
hem SHADES, for they stand out in strong
epest darkness; they may be compared with

those outlines which one takes on a winter's evening by reflecting the shadows of human faces in a brilliant light. If the connoisseurs of art and men should consider these sketches too transient and too slight to deserve a closer attention, and yet perceive that they contain too many traces of truth to be thrown aside. I am satisfied, and will confidently begin with the

FIRST SHADE.

"Jealousy knocked at my heart's door, and said—kill! kill!"

In a retired apartment, the window of which opened to a little garden, lay the sick, the criminal Hagar, tended as kindly as if she were the darling child of the family. Two days had passed. Hagar raved sometimes, in the delirium of fever, but at others, while conscious of what passed. Doctor Werner sat by her bed-side, contemplating almost with astonishment the conflict of those passions, which had never disturbed his quiet mind. Except him and a girl who waited on her, Hagar saw no one; but an unseen guardian watched faithfully near her. The gentle currents of air which cooled her burning forehead, were wafted to her and the potions which mitigated the pain of her wound, were administered to her by Serena.

One evening she lay in an uneasy slumber. Serena alone was near her, and stole softly to her in order to contemplate her for a moment. "God be praised," her lips whispered, "you enjoy rest, poor pitiable one! You have destroyed my happiness, but, O! how much more miserable are you!"

awoke. Serena withdrew quickly, but was
Who is there?" enquired Hagar, vehemently.
a the hope of not being recognized, was silent;
ar proceeded: "You give no answer, but I
. I have seen you before stealing about my
girl, in order to drain my very heart's blood.
agine that you can deceive me. I know that
our power, and know your wish. You would
ne and destroy my life by slow poison. As a
nt for my crime, I shall gradually be suffo-
want of vital air, and you have deprived me
it I may see him no more, hear his voice no
at was my air, my existence. He has himself
me up to your power to torment me. Yes,
I hate me, and rejoice in my misery, but I will
and you all, I will free myself!" With these
gar tried to tear the bandage from her wound,
a sprang forward, seized her hands, and held
an almost unnatural grasp. Hagar stared at
face streaming with tears of pain and com-
and said:
you preserve my life to torture me by a slower

, no, Hagar! Do not mistrust me! I wish
may live!"
eve you not! You love him, you love him,
ove, he belongs to me—yes, you grow pale!
mble!—he belongs to me! for I first received
se; mine are older claims, more sacred—they
l with my blood!—Ha, you wish me well:
way! I know what jealousy is, that burning
hich impels to murder, and to frenzy—which,

in solitude, in the stillness of the night, whispers in hoarse and spectral tones: "Kill! kill!" Ha, fair girl, you now are dark, and you hate!—All, all around me is black—black—black—"

Hagar swooned. Serena called in her waiting-maid, and hastened away, overcome with grief, into her room. She then threw herself on her knees, and exclaimed: "O my God, he wished also to deceive me." All was dark around her, but it did not remain so long.

SECOND SHADE.

"Love is patient and gentle."

HAGAR. You do not truly then wish for my death.

SERENA. No, Hagar, may you yet live long, and again enjoy rest.

HAGAR. But if I live, I shall destroy your repose. If I live, you can never be happy!

SERENA. (In a tone of deep but mild depression.) That hope I have already abandoned.

HAGAR. You might then have been his love? You would then have become what I was, what many others have been—but his wife—never! Sarah drives Hagar from the house. Would you be his mistress?

SERENA. (Calmly.) No, Hagar.

HAGAR. Are you too proud then for it?

Serena was silent.

HAGAR. You do not love him. You do not feel disposed to make any sacrifice for him.

'A. Yes, indeed! My life, my earthly hap-
willingly!
R. This is little. But do you know what I
rificed for him? Riches, distinction, honour,
parents, blessedness,—all, all, every thing!
ny father's house I had a thousand slaves at
nand. I left all, and became his slave. And
he ought to love me, he ought to be mine!
iccoured him in the bloody tumult of death—
'ed with him the law and condemnation, if not
r maiden! white and cold as the snow upon
ntains of thy father-land, dost thou believe,
u canst snatch him from me? No, he must
me, my fire flows also through his veins—
eature, fear his kiss! it is destruction—flee
ı, for he is mine, here and hereafter!—Ha, my
Good God, what pain! Help me, help!
a hastened to her, with the soothing salve pre-
y Dr. Werner, and with gentle and dexterous
·essed Hagar's wound.
ank you," said Hagar, relieved, "I thank you,
very kind!"
Hagar! love him, but do not hate me!"
I hate you no longer, who indeed could hate

THIRD SHADE.

oever shall compel thee to go a mile, ·go with him

.R, (violently).—If you wish that I should live,
return. Better it is to lie upon the rack and

enjoy the sight of him, than to live in Paradise without him. Your influence over him, they say, is great. Use it then to induce him to return, and if possible to obtain his forgiveness towards me. Jealousy rendered me desperate, but I do not deserve his hatred, at least not——"

Hagar was silent, and was absorbed in deep reflection. For the last few days she had been better. Serena's unwearied attention and kind treatment operated like a healing balm upon the unhappy creature.

Later on the same evening, Serena was sitting with Hagar and was occupied with writing. Love and sorrow dwelt on her lips, which were gently moving, as if she were whispering the words which her pen had just written. But her fair countenance shone more brightly than usual; she resembled the triumphant repose of virtue and love. Hagar observed this and said suddenly in her bold bitter way:

"You are no doubt, well contented with yourself!"—Serena blushed, and Hagar continued:

"You are no doubt boasting of being so pure and virtuous. You no doubt feel your great superiority over such a miserable creature as I am."

"No, indeed not, Hagar!" said Serena, with a tear in her eye.

"Nor would you be right," continued the former, "for gifts are unequally distributed, and still more unequally are temptations."

"That is true!" replied Serena, meekly.

"Of what should that man boast, who has never been tempted? And were you tempted, you would perhaps

better than many others."

ma was silent.

appy is she whose breast has never been agitated sions, whose blood flows calmly, whose early and t companions are virtue and peace. If she ne immaculate, if she fall not, her merit is yet of worth!"

ou are right!" said Serena with composure and ness, as before. She rested her head on her white

destiny determines and the world condemns; both equally blind," continued the enraged creature; refore the course of one man is called victory and our, that of the other, fall and reprobation."

But God, who seeth in secret," said Serena, with a voice, "God, who is mightier than destiny and the d, will one day make all things equal, which have unequal here. Then, Hagar, it will often happen, he, who laboured only in the last hour, will ive equal wages, as he who had been called in the t."

Hagar raised herself up a little and contemplated ena with astonishment. "What God is it that s and moves in your soul?" inquired she. "And what purpose those benign words to me, the hated, abandoned?"

"Not hated, not abandoned," said Serena, whilst ng and approaching the sick-bed. "Oh, no! Hagar; merciful Judge most certainly awaits you."

With an expression of lively suspense, Hagar's in- ring look stared at the sweet countenance, which approached her couch, and looked down upon her

with the pity of an angel. Serena continued:

"Jealousy has driven you to the commission of a foul deed, but your love is sincere and deep. I have watched you, Hagar, when your soul revealed its inmost thought. I have watched you in twilight and in the night, when you believed yourself to be alone; and I have comprehended the manner of your love—no ignoble soul, no woman of common mind can love thus—passion, circumstances, the darkness of your mind have misled you, but in clearer moments, even now, Hagar, dive into the depths of your heart, and ask yourself: Is there anything that you would not sacrifice for the happiness of Bruno? Is not love to him your strongest, yes, the only profound feeling of your heart?"

"Yes," cried Hagar, "yes, I have loved him with a glowing heart, inexpressibly. I love him still, but this love has driven me to crime."

"And had you struck my heart, Hagar, and did I now lie dying at your side, still I should say: The sin of a moment will not condemn the heart which loves faithfully!"

Hagar struggled for breath. A refreshing feeling sank into her despairing heart, and extinguished its dreadful burning. With folded hands Hagar sank back upon her couch. "Yes," she whispered faintly, "you are right! Ah! there is one being still, who can understand me, who can give credence to my words. Listen to me, Serena, thou who cherishest angelic brightness and angelic benignity within thy soul, listen to me. It was not my wish to kill you! No! I would not hurt Bruno so severely. When I was sit-

ting alone in the dark forest, and jealousy called murderous thoughts into my soul, I repelled them from me with horror. When I heard of Bruno's betrothment, when I saw that my fate was irresistably doomed, I determined on suicide. And in order to give strength enough to it, I wished to see him, and you, his espoused bride together.—Ah, when I saw you for the first time, it ran through my heart like an icy dagger; I felt that he would love you far otherwise than he had ever loved others; I felt that he was lost to me for ever, but still I had his first love, his first promise. But to the point. I came one evening, and saw you both together. But when I saw your head leaning against his shoulder, when I heard him calling you his wife, a fury seized my heart and brain. It was jealousy. My soul grew wild and my dagger thirsted after your blood, before it should cool itself in mine. Yes, it was the work of a moment, the work of a dark, dark moment. But now a ray of light penetrates through the dark veil. But thou, thou whom I wished to destroy, and who givest life to me, say, who art thou, wondrous maid? Art thou a child of Heaven sent to comfort the earth, and hast thou nothing common with its pains and passions? Or art thou one of those phantoms, which I have heard spoken of, which allure men with silvery voices and sweet words, and then suddenly change into shades of hell, and drag down the miserable into eternal darkness."

Hagar's wild and heated phantasy appeared at this moment to realize the frightful transformation. With a look of bewilderment she stared at Serena, who thus spoke:

"I am only a weak woman, to whom God, however, has vouchsafed grace to conquer her passions and her grief. Read, Hagar, these lines, which will soon restore to you him whom you love; read, oh, mistrust me no more!"

Serena gave the letter, which she had just written, into Hagar's hands, and the latter read:

"You flee from me, Bruno, you shun my house. Return Bruno; not merely in my own name, and for my own sake do I entreat you—I entreat you for one, who seems able rather to dispense with light and life than with the sight of you. Come, Bruno, oh, come to her, who is so worthy of pity! Near her bed I expect you. Let us together recall her to life. Let us be together, Bruno! Oh, my friend, in the darkness, which surrounds me at this present moment, I still know one thing clearly, viz., that I love you, that you are dearer to me than my life, and that nothing, nothing can sever this feeling from my heart; we can now determine nothing respecting our future. Come then! let us await the time and be in peace with each other; and should aught prevent our union in marriage, nothing shall hinder it in friendship. Hagar has spoken of claims which she has upon you, of former ties, which bind you to her. If she has spoken the truth, Bruno, my entreaty is still the same; return Bruno to me, to her!"

"Listen, Bruno, let us become children again, let us be, as in those days, those bright days, when we greeted the morning sun together in the woods of Ramm when the shades of evening still found us together, full of peace and mutual confidence. Do you remember

ne evening, when it grew dark in the wood and I said, are you not afraid of losing your way in the dark," nd you answered, "With you my way is light!" and I aid, "and with you I am not afraid even in the dark!" h, friend of my youth! can it not be so again, as it as then? Life is the forest, and it may be dark too, h, I have felt this deeply for some time past—let us alk the road together, Bruno; reach me your hand as friend, as a brother. Then the road will perhaps ecome light to us both yet. Listen to my request! eeping I address it to you. Return again, Bruno, eloved, eternally beloved friend! Bruno, return gain!

Your SERENA."

With trembling hand Hagar returned the letter. You love him more than I," said she; a painful exression passed over her features, and she drew the over over her head.

Serena dispatched her letter; a few hours afterwards runo lay at her feet. They did not speak, but inoluntarily they embraced each other, involuntarily eir souls dissolved again in an unutterable feeling rom this moment Bruno often sat near Hagar's sicked. The bold, wild Hagar was before him only a eak, lowly woman, awed into submission by a mere ok from him. Bruno's forgiveness and presence, erena's kindness and fine feeling, her faithful and tener nursing had a salutary influence upon the sufferer. octor Werner gave hope for her life. Franciska me sometimes in the evening to visit her friend. etween Bruno and these two lovely and cultivated

[illegible] enough for a
life. In that room, through Seren
sympathy, yes even comfort preva
time, and the very event even whi
surely to have rent asunder the bond
fidence, served only to draw them t
ther. Sweet power of goodness, wh
of wisdom, which like God's own v
to dissension and divisions by a hig
perfect order and love.

What effect these conversations
course with Serena had upon Ha
Bruno's mind, we shall see by-and

POURTH SHADE.

"Gentle rain for ever d
Penetrates the hardest

The storm raged without, it was

a to believe in her recovery, suddenly vanished, state of great weakness ensued. It is not her d, but her mind which preys on her life, said or Werner. A great stillness now prevailed in ick-chamber. Serena alone attended there and ly administered to the comfort of the patient's and soul. Her spirit was also now more composed, t resigning herself entirely to her faithful tender '.

e icy weather beat against the windows of the chamber, and the storm shook the branches of the which grew before them. But a lamp was burning nd brightly within, and a tender female voice read llowing words:

will arise and go to my father, and say unto him, r I have sinned against heaven and against thee, m no more worthy to be called thy son!—and he and came to his father. And when he was yet a way off, his father saw him, and he began to have assion upon him, and ran to meet him, and fell : his neck, and kissed him."

Blessed, blessed words!" a faint voice now uttered the bed. "And if I went home like the prodigal should I be received thus, think you? Great, great guilt."

But God's mercy is still greater. The prodigal ndeed had wasted all his inheritance. But when penitent, he returned, he was received in love."

'ell then," said the patient with her burning heart, lso will return. To my earthly father I could not e would only curse me. I will arise and go to my enly father."

FIFTH SHADE.

"Love knows no measure, boundary, nor grave."
H. SCHULZE.

It was night, and the moon shone brightly. The earth lay so calmly and serenely in its silver light, the bonds of snow had now vanished, and a reviving breeze roused the slumbering earth to the life of spring.

We will follow the rays of the heavenly lamp in Hagar's sick chamber, and contemplate the figures radiated by them.

They fall strongly upon a profile of former beauty, whose features are now meagre and sharp, such as passion and pain are used to carve with their sharp chisels! The wonted wild rolling look was now more composed. A glorified expression now rested in the wasted face, and the hands were folded as if engaged in prayer, Hagar was sitting raised in bed. At her side, and supporting her, stands a young girl. Perhaps the rays of the moon cause that paleness in her countenance whilst she stands there like a lily in the midst of light. Perhaps it may be suffering which has chased the rosy hue from her cheeks. However it has not been able to rob her of that sweet gentleness of mien, or to change the beautiful almost child-like roundness of her figure. She is soft, soft as kindness itself, and captivating as the latter: her look is bright, gentle, one might say holy.

"Lean more on me," she whispered to Hagar. It is Serena. In the shade, and darker than the shade, stands Bruno, with his dark flaming looks immovably

l upon them both. His breast heaved slowly, but licting thoughts strove for mastery within. At a e distance from the bed, in a soft half-light, two d figures are sitting, silent, pale, resembling the des of the departed.

Six weeks are now elapsed since that evening in ich Hagar had laid violent hands on her own life. ke an expiring flame, which now flickers up, now aks again, had she thus long been suspended between fe and death. But her sufferings had grown severe uring the latter period, and she felt the hour of her issolution rapidly drawing nigh. It was night, when waking from long stupor, she anxiously desired to speak with Serena's parents. But when they came she was unable for some time to speak. Supported by Serena's faithful breast, encircled by her arms, she gradually recovered a little strength. At her request the old people drew nearer. In short, but energetic words Hagar thanked them for the tender care and attention which they had vouchsafed to her, and begged them to forgive her all the sorrow which she had caused them; "Now," she added, "I shall never more trouble any one upon earth; now, I am going to meet my final doom! But, before I go, let me offer my sacrifice to truth; let me in some measure atone for that evil which I have committed. Hear the confession of a dying one, and give credence to my last words. I HAVE NOTHING WHEREWITH TO REPROACH BRUNO! I myself am the cause of my own fate. In my father's house we loved each other, and mutually promised marriage. It was I who broke my vow; my excesses and crimes awakened his abhorence. I wished to draw him down,

he fled from me; I then pursued him, and I was condemned, that, although despised and rejected, I should still be compelled not to be able to breathe except in the fire that consumed me. My love to him was my punishment: it has bowed, but improved my soul. Bruno tolerated me in his presence, he tolerated the stormy wind which raged around his life with never-ending fury. This afforded me strength to live, yes, to hope that I might regain the heart which I had forfeited. I therefore followed him into this land in whose earth I shall soon rest. Bruno attached himself to Serena, and now he wished to banish me from him. He offered me rich presents, and entreated me to return to my native country. It was not a wish, but a command, which was implied in his crushing words. I seemed as though I submitted to it, but resolved to die. My feelings were wild. The winter evening was cold on which I determined to make an end of my life. Bruno was with his bride, and I walked in the dark forest,—cold was the winter evening, and hence my blood may have grown so chilled, my hand so benumbed,—it would not obey. I then determined to see him and you. I hastened thither,—saw him and you,—jealousy then turned my brain. The rest you know. Once more, forgive! Once more hear those words, I have nothing wherewith to reproach Bruno! But on many accounts I have to crave his forgiveness. He deserves your grandchild; and in those unknown regions, whither my spirit is going, I shall bless him and her. If you forgive me, then tell me that you will offer no impediment to their union, which my crime threatened to dissolve. Vouchsafe to the penitent—

g—this last consolation!"

· stopped. Both the old people extended their
) her, and addressed her in terms of reconci-
and as Hagar appeared to be faint, they gently
r.

· was overcome by a momentary faintness, but
vered, turned her expiring eyes to Serena,
:

now let me thank thee, thou pure, bright
in which God's heaven is reflected! For my
rds thou gavest me kind ones in return; for
which I have caused you, thou hast alleviated
etened mine. Thou hast brought refreshing
to my lips, and poured the oil of compassion
wounds of my heart. Thou hast taught me
essons of love; thou hast caused, that gentle
now pervade my soul, that I can still hope at the
of death. Serena, Bruno, give me your hands
'ho wished to separate them, may now lay them
other, that I may pronounce a blessing upon
fore my lips close in eternal silence!"

extended her hand to her, weeping in silence,
no remained standing immovable.

will not!" cried Hagar, painfully; "he fears
ing which my lips might pronounce; he abhors
in death!"

so, Hagar," said Bruno, softly, whilst he
id his hand upon her violently heaving breast;
eace with me, as I am with you. Thou hast
r to me, and art so still, now in this very
"

ive my infinite thanks for these words," ex-

my love brings misfortune with it—come not too near with thy wings to the fire of hell—flee—flee!"

"Bruno!" said Serena, whilst in spite of his threatening gestures she drew nearer to him and threw her arms round his neck. "Do not speak so wildly, be kind, be calm!—You are ill, Bruno;—come, compose yourself!—sit down here near to me—rest yourself against me—look at me, Bruno,—I am indeed your Serena, yonr wife, who loves you so ardently, who will follow you in sorrow and in joy."

The intense stretch of excitement in Bruno's demeanour relaxed, his countenance grew more placid, he breathed more freely. "Speak, angelic voice, speak!" said he.

"You are exhausted by watching, you are overfatigued!" continued Serena, tenderly and caressingly, "now you must rest; I shall watch you during your sleep, and then we will walk out together and see the sun, the lovely spring sun, which dispenses life and joy to all. It will be a fine day, my Bruno!"

Serena's child-like sweet words, and the display of love exorcised the demon from Bruno's soul. He collected himself, and seemed to awake out of a tormenting dream. With a look of unspeakable love and inexpressible anguish he looked at Serena. "Oh!" said he, with his tearful eyes, "never did David's harp charm the raging spirit more sweetly. But, Serena, tell me, what have I said? What have I done?—and say, what have been your thoughts?"

"You were ill, Bruno, but, thank heaven! now you are better again, and all is well!"

"No, all is not well with me, Serena!—for know, that

Hagar grew speechless; her hands dropped those of Bruno; her breast grew still, and life's great shadow—death—drew over her countenance that veil which no mortal can lift up.—She breathed no more!

The moon's rays grew pale. The first dawn of the Easter morning shed its indistinct light into the chamber, and its warm reflection passed over the pale form. Solemn silence reigned around her.

"Dead?!" Bruno at length exclaimed, with a dull voice, whilst inclining over Hagar; he appeared to be assailed by fearful, distressed feelings; "dead, because she loved me! Who, that loved me, was ever happy? To whom have I brought joy? My mother's life I have darkened. Here lies the affianced of my youth. And ye, unhappy victims, whose life I have wasted, ye also rise to accuse me!—So it ought to be! Ye pale shadows, come and place yourselves between me and her, who was to have become my wife,—for I am not worthy of her! I will not deceive her, not steal into her heart with a lie and destroy her heaven—no woman shall love me—no one follow me—except this unfortunate spirit, which accompanies me through life. I believe that Serena would have banished it.—ah! this angelic look presses me down and plunges me still deeper—my lost heaven would be my curse—no, I will flee—flee—I will——"

A convulsive paroxysm shook Bruno, and his fixed eye testified that he was no longer conscious.

"Bruno, Bruno!" cried Serena, in tender distress, whilst she drew near to him;

"Away!" said he harshly and frantic; "away!

ideas of right and goodness which still r
I quitted my maternal home. With th
mother on my head, and unrestrained p
breast, I endeavoured to gratify the latt
get the former; I endeavoured to forge
home, a fatherland, a mother; to forg
cursed—ah; this was the icy feeling of
drove me perpetually deeper into the fir
I had no rest; I wished to be active; to
surrounded me; thirst after gain, yes,
the danger connected with the pursuit of
to that which I shall repent for ever.
slave-trader, a seller of souls! I dra
children from their huts, violently seve
from wives, wives from husbands, mothers
and transported them as slaves to the
colonies. Men—my brethren—I sold fo
The persons who then had acquired p
soul, had represented these unfortuna
altogether void of human dignity, even a
the brute creation. A frightful occurren
blinded eyes;—let me pass over it in silen

I won a considerable sum from a young man. Gold glitttered around me and dazzled my eyes. But the gloomy despair which depicted itself in the countenance of my adversary when he left the room, brought me back to reflection. Perhaps he had a mother, who—I ran quickly after him. I wished to restore to him all that he had lost. I ran out into the dark street, calling out the name of the unfortunate—which I got to know by chance.—A flash and a sound, quite close to me, replied to my call. Portions of the unfortunate's brains were scattered at my feet. He had shot himself. He was the only son of a poor widow.

"I gave up play. I endeavoured to make amends for the evil to which I had been instrumental. I tried to mitigate the sufferings of that class of men, against whom I had committed such injustice and violence. But what is the beneficence of a gambler? It resembles the alms of a robber—the price of it is blood. It can offer no atonement to relieve his heart. This I felt. Then I turned to love; love I thought would help me to forget, to enjoy every thing. I then abandoned myself to love—no, sacred flame, forgive—it was not to you—but into the arms of voluptuousness that I abandoned my life.—I thought I loved; I was deceived. And I deceived,—I reeled from error to error. But as the spring retreated from the lips of Tantalus, thus enjoyment and peace also fled from me. During the space of fifteen years I had moments of joyful excitement, but not one hour, to which I could say: "stay!" not a day, which I could entreat to "return!" An infinite void, which nothing seemed able to fill up, a consuming thirst after something—I knew

not what—pervaded my soul. Meanwhile, during quieter hours, yes, and even those of wildest enjoyment an apparition presented itself before my mind, whose magical and heart-rending influence I cannot describe. All that was innocent and beautiful in my years of childhood, all that my early youth possessed of glowing life and joy, all the dreams that had ever visited me of heaven and of peace, seemed at this moment to melt together into one single image—and this image bore your features. Then an unspeakable longing, dark despair arose in my soul.

"Once more I tore myself away, I disengaged myself from a weak and intoxicated life. In a wildly extended and well ordered activity, I endeavoured to employ my life, which was a burden to me. I tried my chance in speculations of trade. I succeeded well, I grew rich—alas! I was still poor, and my soul was starving in the midst of plenty. About this time my business required me to perform a voyage to England. I heard Canning before the representatives of a noble people, during a debate on the abolition of the slave-trade, advocate the cause of liberty and humanity. I saw upon his forehead the glory of his immortal beauty For the first time I comprehended human dignity, human nobility, and the hideousness of my former conduct. Oh, Serena! I then mourned over my wasted days and perverted energies.—However I was a young man yet, could yet begin to—what?—a son cursed by his mother, what good could he begin, which might be blessed by heaven? I was cursed, this was the brand-mark, which scorched my head, the stone, which lay upon my heart and condemned it to eternal

darkness. What angel could roll away this stone. Oh, for a length of time my soul struggled in gloomy despair, for my mother was the only being, whom I feared. Often since my childhood, our souls had contended against each other, but she had gained the victory, she had slain mine. Slain is the word, slain by the curse! My heart's bitterness increased, but many years rolled on, love returned and prevailed over bitterness. The thought of a reconciliation with her was the only one which occupied my soul. This reconciliation was the first condition of a new, of a better life. Without it all the world was nothing to me. Hope I had none, I was obliged to venture, if I wished to live. So powerfully had these feelings seized me, that I wasted away physically. At the very sound of the word "mother," I could cry like a child.

"I returned. I saw my paternal house again, I had a glimpse of you, Serena! my youthful paradise, my heavenly picture, the reality of my longing, the brightening up of my whole character, all this I saw in you Wonder not that I stretched out my arms full of anxious longing, to draw you to my heart, wonder not when finding the arms of my mother closed against me I tried to conquer the bliss of life and of love through you, to win an angel for my tortured soul. During these moments a judgment hung over me; it was more than a question of life or death: on it depended the salvation of my soul or the eternal curse. A thundercloud rested upon my heart, upon my brain, I saw, I felt nothing distinctly. Then I tempted you, Serena, you resisted, and I believed to love you less. I was *self-deceived; you* had penetrated still deeper into my

[illegible] you became [illegible] my good genius. But [illegible] my soul was in darkness. [illegible] over me, and I was [illegible] My head reposed on her [illegible] Almighty God, abun- [illegible] counterbalance that [illegible] of suffering, still would [illegible] and bless thee for that [illegible] It saved me [illegible]

What more shall I tell you, Serena? Reconciled [illegible] more entirely than ever, [illegible] moment [illegible] would [illegible] peace on earth, [illegible] the way yourself [illegible] It was [illegible] wounded [illegible] me from your house, [illegible] to give you up, [illegible] power attracted [illegible] There was [illegible] between us, which [illegible] of heaven's blessed! You [illegible] day was [illegible] bright, but— [illegible] Soon the flames rose again, [illegible] with my soul, [illegible] Serena, your [illegible] lightning tormentors. I was [illegible] Serena every day I learned to [illegible] and doubly unworthy, since [illegible] a life, the darkness of

which you did not know. For in vain would have I tried to deceive myself; never shall I become tranquil, never will the blessedness of a pure heart dwell in my bosom. What has been done can never be undone. There are events in my life which I shall never forget, recollections which will follow me to the grave. There are dark traces, wild feelings in my soul, which even your angelic kindness, your brightness, will not be able t extinguish; remorse for the past will haunt me by you breast. Oh, Serena, your guiltless hand ought not to be laid in one polluted by so many crimes; you, the pure, the blessed, ought not to be united to him on whom the curse of human society rests. You should not sacrifice your youth, your beauty, your female virtue to a deceiver. This I have clearly felt during this latter period. I have clearly perceived that, if I abused your confidence, if I made you unhappy—and never will the companion of my days, and of my nights, become happy—I should then, indeed, be a cast away for ever! These thoughts for a long time troubled me. Hagar's crimes and your virtue, your victory over me and over her, have brought them to maturity. I love you now as holy, as truly, as I once loved you wildly and selfishly; and, therefore, have I unveiled my soul before you as before its eternal Creator. Not yet, Serena, not yet have vows before the altar united us; you can still separate yourself from me, and retire from the face of the world pure as you are in your own soul. Now you are free. Were you even to cast me off, no word of reproach, no complaint from my lips shall hurt you. And were you to turn from *me, still I* will honour and adore you, and

go my solitary, desolate way as best I can. You have spoken of friendship, of brother and sister. Forgive, if I should destroy this delusion of a pure, angelic heart. Between us it cannot be so. God created souls of unequal kind. In mine, flames are burning, which you do not know. Enough! I must either possess you or flee from you. But though I should be compelled to flee, I shall still carry your image in my bosom; it will model me into a better man. I am not alone. I have a mother; for her will I live; though without pleasure, without joy. But let me add one word more. I have hoped, Serena, you the only being whom I have sincerely loved, at your hand, against your angelic heart, I have often hoped to be able to begin a new life: I believed the nobler germs within my soul would shoot up under your fostering care;—and,—who can express all which the heart anticipates? and who can measure the power of love? Who set limits to the grace of the Almighty? With you, with you the way to reconciliation with God and a better life appeared open to me;—yes, with you! —Without you!—I have said enough; you now know all, Serena. Pronounce your sentence upon me; I bow my head before you, and will kiss your adored hand whether it extends to me death or life."

When the seraph Eloah (so says the noble bard of the Messiah) descended into hell by the side of the Redeemer, and there beheld the darkness and the misery, his clear sight faded into the mist of twilight. A feeling like that of Eloah had taken possession of Serena during Bruno's confessions. An indescribable weight had settled on her heart and checked its pulsa-

tion.—But the weight was removed; it vanished, just as the fresh wind chases away the fog; as the star shines in a dark night, as the morning dawn arises and illumines and brightens every thing, thus love, infinite, strong, powerful, sweet, and triumphant, rose in Serena's heart. Her soul within became lighter, freer, more fixed than ever; no doubt, no disquietude longer prevailed, and when Bruno had left off speaking, she inclined towards him with silent tears of love, and said, "I go with you, Bruno! oh, my friend, my husband, it must be so. Let us walk together on earth; one day may we kneel together before the throne of the All-merciful!

Silently Bruno pressed her to his breast.

Light broke in, softly and solemnly, voices arose, and enclosed the united pair with waves of melody It was the hymn sung in commemoration of Him who had risen from the dead, which echoed from the temple.

The Shades are now finished, and with them my business; gladly now would I restore the pen into Madam Werner's hand, but apparently, as if she were somewhat offended at my interruption, just about this time, viz. immediately after Hagar's death, a considerable gap follows in her correspondence, the real cause of which I cannot state, and to fill up which I am unable. You must, therefore make yourself contented, dear reader, and if you please, pass over to the

XXIV.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.

FRANCISKA W. TO MARIA M.

Rosenvik, Nov. 23rd, 18—

Once more here. I am sitting alone; have sent off Björn to Ramm, that he might take a good observation, and first entertain *himself* and then *me*, by an account of the festivities following the wedding. I am not well, I am heavy and dull, look at the grey walls of Ramm think of Serena, and long for Björn's return. It is drawing towards evening; he ought to be here soon. I have not been very well ever since Serena's wedding-day; I was too excited by it. Bruno's uneasiness that day,—his almost wild questions to Serena during the morning,—"Dost thou love me;—wilt thou be mine, in joy and in sorrow, in time, and in eternity?"—What do they mean?—"I will answer thee this evening, come again this evening." said Serena, in her sweet, hearty manner. This pacified him. In the evening, when they were married, and received the blessing, he was quite changed; gratitude appeared to elevate and tranquillize his general character. I saw him embrace Serena, and weep, ah! why this disqietude, his pain, even in happiness, if his conscience had peace.

But am I not wrong in being so fearful and uneasy,

I have seen so much of true love in Bruno, as I have served in Serena a tenderness, faithfulness, and fluence, which can ennoble and improve every thing. During the ceremony, there was a something manifested in her which appeared to elevate their union beyond the power of misfortuue. Upon her pure countenance a heavenly brightness rested, and those words,—"to love thee in joy and in sorrow,"—she pronounced with firmness so lovely, so exalted, that I involuntarily repeated them to Björn, as I stood there, leaning on his shoulder, supported by his faithful arm. What scenes now passed before my mind! They then affected me powerfully, too powerfully. I have been ill lately; I only hope that my little daughter will suffer no evil consequences from it. I love her already. How long Björn lingers away. The shades of the trees are already long, and the birds begin their evening song. Heaven grant that no misfortune may have happened at Ramm. That ancient dark house certainly looks like the abode of misfortune. Why was Serena to be taken there! Heaven be praised! I now see my Björn approaching, I will go down to the Bridge to meet him.

FRAGMENT OF OUR CONVERSATION OF YESTERDAY EVENING.

The 21st.

"Well, Björn, it is delightful all that you say of Serena, and that the Patriarchs are so contented. Now tell me, how is *ma chère mère?*"

"Very well in health, but not in good spirits."

"Did she not make a speech?"

"No, she was uncommonly quiet, but she appeared satisfied and thankful."

"And how did Bruno behave towards her?"

"As the most affectionate of sons. I have ne seen Bruno in a more advantageous light."

"And towards Serena? How did he address ? Did he look at her much? How did he look at Was he much near her? Did he speak much to Was he very much concerned about her, very att to her?"

"Dear child, it would be quite as well, if y little less *flux de bouche*, for then one might b chance of replying in order. What was the tion? Whether Bruno maintained his di married man towards his wife?"

"Ah, you are too self-willed; did he lie

"Not so, exactly; nor would it have per in so large a company; but (so it a whole, there was a kind understanding

:ind understanding! you certainly speak too
?."
should not wonder if you were to wish me to
: heaven that they have not been quarrelling."
'ou can't do that, for they have been quarrelling."
lood Heaven, what about?"
Heaven knows why." But he said: "My sweet
na, my wife, let it be as you have said, it is best

Well, Heaven be praised! How you can alarm
And how did Bruno look, when he said: My
?"
How?—well, like a man—"
Who worships his wife?"
Well, yes, and like one who feels that he possesses
er all that life can give."
Now you speak nicely, my Björn. And what
ıt the feasting, Björn? Tell me now something
ut the dinner; describe to me all the dishes one
r the other. Don't you remember? what a misery
with you. Oh, you surely will be able to think of
ıething. Let us see. What, for instance, what was
top dish, which is always the best?"
'I believe of young chickens."
'Young chickens? Impossible. Serena could not
'e had chickens for the first course, for then she
st have had ham, ham for the roast joint. It
impossible, quite impossible." Bjorn laughed at
warmth, and after a few unsuccessful attempts,
ascertain a few particulars respecting the dinner,
as obliged to desist from it altogether, but I told
ırn that he had been an unworthy dinner-guest, and

that I should inform Serena of it.

In order to divert me, Björn conjured up, I don't know how, a bottle of Bishop,* and a basket of choice preserved fruit, which he had brought with him from Ramm for me, against his wishes he said, but forced upon him by Serena.

I was quite in ecstasies at this present, fetched some glasses, and we sat down to drink healths. We drank the health of the young pair, we drank the health of *ma chère mère*, we drank each other's health, we drank the health of the little invisible, we had grown quite enthusiastic with the drinking of healths. We afterwards took our seats near the window. It was a beautiful evening, and the sky was quite clear over Ramm. A ray of the declining sun illumined the dark forest, and reminded me that I had seen this once before, and it had made me think of Serena! I looked at the strand, once so gloomy, now so light; I looked at Björn, who did not turn away his full-moon face at all from me; I grew warm about my heart, tears filled my eyes, and I said, pointing towards Ramm:

"It is bright there now, Björn; now there are happy hearts there."

"Not happier ones than here," said Björn, whilst drawing me tenderly to him, and holding me upon his knees. The sun's reflection now gradually died away, a shadow fell on the bank, and with a deep sigh I said:

"Ah, who knows how long they may remain happy there? Heaven knows, whether Bruno, that restless

* A mixture of wine, oranges, and sugar.

;, will ever attain peace!"
melodious quivering moved through the atmos-
:, and seemed to answer to my sigh. We shrank
her, and listened at the open window. The
ı of Ramm sounded, but not in a melancholy
as formerly. Sounds like those of Handel's
:lujah now issued forth. I leaned my head against
ı's. Thus we sat for a long time, in the warm
ng of May, and listened. And later in the even-
he organ sounded still more beautifully, more
:fully, as it seemed to me, and I was struck with
ıst words of the Neck:
'hen Neck wept no more, but seized again his
and played and sang lovely until late in the
. For now he knew that he would become
y."

The 25th.

ne Maria was yesterday at my house, and was
ful and happy. I learned various things from her,
among others, some which rejoiced me. *Ma chère*
is gradually growing more tranquil and gentle,
often to church, and her proverbs are becoming
and more of a biblical description. Her heart
ırs to be more desirous than ever before of making
s happy; she gives much to her poor, and among
things old linen, and prepares, according to the
expression of an amiable young lady, her "hea-
robe." Jane Maria told me of a little scene
:en Elsa and *ma chère mère*, which highly delighted
Ma chère mère had during the last few days thrown
and broken a couple of china cups, which were
ing on the table. She was vexed about it, (she

sometimes wants to help us as if she could see) and in the heat of the moment she exclaimed, "the deuce!" and reprimanded Elsa, because she had placed the thing in the wrong place. *Ma chère mère* was wrong, but Elsa, who formerly had always been protesting with some strong expressions against every injustice, now very quietly said, that it was her fault. A short time afterwards *ma chère mère* was sitting at her netting, and dropped her needle, it rolled under the sofa, and Elsa (who always finds a way of being on the spot, whenever she might be wanted) knelt down picked it up and returned it to her. *Ma chère mère* then gently laid her arms round her faithful servant, whilst with tender emotion she said: "My dear Elsa, what should I do, if I had not you?" Elsa laid her head on the knees of her mistress, whilst she embraced them, and a tear of love and of joy quietly rolled down her bony cheeks. Jean Jacques is absolute lord and ruler of Karlsfors, abolishes all old abuses, and is making many useful improvements. He is an active and very intelligent man, and speaks less, since he has more to do. He and Jane Maria become more and more popular in Karlsfors, whilst *ma chère mère* appears gradually to withdraw herself more and more from worldly avocations. Music now delights her more than ever, and once she has said, that she would like to die under the sound of Bruno's melodies.

Ma chère mère will prepare a grand *fete* next week in honour of the new married pair. Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel also intends giving them a little select *soiree*.

It is reported that "nature and art," are about enter-

ng on an alliance by the young Robert Stalmark and ldele von P. They have discovered each other's ex-ellencies by the *soirees* given during the course of ast winter by Miss Hausgiebel, have fallen in love vith each other, and have thereby become far more miable.

Counsellor Hök, who during the spring suffered very nuch from the liver complaint, has been compelled to eep to the house a long time, and neighbours and riends have been diligently visiting him. *Ma chère ière* has been twice every week with him. I also have pent an hour, now and then, with that interesting and enerable old man. Yesterday—so Jane Maria told ne—he had been out again for the first time, and gone o Karlsfors. *Ma chère mère* and he performed their *Vrall*, to which she kept herself by a line drawn across he saloon.

It is said that cousin Stellan intends taking a journey n the summer to Italy for the benefit of his health. No doubt to escape from *ennui*, but I fear that it will ccompany him.)

Peter and Ebba are expected to be here in the winter. shall be glad to see them again; and I am anxious to ee how the sisters-in-law will now agree together. ane Maria expects a visit from several of her ac-uaintances from Stockholm, and prepares herself for pleasant summer.

But whilst all around me are reviving, loving, danc-ng, visiting, etc., I perhaps hasten with rapid teps to my last hour; but I no longer think of it with neasiness. I have arranged all my little matters, and repared myself for every thing. I have written a letter

to my Björn, which, in case I should die, is to tell him how much I love him, and how happy he has made me during our short union. My poor, kind Björn! He is so uneasy at present, so concerned about me, that it is lamentable to see him. I see that he won't do for my physician. I am now obliged to have courage for us both. I will follow the example which a young woman, a friend of mine, once gave me. She was in the same situation, moreover in the country and surrounded by snow-fields, but retained, however, her good spirits by means of translating some of Shakspere's finest passages. I have no Shakspere at hand, but my ten daughters are in my mind instead. I will sit down and write an epistle

TO MY DAUGHTERS.

Above all things, my daughters, consider well, that you are reasonable beings. Be good, be true! for the rest—

As much as possible be kind towards every one; humane towards every living thing; be so without conceit; without affectation. Affectation is a wretched art, my daughters; despise it, as sure as you wish to acquire human dignity.

Do not attach too great importance to whatever natural gifts or talents you may possess. Contemplate life and nature, and be humble.

Be not too depressed if you are neglected by nature, crippled, ugly, etc. You may still approach the Most High.

Expect not too much from other people, my daugh-

ters! especially not from one another! The ground of dissatisfaction with one's self and others, is, "Demanding much, giving little."

If you feel straitened on earth, look up to heaven; not like turkey hens, but like believing children. If one of you fall, let her seek to rise. There is a hand ever stretched out for the erring, as well as for the unfortunate. Lay hold of it!

Ah! my daughters.—

Fourteen days later.

What has become of my daughters? They have changed into a son! And the young gentleman was so unpolite as to break off the epistle to his sisters. There he now lies in the cradle, under a green taffeta cover, majestically, red, and fat, and the great Bear is before the little Bear upon his knees; I had a great mind to keep him company in his idolatry. But Bear, the father, finds it more proper that the son should wait on his mother. I am proud of my little boy, but (such is human nature) I had as surely expected a little girl—I almost miss it. But "postponement is not abandonment," was *ma chère mère's* comforting remark to me.

"What am I to do with my epistle, Björn? It won't be suitable for our young squire there!"

"I shall save it for our daughters; write another for the boy."

"Happy the wife, my dear Maria, who, like me, can give to her son this admonition, with all her heart and all her soul."

"Be like thy father!"

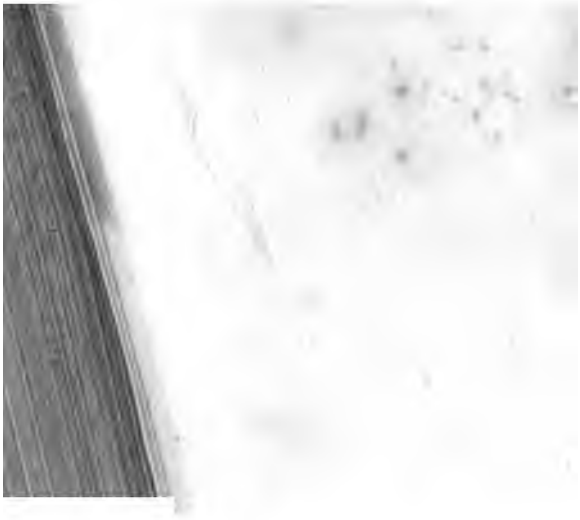
"No, Björn, you shall not see what I am writing.

You shall not take away my paper, you tyrant
mise you to close the letter soon; I have o
words more to add."

What kind people and neighbours! Fron
they have sent me flowers, jellies, and all
good things. Serena has nursed me like a
whole of the time. She is peaceful, kind, sym
in short—quite herself, and appears to have a
towards Bruno too ardent and profound to be
in words. Maria, I intreat you to become g
to my little Björn. He is to be called L
Ma chère mère will herself hold the boy at th
She was here on the day of his birth, and la
present into his cradle. She talked to me
past sufferings, and said cheerfully: "Well,
this, as with life:—

"All's well that ends well."

"No, Björn, my paper, my pen!—Ah, yo
Björn—"

FINIS.

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